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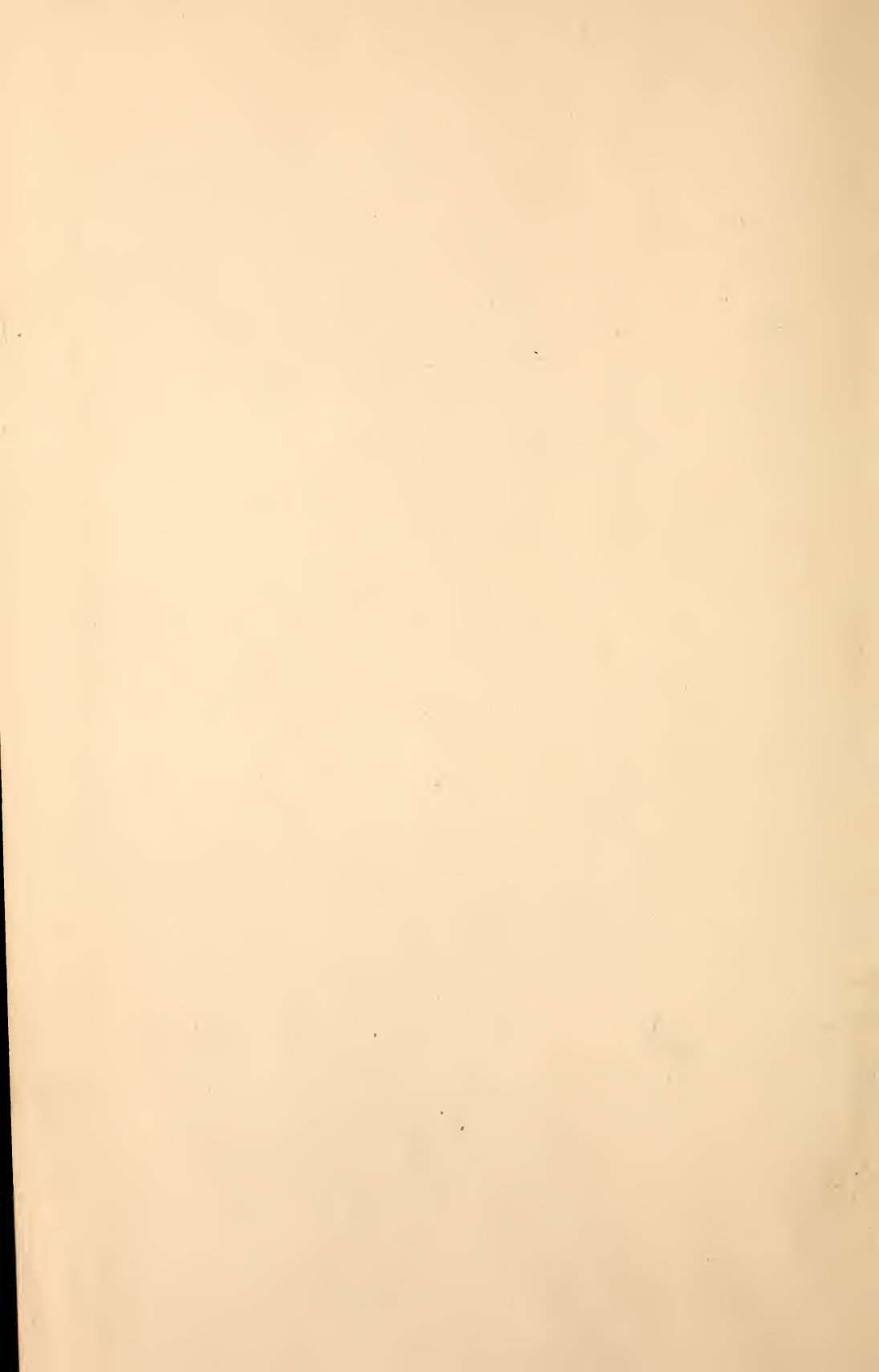
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MAGAZINE

OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY AT 64 MADISON AVENUE,
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MAGAZINE

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OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

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VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1893.

NO. I.

SALUTATORY.



WE present to our readers a new title. The ADAMS' MAGAZINE is replaced by the "MAGAZINE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION," thus bringing the Society more distinctively before the people.

Every thoughtful person realizes the necessity for help, time, talent, energy and money in building up any enterprise, particularly where patriotic sentiment is the incentive for success.

7-16-66
WOOD STREET D

The Daughters of the Revolution have had help, have devoted time, have developed talent, have shown energy, and though the coffers of the Society have not been largely supplied, we take pardonable pride in announcing that the growth of the Society during the past year, and the character of its membership give assurance of a profound interest in its success, which means that its work in reviving and perpetuating the historic memories of the Revolution will soon be appreciated and enjoyed all over

the country. The establishment of a headquarters, centrally located, at 64 Madison Avenue, New York City, was an important step.

The revision and amendment of the Constitution of the Society, so as to conform to the Constitution of the "Sons of the Revolution" was still more important. This revision and amendment was drafted by Mr. John C. Tomlinson, Historian of the Sons of the Revolution, and was adopted unanimously by our Society at its last meeting.

If our readers could know in detail the hours and days spent by the officers and committees of the Society, the services rendered by many sympathizers in our cause, the gratifying endorsement of work done as evidenced by our largely attended meetings and celebrations, and the extent of our correspondence, they would not wonder at the enthusiasm which inspires this greeting, upon the first appearance of the "MAGAZINE OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION." With our greeting we give the Macedonian cry, "Come and help us!" Give us of your time, your talent, your energy and your dollars (silver or paper dollars will do), sufficient to aid in increasing our membership; in establishing societies and chapters in every State in the Union, and in spreading the vital principle of American patriotism, by keeping alive the history which evolved the glorious outcome of the Revolution. Our liberties, our homes and our country are dependent upon the perpetuation of that history. The American woman in whose veins the blood of Revolutionary ancestry runs, owes to that ancestry, to herself and to posterity,

no higher civic duty than the promulgation of the tenets and the mission of the "Daughters of the Revolution." Ours is not a mere social organization—we do not seek to establish an "exclusive set" in the world of fashion; no, not that—we are banded together for a greater, holier purpose—the building of a living, never-dying monument to the hopes, prayers, deeds and triumphs of the heroes, in the forum, in the field and on the seas, whose blood and sacrifice gave to man and woman in these United States the priceless boon of individual liberty and equality before the law. Again we say, "Come and help us!" Be apostles and ministers in a cause so rich with promise for our country's good.



REMINISCENCES OF OLD NEW YORK.

BY MR. WILLIAM TORREY.

[CONTINUED.]

BROOKLYN.

BROOKLYN in the first years of the century was but a small hamlet, around what is now the river end of Fulton Street, the plain above being mainly used as truck farms for the supply of the city opposite. Some of the wealthy and most esteemed of its citizens owe their wealth to the wonderful increase in the value of these farms, which remark applies equally well to New York.

POLICE.—There was during the first quarter of the century no police by day and only a limited number of night watchmen—called "Leather-

Heads" by the saucy boys. Speaking of hats, there were in those days not a few cocked hats left, and the wearing of queues and powdering the hair was universal, as were high outside boots and ruffled shirts.

Party spirit was very violent in those days. It originated in the debates over the proposed constitution, which was finally adopted, and which lifted us above the imperfect cohesion of the old confederacy, and made us a nation, *one and indivisible*, under which we have continued to live, and by whose influence, under God, we have become the happiest, the freest

and the most prosperous nation upon earth. The parties at first were designated as *Federalist* and *Anti-Federalist*. After the Constitution was adopted the latter term was gradually dropped, the anti-party taking the generic name of "Republican," but called by their opponents "Democrats"; the Federalists assuming the name of "Federal Republicans."

The atrocities of the *French Revolution*, the remarkable success of the French armies under *Bonaparte*, and the infamous violation of the rights of neutrality by both England and France, in the seizure of our ships and confiscation of vessels and cargoes by both of those nations under the *Berlin and Milan decree* of Bonaparte, and the *orders in council* of England, intensified our political disputes at home; the Federalists excusing, or attempting to do so, the robberies of England, as also did the Democrats those of France, under which the carrying trade of the country, by which it was accumulating great wealth, was totally destroyed. Congress, under Jefferson's Administration, endeavored to force those nations to do us justice, by withholding our products from them; first, by the *embargo* of 1807, forbidding any ships to leave port for foreign lands. This was succeeded by the "*non-intercourse*" law, which shut out the commerce of the world.

The Democratic party had the ascendancy in the city government until 1808, when the repressive measures adopted by Congress totally crippled the city. The result was a revolution in the Common Council, and the election of Federal aldermen and assistants in all the wards except the fifth and tenth. There was a general

expectation that an entire sweep among the office-holders would be made; but better counsels prevailed, and the rule avowed by Mr. Jefferson was adopted, that the only questions to govern in appointments and removals should be: "Is he honest? is he capable? is he faithful to the Constitution?" consequently the removals were but few. To illustrate this, I will mention the case of one family, showing the working of this rule by the Federalists. It was that of four brothers, all in public offices, and all staunch Democrats. *Nicholas Roome*, the father of Pres't Roome, of the Manhattan Gas Co., was head-keeper of the State Prison in Greenwich Village; *Wm. Roome* was keeper of Potter's Field; *Benjamin Roome* was chief of the city repair yards, and a fourth brother, *Jacob*, was keeper of the City Hall. These were all faithful to their duties, and were retained in office.

All who were familiar with the history of our country know that Aaron Burr, after a fierce conflict, succeeded in being chosen Vice-President in 1804, his party being called "Burrites." Among these was the family of the Irvings, Washington Irving having just arrived of age. He was born at the close of the war. The British officers enquired of the mother (whom I well remember) what she intended to name her babe; her prompt reply was "George Washington, to be sure."

The violence of *party spirit* was intense, as I have intimated, during the first years of the century. The father of the writer was a leading Federalist, of the most advanced type. It was proposed in the *Public Adver-*

tiser that he be seized by the populace and hanged (*a la Paris*) at the lamp-post. A lady friend was a Federalist, her husband being a Democrat and subscriber to the *Public Advertiser*. When that paper was left by the carrier she never would touch it, but always picked it up with a tongs, and so handed it to her husband.

At the termination of the Jefferson Administration, the two principal aspirants for the Presidency on the Democratic side were James Madison and DeWitt Clinton, and in this State the party was divided into Madisonians and Clintonians. This intensified the bitter feelings which then, and always are exhibited at a Presidential election. *Mr. Madison*, as is well known, succeeded, and thenceforward *Mr. Clinton's* attachment to his party sensibly declined. Shortly afterward, in reference to the embargo, non-intercourse

and war, he gave a toast at an assemblage of those unfriendly to the Democracy, "The Golden Days of our Commercial Prosperity." *Mr. Clinton's* name will, however, go down to posterity with approval, if for no other reason than that he was the father and earnest and successful promoter of the Erie Canal, which has so largely advanced the prosperity of our city.

The two prominent political associations were the *Tammany Society*, or the Democratic, and the *Washington Benevolent Society* and the *Hamilton Society* (the last for young men), both on the Federal side. These always paraded on the Fourth of July, the Tammany Society marching Indian-file, with buck tails on their hats, and the Washington Society marching four abreast.

[*To be continued.*]



COPIES OF OLD LETTERS.

STATEN ISLAND, May 28, 1798.

DEAR SIR:

I have received your favor dated the 6th inst. at Albany and sent on by Capt. Locker, since which have spoken with Capt. Abraham Jones, who gave me two letters to forward to Thomas Greenleaf, and at the same time informed me that you had set out on your return to the Susquehanna, last Friday night. I am well pleased to learn that you have so far recovered as to be able to encounter the fatigues of a journey homeward and suppose that your return has been long expected.

There were between three and four thousand acres of land advertised to

be disposed of at public sale at the Tontine Coffee House, in the City of New York, on the 26th April last, lying north and east of the Chenango River, in the County of Tioga, adjoining a tract granted to Robert Lettis Hooper, James Wilson and William Bingham, Esqs., but was not sold for the want of buyers. This land is owned by two gentlemen in New York, who made a purchase thereof from Isaac Melcher, and held the same clear of all incumbrances. Their price is two dollars per acre, but I am persuaded, they will take much less for it and allow a good credit for the one half the monies. The lots contain as follows: No. 7, 8,

9, 10 and 12, contain 200 acres each; No. 13 and 24, 205 acres each; No. 18, 207 acres; No. 19, 203 acres; No. 15 and 16, 198 acres each; No. 11, 196 acres; No. 17, 195 acres; No. 14, 194 acres; No. 21, 192 acres; No. 20, 22 and 23, 191 acres each; containing in toto, 3,566 acres of land. Perhaps these lands might be an object worthy of attention; would it not be well to make enquiry respecting them, and, as soon as you can obtain any certain account of their quality, value and situation, to transmit the same to me. If you are disposed to be concerned in a purchase of them or any part of them, let me know as early as you can, that I may take measures to secure them, as I am satisfied I can obtain them on lower terms than almost any other person.

Respecting our public affairs, what shall I say? The people seem to be in a state of division, but should the French make any serious attempts to invade our country, I am confident that unanimity would be seen in repelling force with force. By a letter from Sylvanus Bourne, Consul at Amsterdam, it appears, that our envoys have been recognized by the French Government, that they have had several conferences with the French minister of foreign affairs, and that negotiation is in a favorable train. If this be the case, how will it comport with our former advices? How absurd and precipitate will appear the publication of the secret communications received by the President from our Commissioners, and by him laid before Congress. If they have had only to do with individuals, unauthorised by Government, surely the Government will disavow their

whole proceedings, and be highly offended with us for giving them publicity. I have ever been so far a well wisher to France, that I wished them to succeed in their struggle for Liberty, but they have certainly departed from the purity of those principles by which they at first appeared to be actuated, and have perpetrated acts of enormous cruelty, such as will blacken the annals of History, and leave an indelible impression on their national character. Their treatment towards the United States has been of late as cruel as it is unprovoked; they now capture all our vessels that fall into their hands. The coast is infested with their privateers, they come almost to our very ports. Our merchants are continually sustaining great losses by their depredations on our commerce, and our Government is cut off from considerable revenues. Preparations are making to counteract them. Such a bill is now under consideration in our National Legislature, as if enacted, and put into operation, will be deemed by the republic of France as tantamount to a declaration of war. May God inspire our Counsellors with wisdom, and avert those evils that seem to threaten our National Peace.

Old Mr. DeHart, after a short illness, departed this life very sudden and unexpected, on the 17th instant. Mr. Aaron Van Name has been confined to his bed for many days, has undergone a very painful and dangerous operation, and his life is considered in great jeopardy.

I am, dear sir, respectfully,

Your friend and humble servant,

ABR'M BANCKER.

Jos. Mersereau, Esq.

NEW YORK, January 23, 1799.

DEAR SIR :

I have received your letter by Capt. Parks, who has been so kind as to give me considerable of his company, during his residence here. He has had great difficulty in obtaining his dues from Abraham Winans, and after depending on his promises from day to day, and week to week, he has at last been obliged to put up with receiving a very small part of the amount due him. I hope and trust he will, however, secure the balance due to Capt. Park before he departs, as it is now in a fair way. I thank you for your invitation to Choconot, and should be happy to visit you, if my business would admit of it, but I am now destined to Albany on business with the Legislature; for which place I purpose setting out to-morrow. It appears to be both your and my lot to travel, while we are in this world. Last winter you had your jaunt to Albany, and this winter I have mine. I

cannot now determine anything with respect to your farm at New Town; indeed I have not the money to spare at this time. I wrote you a lengthy letter on the 28th ult., and gave it to Daniel Mersereau to present to you. I therein wrote largely about certain lands in Watkins and Flint's purchase belonging to Gen'l Lamb, requesting you to enquire into the quality and value of the lands therein described. Capt. Park can tell you more respecting them. I do not wish you to be at any expense in procuring this information, but whatever you can procure in the way of conversation with others, will be gratefully accepted. I write this in great haste, and conclude with promising you that I will resume my pen, whenever leisure and a good opportunity of conveyance shall occur.

I remain, dear sir,

Your Sincere Friend,

ABR'M BANCKER.

Joshua Mersereau, Esq.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MY GRANDPARENTS.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE J. BELL.

In seventy-six, on a bright May day,
In a quiet vale in the Granite State,
Where the sunbeams on pine and hemlock play,
A winsome young wife and her husband sate.
A tear dimmed the light of her violet eye,
And the quivering lips betrayed her grief;
While he vainly tried to suppress a sigh,
As the words he murmured brought no relief:
"Mary, I must leave you."

"Oh, how shall I live without you," she cried—
"And you far away in the battle's strife?
I would, tho' a woman, be at thy side!
Far better 'twould be than an anxious life.
I shall hear in my dreams the cannon's roar,
And see your dear form where danger is near,
While the deadly bullets around you pour.
Oh my soul, my soul is distracted with fear.
Darling, must you leave me?"

Her tear-stained face he laid upon his breast,
And asked if in truth she'd have him stay.
"The Mayflower's heritage of zeal I claim;
Our nation's call, 'To arms,' I must obey.
You'd blush to have me bear a recreant's name,
Or fail to serve when Justice points the way.
Oppressions dire, you know, upon us rest,
And sacrifice alone wins freedom's day.
Heart's dearest, I *must* go."

"But some must stay to guard the young and old,
For British wrongs encompass them, you know;
We've need of stalwart arms, and spirits bold,"
Trembling, she said in loving accents low.
"The shrill fife and clang of noisy drum
Have wakened my fears since early dawn.
They're calling our loved ones to swiftly mourn,
Whose absence shall we not bitterly mourn?
Then, *must* you go with them?"

"To God," he said, "we leave the loved behind;
 Their loyal hearts from danger will not shrink.
 In suffering for the right they'll solace find,
 Nor of defeat will they a moment think.
 You are a soldier's wife, oh then be brave;
 Our Washington needs aid, and I *must* go.
 Soon, soon may Freedom's banner o'er us wave,
 And home and hearth be free from foreign foe!
 So, Mary, I *must* leave you."

The young girl-wife became a woman strong,
 And said in accents with no mournful tone:
 "I know my selfish pleadings all were wrong;
 I give you to the holy cause, my own!
 I'll gird the sword upon my husband's side,
 I'll place his epaulets upon his sleeve,
 And proud I'll be that I'm a soldier's bride,
 Watching and waiting, trying not to grieve.
 Your Mary bids you go!"



THE LAST BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION.

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. CHAS. A. CARROLL.

IN 1778, when dwelling houses in New York City were few and far between, generally interspersed by pasture fields, on Murray Street near the corner of Greenwich Street was a boarding house kept by Benj. Day. His wife was really the proprietor. She was a comely, short built woman, about forty years of age (the authorities say), of a Dutch family at Hackensack, New Jersey. She was an ardent Whig, and possessed a brave heart and stubborn will. She could never conceal her opinions, and many a bout she had with her Tory neighbors. The British, you may remember, claimed the right of possession of the City until noon of the day fixed for the evacuation. It was conceded by the Americans, and the troops under Washington and Governor Clinton and the civil officers halted at Chat-ham Square and beyond until the British began to move towards their shipping at a little past noon.

Mrs. Day's patriotism was too intense, her joy too impatient to allow her to wait until noon to give them visible expression. So directly after breakfast this morning she raised the American flag on a pole she had planted in front of her dwelling in

anticipation of the great event of the day. It was a bright and frosty morning about nine o'clock, when a burly, red-faced British officer in full uniform walked quickly by. Mrs. Day was quietly sweeping in front of her house, and casting a glance of satisfaction now and then toward the floating flag, when the officer—half out of breath—halted before her; in a loud angry tone, and coarse, rough voice, and pointing toward the stars and stripes, he demanded, "Who hoisted that rebel flag?" Mrs. Day stopped sweeping and confronting the rude inquirer with a scornful frown, said in a firm voice made more vehement by her indignation: "It is not a rebel flag, sir, but the flag of a free people. Who are you?"

"Pull down that flag!" roared the red-faced Briton, in a rage, "or you'll find out to your cost who I am." "Who *are* you?" again inquired Mrs. Day. "I am His Majesty's Provost Marshal, charged not to allow a rebel flag to flow in this town before noon to-day. Pull down that flag!" "I'll not do it," said Mrs. Day firmly, keeping her eye fixed on the glowing face of the angry officer. "I raised that flag with my own hands; if the King himself stood

where you do, and commanded me to pull it down, I wouldn't do it." "You cursed rebel in petticoats"—exclaimed the officer—"if you were not a woman I'd hang you on the spot. That flag shall come down." He seized the halyards, when Mrs. Day sprang forward like a roused tigress, and with her broom struck the intruder upon his head with heavy and rapid blows. His hat went off with the first blow, and she made the powder fly from

his wig. The woman's weapon was not at rest a moment. The burly Briton, no doubt believing that "discretion is the better part of valor," released his hold of the ropes, snatched up his hat from the ground, and moved off as rapidly as he came, muttering curses. Mrs. Day was left the valiant mistress of the field, her banner waving in triumph. Thus a woman came out victorious in the last battle of the Revolution.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

DEDICATED TO MRS. CHAS. A. CARROLL, BY SARA L. KALBFUS.

The Revolution owns its "sons":
Can it its daughters spare?
In every trial, every joy,
Theirs was the fullest share.

Were Valley Forge and Lexington,
So bravely fought, so bravely done,
By man or man and woman won?

Was cause of right e'er planned,
And more than that, e'er manned
Without a woman's helping hand?

Once with her love and jewels bright,
Bending e'en from a throne's proud height,
She bought Columbia's shores from night.

On Calvary's side alone she stood,
Alone she's often stood for good,
And for it dared to shed her blood.

Columbia's safe with "Daughters" rare,
Although her "Sons" she may not spare.
Be *they* her "Daughters'" highest care!

ANCESTRY.



HENRY ADAMS: was descended from Sir John Adams, Knight, from Ap Adams, from Lord Ap Adams, Baron of the Realm, 1296 to 1309 (see the New England Historical Register, Vol. VII. 43). He came to America from England with his wife Mary Alexander, and eight sons. Settled at Mount Wollaston, now

called Braintree, or Quincy, Mass., 1630; he died 1646.

1. Joseph: born in England, was an original proprietor in the Township of Braintree, incorporated 1639.

2. Henry: born in England, settled in Medford; both he and his wife were killed during King Philip's war; he married Elizabeth Paine; son Henry, father of Edward, father of John,

father of Andrew, who was an honorable magistrate and coroner, was also lieutenant of cavalry in the British Army, but resigned and entered the Patriot Army. His father John married widow Warren, mother of Gen. Joseph Warren. Andrew married Ruth Wadsworth, sister of General Wadsworth, and descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Molines.

3. Stephen: born in England.

4. Edward: born in England; one son returned to England, the others settled at Chelmsford and Medford.

1. Joseph: married Abigail Baxter.

2. Joseph Adams, son of Joseph and Abigail Adams, married Mary Chapin in 1682, by whom he had two daughters (Mrs. Adams, born 27, 6, 1662): (1) Mary, b. 6 February, 1683; (2) Abigail, born 17 February, 1684. Mrs. Mary Adams died 14 June, 1687.

His second wife (married 1688) was Hannah, daughter of John and Ruth (Alden) Bass, and granddaughter of Hon. John Alden. She was born April 22, 1667. [Alden's Coll. 3, 267.] Children: (3) Joseph, born 1 January, 1689; (4) John, born 8 February, 1691; (5) Samuel, born 28 January, 1694; (6) Josiah, born 8 February, 1696; (7) Hannah, born 21 February, 1698; (8) Ruth, born 21 March, 1700; (9) Bethiah, born 13 June, 1702; (10) Ebenezer, born 30 December, 1704.

Mrs. Hannah Adams died 24 October, 1705. His third wife was Elizabeth —, by whom he had one child, Caleb, born 26 May, 1710, and died 4 June, 1710. Joseph Adams died 12 February 1737. He was, at the death of his father, forty years of age, and in 1698-99 was chosen a selectman of Braintree. Mrs. Eliza-

beth Adams died February, 1739.

John Bass, born in Roxbury about the year 1622, married, December 3, 1657, Ruth, seventh child of John and Priscilla (Mullins) Alden. They had seven children. Hannah, the fifth child, born April 22, 1667, married Joseph, son of Joseph and Abigail Adams. She was his second wife and by her he had eight children. Her second child, John, born February 8, 1691, married Susannah Boylston of Brookline, by whom he had three children. Their eldest child, John Adams, born 19th October, 1735, graduated at Harvard University in 1755. He married Abigail, daughter of the late Rev. William Smith of Weymouth, 24th of February, 1764. They had five children; the second child, John Quincy Adams, born 11th July, 1767, married Catharine Louisa Johnson of Maryland, by whom he had three sons; viz.: (1) George Washington; (2) John, died 23d October, 1834; (3) Charles Francis. He (John Quincy) graduated at Harvard University in 1787. Was President of the United States in 1825.

Ruth, wife of John Bass, died 12, 8, 1674; John Bass died 12 September, 1716, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

1. Joseph: born in Braintree, Mass., June 4th, 1689. He graduated at Harvard, 1710, was one of a class of fifteen, nine of whom became clergymen. He was the first pastor of the Church at Newington, N. H., preached from 1715 to 1783, resigned his pastorate in January, died the 20th of May following from old age. He was twice married; first on October 13th, 1720, Mrs. Elizabeth Janvrin, daugh-

ter of John and Bridget Knight of Newington, N. H. She died February 10th, 1757; married 2d, January 3d, 1760, Miss Elizabeth Brackett of Greenland, N. H.

Children by first marriage :

Elizabeth, born October 13, 1721, died February 13, 1722.

Joseph, born January 17, 1723.

Ebenezer, born Sept. 4, 1726.

Benjamin, born January 18th, 1728.

Joseph: born January 17th, 1723, graduated at Harvard 1745; he studied medicine against the wishes of his father, who desired him to enter the ministry. He married Johanna, daughter of Major Ezekiel Gilman, of Exeter, N. H. His son, Dudley Gilman was born June 18th, 1756. Rev. John Adams was the grandson of Joseph; he was the founder of the People's Church in Newburyport and of Methodism in that town. His wife was the granddaughter of Lord Mason. Rev. John Adams's tomb is at Adams Point, Great Bay, Newington, N. H.

Ebenezer: born September 4th, 1726; married Louisa Downing, January 13, 1757; he died November, 1767; his son Ebenezer married Lydia Hoyt, April 20th, 1779.

A SOLDIER IN THE REVOLUTION.

Benjamin, born January 18th, 1728; married Abigail Pickering,* June 6th, 1751, her 18th birthday; she died September 30th, 1781.

CHILDREN.

James, born January 22d, 1752.

Elizabeth, born October 15th, 1754.

Nathan Webb, born May 16th, 1756.

Ruth Webb, born May 23d, 1758.

Mary, born August 12th, 1760.

Abigail, born October 24th, 1770.

Benjamin, born November 1st, 1773.

Second wife was Susanna Brown of Rochester, N. H. He died March 29th, 1803; she died January 19th, 1824.

Isaac Adams, who invented the Adams' Printing Press, was a descendant of second wife.

Abigail, born October 24th, 1770, married George Nutter; he died at Portsmouth, N. H., September 19th, 1814, aged 47 years; she died at same place August 7, 1823.

CHILDREN.

Abigail, married Francis De Luce.

Martha, died March 25th, 1861, aged 71 years.

Franklin, died February 27, 1823, aged 26 years.

Mary, married Joseph Bailey of Maine; died in 1853, aged 50 years.

Martha, who died in 1861, married Thomas Darling Bailey of Greenland, N. H. He was the son of Jonathan and Mary Pickering Bailey;† born February 7th, 1787, died March 30th, 1870.

CHILDREN.

Sara Abba, born in Portsmouth, N. H., April 15th, 1814.

Martha, died February 11th, 1850, aged 34 years.

Frances Amanda, born June, 1823, died July 20th, 1876.

Thomas Adams, died January 1st, 1825, aged 15 years.

Caroline Augusta, born April 14th, 1827, died May 21st, 1886.

*Abigail Pickering was daughter of James Pickering, Lieutenant in French War; he was the son of Thomas 2d, grandson of John Pickering 1st, of Portsmouth, 1633. [See Pickering Genealogy.]

†Mary Pickering was the daughter of Daniel, who was the son of Joshua, son of Thomas, second grandson of John first, of Portsmouth. [See Pickering Genealogy.]

Sara Abba, born April 15th, 1814; married Elias Aldrich of Maine; had one son, Thomas Bailey Aldrich; born November 11th, 1836. He married Mary Elizabeth Woodman in 1865; had twin sons,

Charles Frost, } born September
Talbot Bailey, } 17th, 1868.

Frances Amanda, born June, 1823; married William Henry Thomas of New York.

CHILDREN.

William Henry, born August 29th, 1854; married Charlotte Townsend, January, 1879.

Fannie Louise, born September 7th, 1856; married December 21st, 1880, Harmon W. Vanderhoef.

CHILDREN.

Francis Bailey, born November 4th, 1881.

Fannie Louise, born June 12th, 1883.

Nathalie Wyckoff, born July 20th, 1885.

Thomas Hampton, born September 23d, 1858.

Caroline Augusta, born April 14th, 1827; married October 19th, 1846, at

Portsmouth, N. H., Charles Leonard Frost; he was born at Portsmouth, April 3rd, 1814, died in New York, October 26th, 1880.

CHILDREN.

Charles Augustus, born July, 1848, died February 1855.

Ida May, born May 21st, 1850.

Mabel Augusta, born June 28th, 1855; married January 5th, 1887, Robert Jerome Umbstaetter.

Augusta, born and died in 1853.

Carrie Emily, born August 2d, 1852. Married May, 1881, Edgar Bradford Clark; he died November, 1887. She married, in 1889, Joseph Asch.

Flora, died in infancy.

Martha, died in infancy.

Jennie, died in infancy.

Ida May, born May 21st, 1850; married February 20th, 1873, Frank Tracy Robinson of New York.

CHILDREN.

Charles Leonard Frost, born July 9th, 1874.

Blanchard, born August 24th, 1875; died September 24th, 1875.

Harry Latourette, born March 12th, 1879.

CORRECTION.

The following letter corrects an error. We depend upon our contributors to be both explicit and very correct in every detail, as it would be quite impossible for the management to attempt to verify statements. When by mischance a mistake does occur we are glad to have it corrected, and publish with pleasure the following letter correcting an error in the

"Harris" sketch which appeared in the last (October, 1892) number of the ADAMS' MAGAZINE.

1503 CAPITOL AVENUE,
HOUSTON, TEXAS, NOV. 21, 1892.
ADAMS' MAGAZINE COMPANY,
64 MADISON AVE.,
NEW YORK.

In the October number of ADAMS' MAGAZINE, under the title of Ancestry,

I notice a statement with regard to the Harris family which is incorrect. It should read as follows: "Capt. Samuel Harris, a soldier in the war between the French and English, and captain of cavalry in the Revolutionary War, was the son of John Harris,

the founder of Harrisburg, Pa." The remainder is correct. The person furnishing the data interchanged the names John and Samuel.

Respectfully,

Mrs. M. LOOSCAN.



CELEBRATIONS.



DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

A RECEPTION HELD ON THE EVENING OF THE SOCIETY'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

THE General Society of the Daughters of the Revolution celebrated the first anniversary of its organization on Monday evening at the residence of the director, Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers, 2076 Fifth Avenue, whose beautiful home was brilliant with lights, flowers and music. The following officers of the general society, Mrs. L. F. Rowe, Mrs. D. P. Ingraham, Mrs. Chauncey S. Truax and Mrs. Mary C. Martin Casey, assisted the hostess to receive and entertain these "daughters," not alone descendants of Revolutionary heroes, but of colonial and Old World ancestry as well.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. R. Ward, of South Orange, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. James H. Townsend, of Sing Sing, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Class, of Montclair, N. J.; Mrs. Charles W. Clinton, of

Peekskill, N. Y.; Miss Katharine J. C. Carville, regent of the New Rochelle chapter; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Pitt, and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore P. Jenkins, of New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mrs. Horatio C. King, regent of Long Island; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Elwell, Mrs. E. M. Puig, all of Brooklyn. Mrs. Townsend C. Van Pelt, of Van Pelt Manor, L. I.; Miss Ditmars, of Flatlands, L. I.; Mr. and Mrs. John F. Berry, Bensonhurst, L. I.; Rev. and Mrs. George R. Van De Water, Mrs. Abraham Steers, regent of Colonial chapter; Hon. and Mrs. Charles W. Dayton, Judge Charles H. Truax, Dr. and Mrs. John Truax, Mr. Jos. J. Casey, Miss L. Viglini Steers, Mr. and Mrs. John W. French, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Smith, Miss Rasimes, Mr. and Mrs. Whittingham, Mr. Bourne,

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Judson, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley L. Eaton, Miss Edith M. Wells, Miss Wilbor, Mrs. C. J. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, Miss Helen E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McWilliam, Miss Mather, Mr. and Mrs. Helfer, Mrs. F. H. Parker, Mrs. James H. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Whitaker, Mrs. Henry A. Warren, Miss

James, Mrs. A. C. Dayton, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. McGown, jr., Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett R. Olcott, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. O'Rourke, Mrs. Smith Anderson, General Horatio C. King, Mr. Abraham Steers, Mr. D. Phoenix Ingraham, Mr. Wiley, Miss Wiley, regent of the East Orange Chapter, and others.

*

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION CELEBRATE THE 109TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH.



MEETING of the General Society of the Daughters of the Revolution was called at their Rooms in

the Mott Memorial Library Building at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of November 24th, having two objects in view, first to celebrate the event, so important in American history, of which this day was the 109th anniversary, the second being the reading and adoption of the constitution of their society remodeled by Mr. John C. Tomlinson to conform to that of the Sons of the Revolution. The Library Association kindly permitted the use of their pretty hall. The meeting was called to order by the Director, Mrs. Edward P. Steers. After the opening prayer by the Chaplain General, Rev. Geo. R. Van De Water, the singing of the hymn "America" by the assembled company, and the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting by the Secretary General, Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham, Hon. Charles W. Dayton congratulated the Society upon the progress it had made, the business capacity

displayed by its officers, and the successful future that awaited it.

In response to "The American Home," he said:

"Early in the 17th century the Atlantic bore upon its waves the ships that carried to New England and Virginia, men, women and children who, forsaking the civilization of the centuries which had culminated in the establishment of royalty and the extinguishment of personal liberty, sought a new land in the 'forest primeval,' to find 'freedom to worship God.' It was no holiday attempt. The shores were houseless, the natives were hostile savages, and amid such surroundings, with prayer on their lips and courage in their hearts, they builded the altar of the American Home.

"The intellectual vigor of Plymouth Colony bespoke the character of the new civilization. Stern of visage, uncompromising in tenet, merciless in dogma, cruel in punishment; there was no laughter about the fireside; the affections were chilled; the faggot and the jail of this militant communi-

ty were crude imitations of the terrors from which they had fled.

"Disagreement with doctrine was the unpardonable sin, and the folly of witchcraft became a miniature *auto de fe*.

"And yet, through all these terrible incidents of struggle, the light of knowledge was growing brighter, self-reliance was becoming stronger, the necessities of the situation demanded introspection, individual opinion and individual action; self-preservation required resistance to governmental oppression; distance from empire gave confidence and the maintenance of home became the supreme issue, in which all other questions were absorbed, and thus there came a day when 'these United Colonies'—the Puritan and the Cavalier as one, struck that telling blow for the liberty of the individual and the dominion of home, which resulted in 'Evacuation Day'—one-hundred and nine years ago.

"To a gathering like this, I need not give historic references in support of this very brief statement. I make it for the purpose of showing that the basis of the American Home is the right of the American to think, act and speak for himself, and that through all the phases of evolution, from the steeple-hatted Roundhead to the Continental soldier, with all the errors, prejudices and wrongs that intervened, this mission of the Pilgrim to the shores of Massachusetts and Virginia was never lost, even though sometimes obscured.

"To no heroes in the annals of time belong more honor and glory than to those colonists—who during more than one hundred and fifty years of self-denial and privation worked out

the problem of self-government as crystalized in the union of 'free and independent States' and within each State a separate local government, all contributing to the 'general welfare.'

"What is the 'general welfare?'

"It means that high and low, rich and poor shall have a fair and, if possible, an equal chance in the race of life. The first essential of this 'chance' is the Home. The home where the bread of dependence is scorned—where its head is crowned with the diadem of free citizenship, so that he may get what he earns and spend what he earns in his own way, subject only to his contribution to the economical support of his Government—where the education of his children is the most valued product of his labors, because knowledge is the hand-maid of wisdom, and wisdom spreads the blessing of brotherhood and the rights of man. Free education is the loftiest achievement of human progress. Wherever it exists the era of self-government is secure.

"And so it is that for more than one hundred years the American home has been the foundation of the republic which has stood the storms of foreign and civil war, until with 65,000,000 people from every clime, and of every creed under the sun, a revolution at the ballot box scarcely three weeks ago, finds each home in the land in undisturbed enjoyment of repose. Was this the case after the plebiscite in France in 1871 when the Commune took possession of the empire and chaos reigned?

"The question now is, shall the American Home continue as founded? or shall indifference to political duty,

forgetfulness of the 'ancient landmarks,' the enervating influences of wealth and luxury, banish the principles of its organization and thus destroy the great fabric resting upon the liberty of the individual enthroned in his Home?

"The Daughters of the Revolution will help in answering this question.

"Theirs is the duty and the pleasure of holding aloft the banner 'Liberty, Home and Country.' Theirs and their successors' the self-imposed obligation to keep before the present and future generations of our native-born and naturalized citizens the story of the days of '76, which made and must keep a free people what they are.

"In your households preach the gospel, deeply rooted in the mind of every thoughtful man and woman, that the 'consent of the governed' is not only the perfection of the law of Home and Country, but is the demonstration of the law of individual liberty and personal independence."

This short and exceedingly interesting address called forth well merited applause both for its eloquence and delivery.

After the applause that followed, Mr. Dayton read a letter from the Hon. John C. Tomlinson, and (for information and approval) the amended

Constitution of the Society, which was unanimously adopted.

DREXEL BUILDING, 3 BROAD STREET,
NEW YORK, Nov. 21st, 1892.

MY DEAR MRS. STEERS:

I send you herewith proposed Constitution and By-Laws, they having been modeled on the Constitution and By-Laws of the "Sons of the Revolution" in this State, and embody the essential provisions of your Constitution.

I don't quite gather, from such papers relating to the Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution" as I have had an opportunity of examining, the relation between your State Societies and the General Society. The Constitution and By-Laws which I have prepared would do for either, slight modifications being made. There are possibly some matters in the Constitution and By-Laws which you would like to have me explain personally, and should this be so, I would be very happy to see you at any time or place that may suit your convenience.

Trusting you will excuse my delay in this matter, I remain,

Very sincerely,

JOHN C. TOMLINSON.

CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

ARTICLE I.

This Society shall be known by the name, style and title of "Daughters of the Revolution."

ARTICLE II.

The objects of the Society shall be

to keep alive among its members and their descendants, and throughout the community, the patriotic spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence; to collect and secure for preservation the manuscript

rolls, records and other documents relating to the war of the American Revolution, and provide a place for their preservation and a fund for their purchase; to encourage historical research in relation to such Revolution and to publish its results; to promote and assist in the proper celebration of prominent events relating to or connected with the War of the Revolution; to promote social intercourse and the feeling of fellowship among its members; "and provide a home for and furnish assistance to such as may be impoverished when it is in their power to do so."

ARTICLE III.

Any woman above the age of eighteen years shall be eligible to membership in the "Daughters of the Revolution," who is a lineal descendant from an ancestor who as a military or naval or marine officer, soldier, sailor or marine in actual service under the authority of any of the Thirteen Colonies or States, or of the Continental Congress and remaining always loyal to such authority, or a descendant of one who signed the Declaration of Independence, or of one who as a member of the Continental Congress or of the Congress of any of the Colonies or States, or as an official appointed by or under the authority of any such representative bodies actually assisting in the establishment of American Independence by service rendered during the War of the Revolution, becoming thereby liable to conviction of treason against the Government of Great Britain, but remaining always loyal to the authority of the Colonies or States, shall be eligible to membership in this Society.

ARTICLE IV.

Officers.

The officers of the Society shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Registrar, Historian, Librarian and Chaplain, who shall be chosen by ballot at every quadrennial meeting from among the members thereof.

ARTICLE V.

Board of Managers.

The Board of Managers of the Society shall be twenty-one: the President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Registrar, Historian and Librarian, and the Chaplain *ex officio*, who shall be elected quadrennially, and an Executive Committee of fourteen, who shall be chosen by ballot at every annual meeting from among the members of the Society.

ARTICLE VI.

Application for Membership.

Every application for membership shall be made in writing, subscribed by the applicant and approved by two members over their signatures. Applications shall contain or be accompanied by proof of eligibility, and such applications and proofs shall be submitted to the Investigating Committee, who shall have full power to determine the qualifications of the applicant. Payment of the initiation fee shall be a prerequisite of membership.

All applications for membership shall be confirmed by the Board of Managers at the monthly meetings.

ARTICLE VII.

State Societies or Chapters.

State Societies or Chapters may be organized in the several States of the

Union, in any Territory of the United States, in the District of Columbia or in any foreign country, on application to and approval by this Society. But no State Society or Chapter shall be organized upon other or different qualifications for membership than those provided in this constitution.

Upon the approval of an application for the organization of a State Society or Chapter this Society shall issue its certificate authorizing such State Society or Chapter to be formed.

Each State Society or Chapter shall transmit to the Registrar of this Society on or before the first day of January in each year a roll of all its members, showing the qualifications of each member and a description of all documents or relics collected during each year; also a list of the books added to its Library during each year.

ARTICLE VIII.

The Seal of the Society.

The design for the seal of the "Daughters of the Revolution" is: A shield bearing the Stars and Stripes which is crossed by the sentence, "Liberty, Home and Country;" and standing on top of the same is the spread eagle, grasping in its talons the olive branch and the arrows of peace or war, and also a ribbon bearing the name of the society, "Daughters of the Revolution." Besides this is another ribbon, which twines itself about the base of the shield, and bears the words, "General Society," and the dates "1776" and "1891."

ARTICLE IX.

Insignia.

The insignia of the Society shall be the same design as the seal, but slightly compressed and smaller. The motto

will be on the lower ribbon. It will be of gold and blue enamel. The reverse will be plain, upon which can be engraved the name of the owner.

ARTICLE X.

Amendments.

No alteration nor amendment of the Constitution of this Society shall be made, unless notice thereof shall be duly given in writing, signed by the member proposing the same at a meeting of the Society, nor unless the same shall be adopted at a subsequent meeting held at least thirty days after such notice, by a vote of three-fourths of the members present.

—*—

BY-LAWS.

Initiation Fee and Dues.

SECTION 1.—The initiation fee shall be one dollar, and sent with the application paper to the General Society, and the annual dues two dollars, which shall be payable on or before the first day of January in each year.

Each State Chapter shall pay to the Treasurer of this Society annual dues of one dollar for each member.

Each State Society having a regent shall pay to the Treasurer of this Society annual dues of twenty-five cents for each member.

All such dues shall be paid annually on the first day of January in each year.

Life Membership.

SECTION 2.—Life membership in this Society may be had on due application, by the payment of fifty (\$50) dollars which shall be in full of all annual dues.

In a Chapter such life membership

may be had on the payment of twelve dollars and a half (\$12.50) to the Chapter and thirty-seven dollars and a half (\$37.50) to this Society.

In a State Society such life membership may be had on the payment of twelve dollars and a half (\$12.50) to the State Society, twelve dollars and a half (\$12.50) to the Chapter, and twenty-five (\$25) dollars to this Society.

Upon the receipt of such application and money the Secretary will issue to the person so applying, a life membership certificate.

President.

SECTION 3.—The President, or in her absence, the Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society and of the Board of Managers, and shall exercise the usual functions of a presiding officer under general parliamentary rules, subject to an appeal to the Society in proper cases under those rules. The President shall be *ex-officio*, a member of all committees, other than the Committee of Nominations; she shall have power to call special meetings of the Board of Managers, and shall perform such duties as may be assigned her by the Board of Managers.

Vice-President.

SECTION 4.—In case of the death, resignation, neglect to serve or inability to serve, the duties of the office of President shall devolve upon the Vice-President.

Secretary.

SECTION 5.—The Secretary shall conduct the general correspondence of the Society and keep a record thereof; she shall notify all qualified

and accepted candidates of their admission, and perform such other duties as the Society or Board of Managers or her office may require; she shall have charge of the seal, certificate of incorporation, by-laws, historical and other documents and records of the Society, other than those required to be deposited with the Registrar, and shall have affixed the seal to all properly authenticated certificates of membership; she shall notify the Registrar of all admissions to membership and transmit to her the applications and proofs of eligibility of all persons so admitted; she shall give due notice of the time and place of all meetings of the Society and of the Board of Managers, and shall keep fair and accurate records of all the proceedings and orders of the Society, and shall perform such other duties as may be assigned her by the Board of Managers.

Treasurer.

SECTION 6.—The Treasurer shall collect and keep the funds and securities of the Society, and as often as these shall amount to one hundred dollars, shall deposit the same in some bank in the City of New York, which shall be designated by the Board of Managers, to the credit of the Society, and such funds shall only be drawn on the check of the Treasurer for the purpose of the Society; she shall keep a true account of all receipts and payments, and at each annual meeting shall make a report to the Society of its financial condition.

Registrar.

SECTION 7.—The Registrar shall receive from the Secretary, file and keep in place of safety, the record of

the proofs upon which memberships have been granted, together with all documents, rolls or other evidences of services in the War of the Revolution, of which the Society may become possessed.

Chaplain.

SECTION 8.—The Chaplain shall be a regularly ordained minister of a Christian denomination, and it shall be his duty to open and close all meetings at which he shall be present, with the customary chaplaincy services, and perform such other duties as ordinarily appertain to such office.

Historian.

SECTION 9.—The Historian shall keep a detailed record, to be deposited with the Secretary, of all historical and commemorative celebrations of the Society, and she shall prepare for publication such addresses, essays and papers as the Secretary may be required to publish.

Librarian.

SECTION 10.—The Librarian shall have full charge of all books belonging to the Society and shall keep a record of the same for the use of the Society.

Assistant Secretary.

SECTION 11.—The Board of Managers shall have power to appoint an Assistant Secretary who shall assist the Secretary in the performance of the duties of that office; in case of the absence of the Secretary, or of her death, resignation, neglect or inability to serve, the duties of the office of Secretary shall devolve upon her until the Secretary shall return or until the vacancy in the office shall be filled.

Board of Managers.

SECTION 12.—The Board of Managers may through the Secretary call special meetings of the Society at such times as they may see fit, and they may arrange for commemorative celebrations by the Society.

They shall generally superintend the interests and shall have the control and management of the affairs and funds of the Society; they shall also perform such duties as may be prescribed by the Constitution and By-Laws or required by any standing rules or resolves of the Society, provided, however, that they shall at no time be required to take any action nor contract any debt for which they shall be jointly or severally liable; they shall be competent to consent to and to accept the resignation or voluntary withdrawal from membership of any enrolled member of the Society. The Board of Managers shall meet as often as they may desire or at the call of the President or upon the written request of any three members of the Society, addressed to the Secretary. A majority of the Board of Managers shall be a quorum for the transaction of business at every annual meeting; they shall submit to the Society a general report of their proceedings during the year then closing, and at such other time as may be required by the Society.

Expulsion and Suspension.

SECTION 13.—The Board of Managers shall have power to expel any enrolled member of the Society who by conduct inconsistent with a lady and woman of honor, or by opposition to the interests of the community in general or

of the Society in particular, may render herself unworthy to continue a member, or who shall persistently transgress or without good excuse willfully neglect or fail in the performance of any obligation enjoined by the Constitution or By-Laws or any standing rule of the Society; provided that such member shall have received at least ten days' notice of the complaint preferred against her and of the time and place for hearing the same, and have been afforded an opportunity to be heard in person. Any member who has been expelled may be restored to membership upon the unanimous recommendation of the Board of Managers.

The Board of Managers shall have power to drop from the roll the name of any enrolled member who shall be at least two years in arrears in the payment of dues, and, upon being thus dropped, her membership shall cease; but she may be restored to membership at any time by the Board of Managers on her application, and upon her payment of all such arrears and of the annual dues from the date when she was dropped to the date of restoration.

The Board of Managers may also suspend any officer from the performance of her duties for cause, which proceeding must be reported to the Society and acted upon by it within thirty days, either by rescission of the suspension or removal of the suspended officer from office, or otherwise the suspension shall cease.

Vacancies and Terms of Office.

SECTION 14.—Whenever an officer of this Society shall die, resign or neglect to serve or be suspended or be

unable to properly perform the duties of her office by reason of absence, sickness or other cause, and whenever an office shall be vacant, which the Society shall not have filled by an election, the Board of Managers shall have power to appoint a member to such office *pro tempore*, who shall act in such capacity until the Society shall elect a member to the vacant office, or until the inability due to suspension, absence, sickness or other cause shall cease; provided, however, that the office of President or Secretary shall not thus be filled when there shall be a Vice-President or Assistant Secretary to enter upon the duties of those offices respectively.

In like manner, the Board of Managers may supply vacancies among its members, and in case any member thereof other than an officer shall be absent from three consecutive meetings of the same, her place therein may be declared vacant by the Board of Managers and filled by an appointment which shall continue in full effect until the Society shall elect a successor.

Subject to these provisions, all officers of the Society and members of the Board of Managers shall, from the time of their election or appointment, continue in their respective offices until the next election and until their respective successors shall have been duly chosen.

Resignation.

SECTION 15.—No resignation or voluntary withdrawal from membership of any member enrolled in this Society shall become effective as a release from the obligations thereof, unless

consented to and acted upon by the Board of Managers.

Disqualification.

SECTION 16.—No person who may be enrolled as a member in this Society shall be permitted to continue in membership where the proofs of claim of qualification by descent shall be found to be defective and insufficient to substantiate such claim, or not properly authenticated.

The Society or the Board of Managers may, at any time after thirty days' notice to such person to properly substantiate or authenticate her claim, require the Secretary to erase her name from the list of members, and such person shall thereupon cease to be a member; provided, she shall have failed or neglected to comply satisfactorily with such notice.

Where the Board of Managers shall direct the erasure of a person's name for a cause comprehended under this section, such person shall have the right of appeal to the next annual meeting of the Society, but she shall not be restored to membership unless by a vote of three-fourths of the members present on that occasion or at a subsequent meeting to which the consideration of the appeal may have been subsequently postponed.

Annual and Special Meetings.

SECTION 17.—The Society shall hold an annual meeting in the city of New York on the first Monday of January in each year, except when such day shall fall on New Year's; then it shall be on the following Monday, at which an election by ballot shall take place.

In such election the polls shall be open one and one-half hours, and a

majority of the ballots given for any office or for a manager shall constitute a choice therefor; but if on the first ballot no member shall receive such a majority, then a further ballot in such case shall forthwith take place, in which the plurality of votes given shall determine the choice therefor. During any election the regular order of business may be proceeded with.

Special meetings shall be held by direction of the Board of Managers, or upon the written request of thirty members of the Society at such time and place as said Board may direct. At such special meeting no business shall be transacted except such as shall be specified in the notice therefor.

One week's notice of time and place of annual or special meetings shall be given by mailing through the post-office in said city a written or printed notice to every member of the Society. At all meetings of the Society twenty-one (21) members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

The meetings of the Society for business shall be generally conducted according to parliamentary law, and the following order of business shall, as far as the same may be applicable, be followed:

Order of Business.

1. Meeting called to order by presiding officer.
2. Prayer by the Chaplain.
3. Reading of minutes of prior meetings not previously acted upon.
4. Election of officers and managers, when necessary.
5. Communications from or report of Board of Managers.

6. Report of officers.
7. Reports of special committees.
8. Unfinished business.
9. Written communications requiring action of the Society.
10. Specially noticed business.
11. Notices of motion for subsequent meetings.
12. Miscellaneous business.

Service of Notices.

SECTION 18.—It shall be the duty of every member to inform the Secretary by written communication of her place of residence and of any change thereof. Service of any notice under this Constitution or By-Laws addressed to such member at her last recorded place of residence and forwarded by mail shall be deemed sufficient service of such notice.

Recommendation of Candidates.

SECTION 19.—No member shall approve an application for membership in this Society unless she shall know the candidate to be worthy, and shall have satisfied herself by due examination of proofs that such candidate is eligible and will, if admitted, be a desirable member.

Nominating Committee.

SECTION 20.—The Society may at an annual meeting choose a nominating committee of seven members to nominate officers and members of the Board of Managers for election at the succeeding annual meeting.

In case the Society shall not choose such committee, the President shall, prior to every annual meeting, appoint such a nominating committee of seven

members from among the members longest enrolled as such, who may consent to serve on such committee, exclusive of officers or members of the Board of Managers.

The Nominating Committee shall select and nominate a ticket of the names proposed to fill the respective offices, to be elected by ballot, which ticket shall be printed and distributed as the regular ticket at the ensuing annual election.

In order to secure as far as may be in the Board of Managers stability of procedure and familiarity with precedents in the business affairs of the Society, every nominating committee shall, in making nominations for members of said Board, other than those who are members *ex officio*, so arrange their recommendations as to provide for the retirement annually of not less than three nor more than four, of those who shall have served longest, continuously on said Board, and for the continuance of a proportionate number.

Amendments.

SECTION 21.—No alteration nor amendment of the By-Laws of this Society shall be made unless notice thereof shall be duly given in writing, signed by the member proposing the same at a meeting of the Society, nor unless the same shall be adopted at a subsequent meeting held at least thirty days after such notice by a vote of two-thirds of the members.

Mrs. Joseph C. Robinson delighted the audience with her perfect rendering of Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home."

“OUR COUNTRY.”

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE “THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION,”

ON EVACUATION DAY, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1892,

BY REV. GEO. R. VAN DE WATER, D.D.



ONE hundred and nine years ago to-day the British troops evacuated the City of New York, and thus set permanent seal to the treaty of peace and independence. The anniversary of that day has ever since been kept in this metropolis with more or less pageantry and pomp. To-day, these Daughters of the Revolution, recently organized with the avowed object “*to keep alive among themselves and their descendants the patriotic spirit of those who, by their acts or counsels, aided in achieving American Independence,*” and “*desiring to assist in the commemorative celebration of our great historical events,*” meet here for social, intellectual and patriotic purposes. I am asked to assist in such an undertaking by speaking upon the assigned topic “Our Country.”

If a meeting such as this is to result in any permanent good, the thoughts, the inspirations, the lessons of the hour must go beyond the fleeting hour, abide with us, and produce in us the spirit of love and loyalty we all desire to possess and preserve. Singing songs and hymns can minister to sentiment. Offering prayers and praises incite to devotion. The study of facts and the elucidation of principles can alone give us solid foundation for any superstructure of patriotic pride we may think to raise. To such a rehearsal of facts, and emphasis of principles, then, let us devote

ourselves a few minutes of this happy hour. “Our Country!” We pass over, without a mention, all the incidents of its discovery, its early settlements, its diverse experiences before it became “our country,” and come at once to the country as it is to-day. It extends, throughout nearly its whole breadth, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the 49th parallel of latitude to the Georgia gulf. The country, as thus limited, excluding Alaska, comprises an area of over three million of square miles. If the United States were to be represented as a giant, lying for repose upon the surface of Europe, we should find his head in the middle of Norway, his body stretching through that continent, one hand would rest on London, the other on Warsaw, and his feet would lave in the waters of the Mediterranean Sea. No doubt the country is big.

But this is not all, nor the half of the story. The country, besides being big, is blessed. It has mountains, out of which can be dug everything the earth can yield, and most everything in great abundance. It has rich valleys and fertile plains from which the best crops are raised, and all that grows upon the surface of the ground grows in richest profusion. It has waterways that challenge comparison for ability to carry the ships of commerce or move the wheels of manufactures with any in the world. It has diver-

sified climates, magnificent scenery and everything to delight the eye and minister to the necessities and luxuries of its sixty millions of people. The nation that is so big, and so blessed, has a strange and eventful history for its inspiration. Not since the creation of the world could man so appropriately speak of any product, as he can of this great nation of ours, and say, *Ex nihilo*, from seeming nothingness what hath God wrought!

On this soil, in this country, within one hundred and twenty-five years, some of the greatest problems of the world and man have been fought out and most effectually solved—independence of a government "*of the people, for the people, by the people*"; education of the masses; *equality of all citizens*, and *utter abolition of caste*; the right of the lowliest to become the loftiest; the abolition of anything like ownership of human beings; the ceded and concentrated powers of the states in a centralized, controlling, and efficient government, against past traditions, against the mightiest opposition of European monarchies, against the expressed will and rebellion of a large portion of our own countrymen, these blessings have been *won*, these blessings have been *maintained*, these blessings *are ours*.

Yesterday was Thanksgiving Day. The President and Governor did well to summon the happiest people on God's footstool to give God thanks. "Happy are the people that are in such a case; yea, blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God." I undertake to say, without fear of contradiction, that never has there been a people having such *occasion*

and *obligation* for gratitude to God, as the inhabitants, all the inhabitants of this wonderfully favored land. Everything that pertains to our country's life, unity, strength, prosperity, glory, we have at hand. I know all about, and realize fully, how many things there are about us to regret and deplore.

I am aware there has been legislation taken, and other legislation threatens, that never can be approved, nor justified. I am sure there are woes and burdens (who can know better than a clergyman?) connected with the warfare of labor and capital that are monstrous and unjust: because we are a big and blessed nation, we have these serious questions confronting us—and we are likely to have more, and yet more grievous ones. Several breakers of vast proportions loom up ahead the ship of state. There are questions now on our hands undecided, pregnant with momentous issues for this nation's good, and future existence; there are hordes of worthless men and women that Washington could never have dreamed of, when he spoke in one of his messages of "imparting the blessings we possess to the whole family of mankind," and whose unrestricted coming to these shores is portentous of evil.

There are such questions as the liquor traffic, the absolute separation of religions and secular education in our public schools, the withholding of all State aid to religious societies, and there is that mooted question of protection, how much and in what way derived, which no living man can speak definitely about until experience with details has instructed him.

There are all these questions to be

solved and settled, all these shadows to be chased away, all these sorrows to be soothed, before we can be said, perhaps, to be a nation wholly at peace, and freed from care; and yet, notwithstanding all these present and portentous things, I still say, and say it again, with the profoundest convictions that what I say is truth, never was there a country having so much to stir the gratitude of a whole people, as our own dear, regenerated, reunited, large and yet closely-compacted commonwealth of America. (Applause.) It is the manner of some, the moment they confront a difficulty, to find occasion for alarm, or to conclude that because republics have not been permanent forms of government in time past, they cannot be so now; or to think that with some change in the policy, or in the administration of government, disaster must ensue, or, since the country is increasing in population at such a rapid rate, unity among the people can no longer be maintained. These pessimists forget that this country now has a history, and lives under the guidance of traditions and precedents. We have had troubles, and overcame them; we have had wars and fought them out; we have our martyred presidents, and the cause for which each gave his life is maintained. The people of the United States love their country more than party. They believe in their country and the principles for which that country stands. They will fight for their country any minute it is necessary; they will die for their country whenever God asks the sacrifice of their life. With such a country and such countrymen, we are secure.

The very moment one ceases to

speculate and begins to investigate, he finds fears fading. Travel dissipates doubt, and destroys any tendency toward pessimism on the part of an American. For example, if one will stop talking about the South, and go to the South, he will find the citizens there as far removed from any traitorous or disloyal sentiments as the residents along the shores of Massachusetts Bay; and if he stays South awhile, he will discover a new set of calamitous circumstances and tendencies, that will modify considerably a New Englander's conception of the rights of an ignorant, half-civilized population of preponderant blacks to exercise without restraint every right of franchise. Or, one has only to rush along the western prairie lands, or go in and out the Montana and Colorado cañons, and see the corn and wheat grow without artificial fertilization, or by mere process of irrigation, and from the hills vast resources of wealth extracted, to be convinced how quickly at present rate of peopling our most waste regions shall be thickly populated. And if an American need any further occasion for hopefulness and pride, he will find it in the sight of a beautiful school-house, the finest building in every town or hamlet he sees, where the children are liberally educated and made to love their country. And he who thinks, like De Tocqueville or McGuffey, that our great rivers and majestic mountains are natural barriers and boundaries to nations, and that the time must therefore come when this great nation, that now unfurls its flag and shakes its folds from ocean to ocean is ever to be divided into a North, a South, or an East, and a West, with diverse ten-

dencies, aims, and forms of government, has the mediaeval conception of petty principalities and powers, and does not comprehend that *the love of OUR COUNTRY*, our *whole country*, our *one country*, the United States of America, is as strong this moment, if not indeed stronger, in the mining settlements of Butte, Aspen and Rico, as in the settled cities of Boston or Philadelphia. There are generations being educated all over this great country to *love* the country. On every school-house floats a flag, not of the State, but of the United States. The time has gone when man or woman is prouder of Delaware or Maryland than of the country, of which these are but infinitesimal parts. Such provincialism as this died when at Appomattox it was forever settled that in the United States of America, the "whole is greater than any of its parts." (Applause.)

One hundred years of history has made every man in our country believe that Daniel Webster was a prophet when he declared for "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." (Applause.) As I look about, think of the past, view the present, and forecast the future, I feel justified in saying that not Israel at the time of its memorable deliverance from bondage in Egypt, nor Jerusalem after the captivity in Babylon, nor England after the epoch-marking battles of Cressy, Arnada, and Waterloo, nor any other land after any of its deliverances, ever had such occasion for general jubilation as has this blessed land of ours. God bless our country! (Applause.)

Our country is at peace. Think what this means. Compare our domain

with the little territories of other nations; then think, in comparison with the wars and rumors of wars elsewhere, what peace for this whole country means. I believe I am right. I doubt if there be one here to challenge the statement. There is not at this moment a single man throughout our vast country in armed rebellion against the lawful government. It is not thirty years since we were the victims of the bloodiest civil war in all human history. To-day, notwithstanding all forebodings, threats, reasonable expectations and painful prophecies, not only is there no army, no ships, no fort, no regiment, but not a roving squad, not a guerilla band in all the mountain fastnesses, not one soldier, not one citizen of any description who is in arms and array against the Government of the *United States*. We have had our usual spasms of sentiment and show of spirit in troubles and strikes, incident to careless adjustment of the demands of labor and the rights of capital, soon attacked, speedily cured; but anything like attack upon the Government we have had none for months past. All these things vindicate the principles of the American nationality, prove both its right to be here and its ability to stay here long after crumbling monarchies shall have mouldered into dust. (Applause.) We are not much concerned that there is not complete unity of sentiment in regard to public measures, that there is not the purest administration of public affairs in our large cities, that there is not the most equitable system of tariff taxation just now in force, that our best men are not as a rule our rulers, or that a large number of our best

citizens are not at all concerned with politics as such ; so long as there is—and there is—above all, beneath all, around us all an honest attachment to the national life, and an undivided purpose that at all hazards the unity and integrity of our national life shall be preserved, we are secure, we are safe.

God bless America! Our nation is the strongest of all nations, because its roots lie hidden in the hearts of a *free people*. People can breathe freely *here*. We can walk our streets without running up against an armed soldier representing the powers that be. We can associate with one another and never be tallied in second or third class, or made to feel that somebody born in a palace can tread us under his feet. Our liberty is not weakness. It is *strength*. Our freedom is not a thing accorded for a time by some lenient crowned head. It is ours *forever by inherent right*. Our chief executive is a man *we put there*, not a man who puts or keeps us here. He can be tried for malfeasance or misdemeanor like any other official, and when we are through with him as officer we retire him to a place of equal citizenship with ourselves. We maintain our freedom and our liberty not by conscript hordes of soldiery, but by the voluntary assent of our neighbors. Our country—the people own it, the people manage it, the people enjoy it, the people love it and the people, worthy to be here, are loyal to it. He who comes here and gets his living out of this great country owes it to himself, to us, to the nation that has blessed him, to become, at the earliest possible moment, a faithful, dutiful, serving citizen.

The patriotic son of America ought to be an American. To love any other country more than one's own is traitorous. To imitate the customs of another country and away from home seek to pose as its subject, to talk with its twang or dress with its distinctive garments, is flunkeyism—is unworthy, is despicable. The man who is ashamed of his country ought to go elsewhere, as the man who is mean enough to come here solely to get out of the country what he can for himself and his family, and never to give allegiance or patriotism to the land he lives in ought to be banished at once. The nation that evacuated ought not to be imitated. (Applause.) "Our country" is a favored country. It favors all who dwell in it. There is no government that allows its subjects as great freedom, nor confers upon them greater powers. There is no constitution on the face of the earth that bears upon its records such abundant proofs of Divine inspiration as does the Constitution of the United States. No nation has withstood so great shocks, and emerged from them all calm and triumphant. (Applause.) We do well, recounting these things and asserting these principles, to rise, on this anniversary occasion, above all petty differences of parties and men, as to policy, method, system or management, rise above, FAR above all the asperities, griefs, disappointments, perplexities of the hour, and to rehearse, as we may, we, for ourselves and for our children, those grand old words of the Hebrew poet: "Happy the people who are in such a case—yea, blessed the nation which has the Lord for their God." From coast to coast,

and from Canada to the Gulf, we have to-day happy homes, prosperous markets, yielding fields, flourishing schools, well-ordered churches, successful banks, and all that can make a people love their country and be joyful. If any change in administration or policy can bring us greater prosperity, welcome the change! Before the change come, let us hold our heads, lest with the advent of heaven upon earth our heads be turned. Every son of man on this fair heritage can to-day, and without much exertion, find sufficient, if not abundant, occasion for reverent thanksgiving to God. He can find it, I say, here, if nowhere else, in the sober contemplation of the land he lives in, the government that protects him, the country that is ours. This thought is enough to make an American leap for joy. Petty troubles sink into insignificance once this lofty theme is realized. The thought of "our country"—O how inspiring! If a St. Paul could glory in his Roman citizenship, answering with sublime sententiousness, "But I was born free"; if with David patriotism kindled the utterance—"O Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee," why may not Americans exclaim with equal pride

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing"?

With a power of government sufficiently centralized to make it both operative and beneficently effective, with every liberty granted the individual consistent with the greatest good to the body politic, with opportunity for the humblest lad to become its chiefest citizen, without social caste to fix arbitrary limits to one's

intercourse with his fellows, with all advantages of education, culture, civilization and refinement freely furnished, with privilege unrestricted to think, believe, speak, worship according to personal conscientious dictate, with natural advantages taxing the most romantic mind to comprehend their significance, with all that science can supply of artificial means of heating, lighting, travelling, speaking at remote distances, and communicating with the remotest ends of the earth almost instantaneously, what more, I want to know, what more could you ask of God, if now He were to say to you—"Ask what you will, and I will give it thee"—than you have in this free, fair, fruitful, glorious country, "our country"? (Great applause.) Now, my dear friends, encouragement to patriotism does no good, if that patriotism be only a selfish pride. This is our country to love, but not our country to hoard and keep; whatever is good in it we ought to be willing to share with others not so richly blessed. After all that can be said about retaining the essential principles of our government, or properly protecting our industries to the last moment they need such protection, or restricting immigration in order to save our essential civilization, then we must not forget that our country is not ours in any sense of exclusive inheritance. Who are Americans? English, Irish, French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, German, Russian, Japanese or Mongolian, Indian or African; not any one more than any other. All are Americans when they love their country, and conform to its customs, and serve it faithfully. America is

the land of liberty, not to hoard in a hedge, but to impart to others. When it refuses to let its light shine to others and for others, then the light that is within becomes darkness. Among all the precious gems of nationalities we have no hesitation in naming "our country" the diamond, most precious of all. But if the diamond, let us remember that when the diamond fails to reflect the light it has received, it ceases to be a diamond. When America closes its gates to the refugees of other countries, it has no name to live—restrict, it may have to; exclude, it ought never to.

We are too great, and too generous, too blessed withal to adopt any such special and selfish motto as "America for Americans." There may have been a time when men revelled in being "Know-nothings"—to-day they are ashamed of the title. They who are now citizens and their descendants are no better than they who will become citizens. All that we demand is that we shall cease to be Englishmen, Irishmen, Dutchmen and so on, after we are here. The needs of the present and the provision for the future demand that all citizens be Americans. If the Daughters of the Revolution can only proclaim this idea, until it shall be regarded as a shame for a man to live and thrive here for years, and never become a citizen, this organization will be a power for good. (Applause.) By far the larger part of our people have no common heritage or ancestry in the Revolutionary War. A generation is now with us which knows little or nothing even of the war of the Rebellion. Colonists from Europe and Asia are forming little communities

both in city and country, where their language, customs, traditions are retained, where they live and die as aliens, distrusting if not despising the government that protects them. We will welcome all who seek this asylum with the honest purpose of making it their homes—all others, I say, exclude. There is plenty of room here for any body who comes to better his condition by being adopted as citizen and sharing all a citizen's duties and responsibilities. But the time is at hand to shout from the remotest point of New York Bay, or the last rock on Montauk, that "our country" is no pest house, pauper pavilion, or creche for criminals. Our priceless gift of liberty is for all who appreciate it. That this land should foster and protect, even remotely and reluctantly, those who wave the red flag of anarchy, and try the patience and take the time of our courts and juries in their prosecution, is little short of a national disgrace. Such men should be expelled from the country, if possible, before they leave Ellis Island.

Yes, let us say to all the nations of the earth, with whom we are and want to be at peace, our country is yours to enter and enjoy, so long as you are loyal to its principles and intend to make faithful subjects. Otherwise you are not welcome. Let all our civic societies teach first, and last, and all the time—PATRIOTISM and AMERICANISM. Let no scholar graduate or leave our public schools, palladium of our liberties, until he has been taught the history of "our country," and is thoroughly grounded in the principles of "our Government," and understands well, while he appreciates

heartily, the incalculable blessings of American liberty. So shall "our young men grow up as tender plants and our daughters be as the polished corners of our national temple." So shall the boys be silent soldiers of constitutional freedom, our girls the intelligent, patriotic mothers of future freemen, and all citizens of "our country," devoted and faithful, willing for it to do or to die. (Applause.) With this object in view, Daughters of the Revolution, to make men love these principles more and more, and to lead the coming generations along these lines of loyal citizenship, may richest blessings be upon you and your work. (Prolonged applause.)

Miss Elizabeth Nevins gave a pleasant variety to the entertainment by singing in a sweet full voice "A Daily Question."

Gen'l Charles W. Darling, of the Oneida Historical Society and member of the Victoria Institute, made the closing address on "Our Ancestors," as follows:

The Daughters of the Revolution are entitled to much praise for their determination to preserve and create, by means of this organized society, an interest in the glorious deeds of their ancestors. Some of the daughters, in the olden time, occupied humble positions in life, but the record of their faithful services must not be forgotten. Had it not been for a worthy handmaid in the family of Washington he might never have lived to become the Father of his Country, and the American people might never have been able to free themselves from English rule. When the headquarters of the army were in New York, there was employed in the family of the Comman-

der-in-Chief of our forces, a daughter of Samuel Fraunce. The father, familiarly known as "Black Sam," attended to certain household duties, and his daughter assisted in the care of the culinary department, where she probably performed important work. One day an attempt was made by some infamous wretch to poison the food which was intended for the table of Washington, and the effort perhaps would have been successful, had it not been for the watchful care of this faithful dark-complexioned daughter. Had she been actually black, it would not have detracted from her true nobility of soul, nor would it have rendered her any the less worthy of being termed a daughter of the Revolution.

In the battle of Monmouth, where General Wayne made himself famous, more than seven hundred black men fought side by side with white men, for the color of the skin did not then, nor does it now, determine the degree of patriotism which always exists in the hearts of true American soldiers.

Some of your number, with Massachusetts ancestry, will remember that the 25th of October, 1780, was the date when that grand old State became a free commonwealth. Its people, among whom were some six hundred blacks, drove out slavery from their midst, and proclaimed it to be an institution for which they had no use. If the colored men possessed the requisite qualifications of age, residence and property, their right to vote was unquestioned. In the higher grades of society, as it then existed, so many of the fair sex were prominent, that it will be impossible here to dilate upon them all in detail. Martha Washington, as the first lady of the

land, stood pre-eminent among the ladies of the Revolution. As Martha Dandridge, she had many suitors prior to her first marriage with Daniel Parke Custis, but when she attracted the tender regard of the young soldier of Mount Vernon, a union was formed which nothing but death could sever. At the close of each campaign, during the Revolutionary War, the wife of Washington was escorted by an aid to the camp, and her arrival was a signal for the wives of other principal officers to join their husbands: Of all the battles of the Revolution, the battle of Oriskany, August 6th, 1777, was perhaps the most obstinate and murderous. Sir John Johnson, with his Tories, was completely routed, and driven across the Mohawk river, when Colonel Marinus Willet took possession of his camp. There, over the captured British standards, he raised an uncouth flag, intended to represent the American stars and stripes, which two months previously Congress had adopted as the national banner. This rude flag, says Prof. Fiske, was hastily extemporized out of a white shirt, an old blue jacket, and some stripes of red cloth from the petticoat of a soldier's wife. This was the first American flag, with stars and stripes, that was ever hoisted, and it was flung to the breeze on the memorable day of the Oriskany battle. That very useful garment, it is safe to say, was gladly relinquished by a brave daughter of the Revolution, who, it is to be hoped, now wears a robe of immortality. On Oriskany's battle-field a beautiful monument of granite has been erected by the Oneida Historical Society, and when this massive shaft shall have crumbled into dust, the

events of that memorable day will be remembered by generations yet unborn, for we are constantly making history.

The daughters of the Revolution were able, in those early days, as now, to celebrate in verse the brave deeds of their heroes, and among the best known poets were Mrs. Bleecker, Mrs. Morton, Miss Wheatley, Mrs. Warren, the sister of James Otis, and Mrs. Stockton, wife of Richard Stockton, and sister of Elias Boudinot.

As for lady artists, so far as can be ascertained, there were not then many very famous painters, but there was talent enough among the representatives of the sterner sex to keep Washington occupied during some of his leisure hours, in sitting for his portraits. Prominent among these artists may be mentioned Archibald Robertson, who in 1791 arrived at New York from Scotland, bearing an introductory letter from the Earl of Buchan to General Washington, and a box made from the oak tree which sheltered Sir William Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. Mr. Robertson, while spending several weeks as a guest in the family of Washington, painted from life two of the best miniatures on ivory now in existence. He also painted a large portrait of Gen. Washington, which was sent to the Earl of Buchan, and a communication received by me through Major General Black, of the Royal Artillery, from the present earl, conveys the intelligence that this oil painting is still in the castle of the family in Scotland.

The miniatures above named were on exhibition at the Centennial Loan Exposition, held at the Metropolitan Opera House, and doubtless many of

the ladies present saw them there, grouped with others of equal merit. Reproductions of these miniatures adorned the advance sheets of Dr. Bowen's History of the Centennial Celebration, published by the Appletons, which were widely distributed at the time when this magnificent volume came from the press.

During the last session of the Continental Congress, and the period in which John Jay was Secretary of Foreign Affairs, the first place in New York society was occupied by the family of that accomplished statesman. Sarah Livingston, his wife, a daughter of Governor Livingston, was admirably fitted by natural graces for her distinguished position. She was married, April, 1774, at the age of eighteen years, to Mr. Jay, who at that time was in his twenty-ninth year. In 1779 Mrs. Jay accompanied her husband to Spain, where he represented our government as its first minister. In 1782 they proceeded to Paris, as Mr. Jay was ordered there to unite with other commissioners in arranging a definite treaty of peace with England. During her residence in Paris, Mrs. Jay was a great favorite in society, and the letters of Madame de Lafayette to Mrs. Jay disclose the warm friendship she conceived for her.

Few women in New York were more admired than Mrs. Rufus King, though it is said she did not possess that fondness for display which made others more conspicuous. She was a daughter of John Alsop, whose integrity, ability and patriotism secured his election to the Continental Congress. The gayeties of New York society in 1787 were perhaps rather

more remarkable than in other years, for the reason that not less than a dozen members of Congress were united to as many of the fascinating young damsels of the city. Among them were John Vining, of Delaware, who married Miss Seton; John Page, of Virginia, who married Miss Lowther; Dr. Hugh Williamson, of North Carolina, who married Miss Apthorp; and Joshua Leney, of Maryland, who married Miss Nicholson. The Assembly Room, where many of the balls were given, was on the east side of Broadway, a short distance above Wall Street, and it was not an unusual sight to observe there such well known beauties as Ladies Stirling, Watts, Duer, Griffin and Temple. Ladies and gentlemen with English titles of nobility were not novelties at that time in New York, nor are they now. In the past it has been the fashion for lions to swallow their victims, but in this age victims sometimes swallow the lions. Besides the above-named ladies there were Mrs. Van Brugh Livingston, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Clinton, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Duane, Mrs. Dalton, Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, Mrs. Archibald Robertson, Mrs. Beekman, Mrs. Langdon, and a host of other dames who managed well regulated families. Balls were also given in private residences, one of which, at the house of Count de Monstier, is said to have been remarkable for the good taste and elegance of all the appointments. Prominent among the ladies of what Europeans might term the presidential court was Mrs. Anna Bingham, daughter of Thomas Willing, a gentleman of great wealth, holding a prominent office under the government. Gen.

Washington for a time occupied one of the houses built upon the landed estate of Mr. Willing, during which period Miss Willing, before her marriage, became an object of the general's notice and regard. Many of the important men of those days evidently had a high appreciation of the good qualities of their wives, as illustrated in the case of Judge Peters. In 1786 he dined in London with the family of Mr. Adams, who was then our ambassador. When the former entered the drawing room Mrs. Adams handed him several letters which had been received for him from America. The Judge carried them to the light, broke their seals, and impatiently threw them on the table exclaiming: "Not one from my wife. I would rather have two lines from her than ten folios from any one else." Sir Danvers Osborne, who succeeded Gov. George Clinton in 1753, carried this feeling to a greater extreme, for five days after his arrival here he committed suicide through grief at the loss of his wife, and James Delancey, who had been lieutenant-governor under Clinton, then assumed the chief authority. At an entertainment given by Mrs. Washington in Philadelphia, mention was made by Mrs. Adams of the Misses Chew and the Misses Allen, and in alluding to these lovely ladies Mrs. Adams called them a perfect constellation of beauties.

It is stated by Griswold that in Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick, whose maiden name was Dwight, were combined the finest qualities of a New England matron, and in the graceful Miss Wolcott, from Connecticut, there was singular refinement and elegance.

At the time when the British troops evacuated the city of New York, one of the popular landing-places was at the old Albany pier, near the foot of Whitehall Street. In the centre of Bowling Green stood the pedestal from which a leaden image of George the Third had been dethroned. This image was converted by our men into musket balls, in which form the statue was returned to its original owners.

Dunlap states that many of the houses in the lower portion of the city were destroyed by a great fire which occurred September 21st, 1776, and which commenced at Whitehall Slip, burning all the houses on the east side of the slip, and the west side of Broad Street, to Beaver. It then crossed Broadway to Beaver Lane (now Morris Street) burning all the houses on both sides of Broadway to Rector Street on the west, and a few structures in New Street on the east. Besides burning old "Trinity" and a Lutheran Church at the lower corner of Rector Street, it swept along Lumber Street to Partition (now Fulton), where were destroyed all the houses as far as Mortlike (now Barclay) and down that street to the North River. There were, however, many buildings which escaped the fire, and among them may be mentioned the Presbyterian meeting-house where Whitfield preached. At the head of Broad Street stood the City Hall, and nearly opposite was the dwelling-house of Alexander Hamilton. On the corner of Smith (now William) and King (now Pine) was the mansion of Mr. Phillips, near which were the houses of the De Peysters, De Lanceys, Van Dams, Livingsons, Bayards, Crugers, and Mor-

risers. At the upper end of Broadway could be seen St. Paul's Chapel, beyond and around which were open fields. The house in which Rufus King lived was at No. 38 South Street, as was then called that part of William extending from Maiden Lane to Old Slip. Great Dock Street, or that portion of Pearl between Whitehall and Coenties Slip, was viewed as the court end of the town. Wall Street was also considered a select place of residence until it was superseded by Park Place, at that time called Robinson Street. Cortlandt Street enjoyed an ephemeral reputation for fashion from the presence of Sir John Temple, Colonels Duer, Crawford and Walker. On Dover Street, at the junction of Pearl and Cherry, was the mansion of Walter Franklin, whose daughter Governor De Witt Clinton married. Other wealthy New Yorkers had their residences in the immediate neighborhood, among whom may be named the families of Roosevelt, Robertson, Pryor, Pearsall, Embree, Effingham, Cornell, Hallett, Hawxhurst, Haviland, Kenyon, Townsend, Titus, Hicks, Wright, Willet and Walton. At the foot of Maiden Lane was the Vly market, and Brooklyn ferry, and at the head of this street, fronting on Broadway, stood the Oswego market. Along that portion of Great Queen, or Pearl, then called Magazine Street, was a fresh water pond, from whence was obtained a portion of the water supply for the city. Too much time has already been occupied in the review of a history which pertains to the dead past, and the Daughters of the Revolution have now before them for consideration important living is-

ues which point to great results, and judging from the work already accomplished, undoubted success will in the future, as it has done in the past, attend their noble efforts.

The meeting closed with the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner, Benediction and adjournment. A full attendance and liberal applause testified to the interest and appreciation felt. Among those present besides some well known members of the Sons of the Revolution were: Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers, Mrs. Louisa F. Bowe, Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham, Mrs. Chauncey S. Truax, Mrs. Mary C. Martin Casey, Mrs. Leroy Sunderland Smith, Mrs. L. S. Davis, Mrs. Frank T. Robinson, Miss Anna Heberton, of Germantown, Pa.; Mr. George Heberton, of Germantown, Pa.; Mrs. Hart Lyman, Mrs. Torrey, Miss A. W. Torrey, Regent of N. J.; Mrs. Wm. Torrey Baird, Miss Carville, Regent of New Rochelle; Mrs. Wm. R. Pitt, Mrs. S. C. Hunsdon, of New Rochelle; Mrs. Carville, Mrs. Abraham Steers, Regent of Colonial Chapter; Miss Daniels, Mrs. C. J. Bell, Mrs. Umbstetter, Mrs. T. C. Van Pelt, Mrs. John F. Berry, Mrs. Adolphus Bennett, Mrs. Wm. B. Bennett, Mrs. Tennis Schenck, Miss Ditmars, Mrs. James H. Townsend, Miss Edith Wells, Mrs. Chas. F. Roe, Mrs. Swinburne, Mrs. Edgar Ketchum. Miss Edith Ketchum, Mrs. Smith Anderson, Miss L. Viglini Steers, Mrs. C. C. Neibulr, Miss Marguerite Mitchell, Mrs. S. W. Sayers, Mrs. F. E. Doughty, Mrs. W. H. Whittingham. Mrs. C. A. O'Rourke, Mrs. Rice, Mrs. A. M. Judson, Mrs. Bourne, Mrs. Chas. W. Dayton, Mrs. J. S.

McWilliam, Mrs. Rasines, Mrs. Power, Mrs. E. R. Olcott, Mrs. W. W. Read, Miss Helen Brown, Miss Hooker, Miss Wilbor, Miss M. E. Perine, Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Carr, Dr. and Mrs. John G. Truax, Mrs. J. C. Robinson, Mrs. Henry L. Pratt, Mr. Louis J. Allen, U. S. N.; Mrs. Ludin, Miss James, Miss Nevins of Tenn., Mrs.

Helfer, Mrs. Henry P. McGown, Jr., Judge Truax, Mr. Edward Trenchard, Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. S. A. Webster, Mrs. John Quincy Adams, Miss Adams, Mrs. Ely Danson, Mr. E. P. Steers, Mrs. John W. French, Rev. Geo. R. Van de Water, D.D., Mrs. Crabtree, Miss Lotta, Mr. D. Phoenix Ingraham.

NOVEMBER 25TH.



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SONS OF THE REVOLUTION CELEBRATE EVACUATION DAY.

THE patriotic people of this city celebrated Evacuation Day in different ways yesterday, but the form of celebration chosen by the Society of the Sons of the Revolution ranked in importance with any of the others, inasmuch as its influence will be felt by future generations as long as bronze lasts, and be an incentive to the study of the history of New York in the War of the Revolution, and of the part taken in that war by its heroes. A tablet committee had been appointed to erect a tablet commemorating the action of Marinus Willet in seizing arms which the British were taking out of the city. Its members are General Daniel But-

terfield, Colonel Floyd Clarkson, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, John Austin Stevens, and David Wolfe Bishop. The members of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, many of the military men of the city, to whom a general invitation had been extended, and scores of prominent business men assembled in the Morris Building, Broadway and Beaver Street, at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, to take part in the presentation, dedication and erection of the tablet.

Frederick S. Tallmadge, president of the society, called the meeting to order, and introduced General Butterfield, who gave a brief history of the incident which the tablet was to com-

memorate. This is described in Martha J. Lamb's "History of New York" as follow :

An order came for the few British troops in New York to join the army in Boston. They accordingly marched on the morning of the 6th of June. A whisper ran through the city that the committee had not given permission to take their arms with them. Marinus Willet accidentally came in front of the party on the corner of Beaver Street and Broad, and without any preconcerted plan, caught the horse of the foremost cart of arms by the bridle, which brought the whole procession to a standstill. While he was having sharp words with the commander a crowd collected. Gouverneur Morris reached the scene and declared with warmth that the troops should be allowed to depart unmolested, but John Marin Scott came up on a run, exclaiming : " You are right, Willet. The committee have not given them permission to carry off any spare arms." The front cart was immediately turned and the cartman directed to drive up Beaver Street, all the other carts being compelled to follow. They were conducted amid the deafening cheers of the people to Broadway, corner of John Street, and their contents deposited in the yard of Abraham Van Dyck, a prominent Whig. These were afterward distributed among the troops raised in New York.

The arms were used by Gansevoort's regiment, of which Willet was Lieutenant-Colonel. Lieutenant-Colonel Willet was born in Jamaica, L. I., July 31, 1740. He had been an officer under General Abercrombie in Colonel Delancey's regiment in 1785, and accompanied Bradstreet on his expedition against Fort Frontenac. He was one of the earliest Sons of Liberty in New York ; afterward joined the army and was appointed

Brigadier-General, which post he declined. He was Mayor of New York in 1807, and died on the 22d of August, 1830, aged ninety years.

The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix followed General Butterfield, and gave a description of the events which the various tablets now being made and to be unveiled are to commemorate. Marinus Willet was the grand-uncle of Dr. Dix's mother. General Butterfield read the consent of Mrs. Clara Morris, the owner of the building, to the placing of the tablet upon it, and then the bronze tablet was unveiled amid cheers.

The Willet tablet is a beautiful specimen of bronze work, three by seven feet. It was designed by W. A. Cable of Young & Cable, architects, and members of the society, and was executed by Poulson & Eger. It has an excellent reproduction in bas-relief of an authenticated portrait of Marinus Willet, and the names of the principal battles in which he fought are arranged around in a circle, as follows: Peekskill, Oriskany, Monmouth, Fort Stanwix and Ticonderoga. Underneath is the following inscription :

* Born July, 1740. Marinus Willet. Died
August, 1830.
Officer New York Militia, 1784-92,
Mayor of New York, 1807-08.
President of Electoral College, 1824. *

Then follows a handsome reproduction in bas-relief of the scene which is commemorated. In the foreground Marinus Willet is shown, holding the bridle of the first horse, while his friends are hastening to his assistance. The line of carts, the armed escort and the old buildings are all brought

out clearly. Under the picture is the inscription:

-To commemorate the gallant and patriotic act of Marinus Willet in here seizing, June 8, 1775, from the British forces the muskets with which he armed his troops, this tablet is erected by the Society of Sons of the Revolution, New York, November, 1892.

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,
FLOYD CLARKSON,
MORGAN DIX,
JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS,
DAVID WOLFE BISHOP,
Committee.

Other tablets unveiled were all two by three feet in size, and were as follows: One to mark the site of Golden Hill, in John Street, near Nassau, commemorating the fight which took place there between the Sons of Liberty and the 16th Foot, British Regulars, on January 18, 1770. It was at this conflict, it is said, that the first blood was shed in the war of the Revolution. The second commemorated the reading of the Declaration of Independence in the presence of General Washington by one of his aids, on the ground now occupied by the City Hall. Another is to mark Fraunce's Tavern (formerly Queen's Head Tavern) commemorating Washington's arrival there on Evacuation Day, 1783, and his leave-taking there December 3, 1783, of officers of the army. Still another is to mark the site of the battle of Harlem Plains and the death of Colonel Knowlton, east of Morningside Park. A tablet is also ready to mark Washington's landing-place at New-York, at Lighthouse Street, when on his way to take charge of the army at Cambridge, May, 1775.

A tablet is nearly ready to be placed at No. 1 Broadway, to mark the site of the Kennedy House, headquarters of General Charles Lee and afterward of General Washington, and opposite Bowling Green, where the leaden statue of George III. was torn down July 9, 1776, and afterwards melted into bullets.

The Tablet Committee will ask the city authorities soon to engrave or cut deeply in the rocks facing east on the west side of Morningside Park the words, "Battle of Harlem," with the date, and they have received the following letter in answer to one they sent to the War Department:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 23, 1892.

GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD:

Authority is given to mark the historic points at West Point, as requested in your letter of the 19th inst., subject in each case to the approval of the superintendent of the Military Academy. With respect to other points to be similarly marked, you should designate the same, and authority will be given.

S. B. ELKINS,
Secretary of War.

After the assemblage had inspected the tablets and complimented General Butterfield and his associates on their work, a luncheon was served and workmen carried the Willet memorial tablet out and placed it in position on the building, on the Broad Street side.

Some of the members attended the celebration of the Daughters of the Revolution at their Society Rooms 64 Madison Avenue, at 3 P.M. and in the evening the Society Sons of the Revolution gave its annual dinner at Delmonico's, the following account of

which, as well as the preceding one, we copy from the *New York Tribune*.

If the British had not evacuated New York, several disastrous things would have resulted. The most obvious is that the British would have been here yet; others can be, with a little exertion, thought of by any observing student of history. For instance, it may be pointed out that, but for the events of 1783, the Sons of the Revolution could not give its annual Evacuation dinner. But the red-coats did get out, and the dinners in celebration were thereby made a possibility.

More than 200 members of the society met at Delmonico's last night. It had been 109 years since the evacuation and nine years since the formation of the society. Every man there could, as can each of the 1,056 members, show direct descent from Revolutionary heroes, or from members of the Colonial or Continental Congresses. It was a merry dinner, as was befitting the day, and its marked success moved General Butterfield to suggest that the treasurer, Arthur M. Hatch, and the secretary, James M. Montgomery, be made a permanent dinner committee.

The merriment waxed highest when the orchestra, after twice playing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," began "We've All Been There Before." The descendants of Revolutionary warriors caught up the refrain, and a rousing chorus helped a good digestion to wait on appetite. Then came "On the Bowery," which was not inappropriate, as the British may be supposed to have hummed "Oh, we hear such things and we see such things," as Washington made his triumphal en-

try by that thoroughfare. "Annie Rooney" and "Comrades" seemed to come as a matter of course, and with each the singing grew more lusty.

At the table of honor sat Frederick S. Tallmadge, the president of the society; John Austin Stevens, its founder; the vice-president, Colonel Floyd Clarkson; the Rev. Daniel C. Weston, the general chaplain; General Daniel Butterfield, Charles W. Darling of Utica; the Rev. Brockholst Morgan, Dr. John C. Jay, J. William Beekman, president of the St. Nicholas Society; General Francis E. Pinto, and these members of the board of managers: John C. Tomlinson, Dr. Gouverneur M. Smith, Charles H. Woodruff, Robert Lenox Belknap and William Gaston Hamilton.

In opening President Tallmadge called the day the real American Thanksgiving. "If any day should bring pride to the American heart," he said, "It should be the anniversary of the evacuation of New York. That meant the bringing of order out of chaos. It meant happiness and prosperity to a united people."

Mr. Tallmadge called forth great applause by saying: "Let us see if it is not possible for the Sons of the Revolution to do something to promote the purity and the patriotism of the American citizen. We have asylums for the insane and hospitals for the sick, but we have no schools where those who come to our shores without money and without price, without principles and with the cholera, can be educated in Americanism. It is true that there are naturalization laws, and that at the Mayor's office they turn out citizens at so many a minute, but in the words of Hamlet, those

citizens do imitate humanity so abominably. They almost make the Mayor's office a school for scandal."

The following letter, written by General Washington on November 15, 1783, from Poughkeepsie, was read by J. Bleecker Miller, a descendant of James Duane, to whom the letter was addressed:

DEAR SIR:—I am extremely happy to have it in my power to inform you that Sir Guy Carleton has announced to me his intention to relinquish the posts he holds on York Island, from Kingsbridge to McGowen's Pass inclusive, on the 21st inst.; Hericks & Hampstead, with all to the Eastward on Long Island, on the same day, and if possible to give up the city with Brooklyn on the day following; and Paulus hook, Denyces, and Staten Island as soon after as practicable.

Should no material accident happen to retard them, I hope to have the pleasure of congratulating you on the full possession of this State by its Government, before the close of this month.

I have the honor to be, with great esteem and regard, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

When the guests had drunk, standing, to the toast "The Day we Celebrate," Colonel Clarkson responded to it. He said in part:

Picture to yourselves, Sons of the Revolution, that scene on the Kingsbridge Road and down the Bowery, as the patriotic army moved along.

The citizens of this city in those days were accustomed to military displays of well-drilled troops, with bright equipments, gay scarlet uniforms, well burnished arms and military bands; but now the column moving on were poorly clad, not uniform in their clothing, many showing the buff and blue

of the Continental uniform, but large numbers of others using what the household supply could furnish. The arms they bore were of various sizes, lengths and kinds. The men were browned with exposure, gaunt by reason of the privations, the roughness and exposure of their many years of service. Most of them had nothing beyond their uniform as a protection from the chill of the autumn night. But they moved along with the elastic step of veteran campaigners and responded to the welcome greeting of the populace, through whose enthusiastic lines they marched.

These were the minute men that threw back the British Grenadiers at Bunker Hill; they had met and repelled at Long Island the attack of the hired mercenaries of the Crown; at Harlem Heights they made the names of Knowlton and Leitch immortal; they were the veterans of Stillwater, of Princeton, of Trenton, of Germantown and of Yorktown, and the flag they bore had, through their courage and endurance, secured a standing with the ensigns of the grandest and best of the world. (Prolonged applause.)

A feature of decided interest was the reading by Mr. Tallmadge of the toasts which were drunk at that first Evacuation Day dinner given at Francis Tavern, by Governor Clinton, then General, on the evening of the day that Washington, as a victor, entered the City of New York. The first one was "The United States of America," and when Mr. Tallmadge read it, the guests sang "My Country 'tis of Thee." The second on that memorable list was "His Gracious Majesty, Louis XVI. of France." Thereat the orchestra played the Mar-

seillaise, a battle hymn of which that unfortunate monarch could never have been fond, even had he had the chance. To "The United Netherlands" the orchestra played something, but the guests who wanted to sing were not familiar with the weird strains. Then came "The King of Sweden," and even the players could not respond to Mr. Tallmadge's sign to play an appropriate air. To "The United States Army," orchestra and guests joined in "Yankee Doodle" and "The Battle Cry of Freedom."

The other toasts on that first evacuation dinner list were: "May Justice Support what Courage has Gained," "The Vindication of the Rights of Mankind in Every Quarter of the Globe," "May America be an Asylum to the Persecuted of the Earth," and "May the Re-

membrance of this Day be a Lesson to Princes."

When the cheering over this old-time list had ceased, John Austin Stevens told about "New York in the Revolution," and General Butterfield spoke informally of the work of the Tablet Committee, of which he is chairman. Enthusiastic cheering was caused by his reference to Nathan Hale, the Revolutionary soldier who was hanged as a spy by order of General Cunningham. Hale was a classmate at Yale of Major Tallmadge, the grandfather of the president of the Sons of the Revolution. A year after Hale's death, Major Tallmadge had charge of the execution of Andre, the British spy.

Addresses were also made by General Darling and Robert Lenox Belknap.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY-GENERAL.



E close the report of the year 1892 with both pride and pleasure in the work accomplished; the high aim of the Society has been sustained, and the organization is known and established as one pure and faithful in its integrity of purpose. The Society is well represented in the States and Territories and has even reached our country women in Canada and Europe. The membership is large and powerful, representing the finest records in our land. During the year the meetings have been well attended, and the committees have felt much interest in their work. The library of the Society has been increased by

the donation of seventy-two volumes of historical interest and many interesting Revolutionary relics have been presented, and are now in the possession of the Society.

We start the new year well satisfied with the past and anticipating much in the future, feeling great interest and pardonable pride in our amended Constitution, now conforming in all respects to that of the "Sons of the Revolution," the finest Society of the kind in the country; and women now have the opportunity of joining a Society of the same exclusive character—an opportunity I think that many will appreciate.

F. ADELAIDE INGRAHAM,
Secretary-General.

REPORT FROM TEXAS.

The "Lone Star" Society, Daughters of the Revolution, held a meeting at the residence of the Regent on October 21st, celebrating "Columbian Day," and the anniversary of the organization of the State Society. Papers were read, on the memorable battles of October, by descendants of those who were engaged in those struggles for "Liberty, Home, and Country"; also a most entertaining and instructive essay was read by Mrs. F. G. Barry. The charter membership being closed on October 21st, the gavel, presented to the Society on July 4th, is now hermetically sealed. At a regular meeting of State Board in November, Mrs. Mary West Moore was appointed to organize a Chapter in Austin. Growth of Society is slow and sure, only claims of "lineal descent" being allowed.

Mrs. M. C. McDOWELL CRAWFORD,
State Rec. Sec'y D. R.

Regular meeting of "Alamo Chapter" was held on first Monday in October at the residence of the Regent, Mrs. F. Pope Tunstall. By-Laws were adopted, and a plan formulated for historical study and social entertainment. At the regular meeting in November, several applications were passed upon, and elegant certificates of membership issued by General Society, New York City, were presented to the members.

FRANKLINA FRENCH,
Rec. Sec'y A. C. D. R.

To Mrs. M. C. McDOWELL CRAWFORD,
Rec. Sec'y D. R.

Names of Patriots and their wives that were sealed in the gavel of

Texas State Society, ancestors of the "Daughters of the Revolution":

Andrew Lewis married Eliza Givens. Andrew Pickens married Rebecca Calhoun. William Pope married Penelope Edwards. Thomas Bee married Mrs. Richard Shubrick. Peter Fayssoux. Samuel Washington married Mildred Thornton. John Thornton married Mildred Gregory. Daniel Bedinger married Sarah Ruth-erford. Thornton Washington married Mildred Berry. James Henry married Sarah Scarborough. Stephen French married Elizabeth Helm. Robert Powell married Ann West. Samuel Maverick married Lydia Turpin. Robert Anderson married Ann Thompson. Ebenezer Avery married Phoebe Denison. Thomas Leeds. Alexander Mebane married Mary Armstrong. James Smith married Magdalen Woods. Joseph Mattison married Mary Smith. John Weidmann married Catharine Mason. William Selkrigg married Mary Gillette. Jeremiah Selkrigg married Olive Stoddard. Joseph Lucky married Nancy Johnson. Samuel Pangborn married Miss Miller. James Wallace married Miss Riley. Asa Danforth married Miss Hannah. Evan Shelby, father of Isaac Shelby married Susannah Hart. William Bibb married Sallie Wyatt. John Cook married Martha Pearson. John Herrick. Matthew McCulloch married Margaret Cautey. Richard Calloway. Christopher Irvine married Elizabeth Calloway. Robert Caldwell married Fanny Irvine. Samuel McDowell married Mary McClung. Simon Newcomb married Mercy Gore. John Harris, Founder of Harrisburg, Pa. Robert Kirkwood married Sarah

England. William Lewis married Anne Montgomery. Charles Randolph Lewis married Lucy Jefferson. William Eskridge married Amanda Tate. Valentine Peyton married Margaret Gwatin. Ambrose Madison married Frances Taylor. Thomas Lewis married Jane Strother. John Harris married Elizabeth Say. Samuel Harris married Elizabeth Bower. James Jack married Margaret Houston. John Harrison. James Harrison married Elizabeth Hampton. Anthony Hampton. William Jennings married Betsey Withers. Nathaniel Scudder married Isabella Anderson. Kenneth Anderson. Daniel Hill married Miss Hickman. Abraham Stout. Christopher Webb married Olive Brown. Gilbert Thornton married Keziah Kitchell. Edward Russell married Hannah Clark. James Williams married Eliza Blackburn.

(Signed) MRS. JAMES H. FRENCH,
State Regent, Texas, D. R.

Attest :

State Rec'g Sec'y, D. R.

LONG ISLAND SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The first meeting of the year of the Long Island Chapter was held at the residence of the regent, Mrs. H. C. King, 46 Willow Street, Brooklyn, Tuesday, November 22d.

There were present Mrs. H. C. King, Mrs. Lyman Abbott, Mrs. John Van Beuren Thayer, Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, Mrs. J. T. Howard, Mrs. G. L. Vanderbilt, Mrs. James F. Pierce, Mrs. J. F. Berry, Mrs. Van Pelt, Miss L. Ditmars, Mrs. G. F. Gooding, Mrs. F. L. Pratt, Miss L. J. Hooker, not all the members, but a

goodly number. During the business meeting an interesting report from the Secretary, Mrs. Beam, was read, recounting the difficulties and successes of the year of organization. Treasurer's report made a satisfactory showing, and augured well for our future. After the business meeting there was a general social time, introduction of new members, and informal discussion of subjects of general interest. It was decided to hold our meeting the third Monday afternoon of each month.

For the January meeting Mrs. King appointed Mrs. Gertrude Leferts Vanderbilt, of Flatbush, to prepare and read a paper on Revolutionary Times on Long Island. Her family is a very old one in that locality, so she has access to many traditions handed down, beyond and inside of historical facts as printed. At the close, or adjournment, a light lunch was served, promoting sociability and good fellowship over a cup of tea, as in the days of our grandmothers.

The members feel that now they are a full fledged chapter and begin the year with an enthusiasm that is contagious and is constantly bringing us applications from others. We expect now to grow to large proportions.

MRS. HORATIO C. KING,
Regent, Long Island.

REPORT OF HUGUENOT CHAPTER, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

Five business meetings of "Huguenot Chapter," Daughters of the Revolution, have been held since it was organized in June last.

The chapter is in a flourishing condition. Many who are looking up their

claims will soon be enrolled on the Society's books, and many more are deeply interested and express intention of joining the Chapter and assisting in keeping green the memory of those who gave us Liberty, Home and Country.

At the last meeting of the Chapter it was decided to hold a fitting celebration of February 22d. This will be the first public meeting of the Chapter.

KATHARINE J. C. CARVILLE,
Chapter Regent, D. R.

To Mrs. D. PHOENIX INGRAHAM,
Secretary General, D. R.

STATE NEW JERSEY SOCIETY, D. R.

Miss Adeline W. Torrey, *Regent*.

Mrs. Robert Ward, *Secretary*.

To celebrate the battles of Princeton and Trenton, Mrs. Robert Ward, of South Orange, has issued invitations to a meeting at her beautiful home "Rosemont," on January 5th, 1893, from 3 to 6 P.M.



MUSIC AT THE CELEBRATIONS AND MEETINGS HELD
BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

WHATEVER music may be considered desirable to vary the programme of these meetings and anniversary celebrations, it is conceded to be eminently proper and appropriate to open with the hymn "America," and close with the anthem "Star-Spangled Banner," following the blessing and preceding the benediction. In order that every member of the Society may have the words at her command, and be able to join with voice as well as heart in the soul-stirring strains, we give one below, preceded by a little incident.

It is always customary at the close of a voyage across the Atlantic, to have a concert in the saloon, the proceeds of which go into the fund for the education of the orphan children of sailors. All who can attend and contribute, and whatever talent there happens to be among the passengers is generously given. The steinship

America on one of her earliest trips coming from Liverpool to New York, had a prolonged voyage in consequence of some trouble with the machinery; the weary passengers, glad of the approaching end, joined heartily in the concert, making it a financial success, as well as a pleasant memory; the final hymn, "God Save the Queen," was as usual sung standing, and with unusual gusto. Miss Lotta (who with her mother, Mrs. Crabtree, were among the passengers on this occasion, and who, with their usual generosity and ready sympathy, had materially contributed to the success before mentioned) was seated at the piano, her fingers resting on the keys, the sound of the accompaniment she had been playing having scarcely yet died away, when her mother suggested that, there being many Americans among them, they should sing the "Star-Spangled Banner" before separating. She (Miss Lotta) immediately

played the beautiful air, which was greeted with applause and listened to with pleasure, but no one knew the words nor could carry the air. Mrs. Crabtree then said: "Make it a rule, Lotta, that whenever and wherever you play from this time out, you will, if possible, have the orchestra play the 'Star-Spangled Banner' as the people are leaving the theatre, and so help to familiarize Americans with their beautiful national anthem." And they did so, oftentimes meeting with opposition from leaders who were for-

eigners, the idea being a new one; but they persevered, and the result is that the custom is fast becoming universal in this country.

Therefore, it happens that in addition to our indebtedness to Miss Lotta for the many hours of pleasure she has given us, making the heart light with laughter and for the good she is always doing with the money she so honestly earned, we, as Americans, owe to her and to her mother a lasting debt of gratitude for promoting this patriotic custom.



STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air
 Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;
 O say, does the star-spangled banner still wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the midst of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and war's desolation:
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n-rescued land
 Praise the Pow'r that has made and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust,"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

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APRIL, 1893.

No. 2.



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OF THE

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to the

GENERAL SOCIETY

of the



DAUGHTERS
of the

REVOLUTION.

DESIGNERS AND MAKERS
of the

SOCIETY SEAL, BADGES AND STATIONERY.

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MAGAZINE

OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1893.

NO. 2.

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR.

ISSUED BY THE
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MISS ADELINE W. TORREY.

Objects.

ARTICLE I. OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The objects of the Society shall be to keep alive among its members and their descendants, and throughout the community, the patriotic spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence ; to collect and secure for preservation the manuscript rolls, records and other documents relating to the war of the American Revolution, and provide a place for their preservation and a fund for their purchase ; to encourage historical research in relation to such Revolution and to publish its results ; to promote and assist in the proper celebration of prominent events relating to or connected with the War of the Revolution ; to promote social intercourse and the feeling of fellowship among its members ; “and provide a home for and furnish assistance to such as may be impoverished when it is in their power to do so.”

Eligibility.

ARTICLE III. OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Any women above the age of eighteen years shall be eligible to membership in the "Daughters of the Revolution," who is a *lineal* descendant from an ancestor who as a military or naval or marine officer, soldier, sailor or marine in actual service under the authority of any of the Thirteen Colonies or States, or of the Continental Congress and remaining always loyal to such authority, or a descendant of one who signed the Declaration of Independence, or of one who as a member of the Continental Congress or of the Congress of any of the Colonies or States, or as an official appointed by or under the authority of any such representative bodies actually assisting in the establishment of American Independence by service rendered during the War of the Revolution, becoming thereby liable to conviction of treason against the Government of Great Britain, but remaining always loyal to the authority of the Colonies or States, shall be eligible to membership in this Society.

Application for Membership.

ARTICLE VI. OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Every application for membership shall be made in writing, subscribed by the applicant and approved by two members over their signatures. Applications shall contain or be accompanied by proof of eligibility, and such applications and proofs shall be submitted to the Investigating Committee, who shall have full power to determine the qualifications of the applicant. *Payment of the initiation fee shall be a prerequisite of membership.*

State Societies and Chapters.

ARTICLE VII. OF THE CONSTITUTION.

State Societies or Chapters may be organized in the several States of the Union, in any Territory of the United States, in the District of Columbia or in any foreign country, on application to and approval by this Society. But no State Society or Chapter shall be organized upon other or different qualifications for membership than those provided in this constitution.

Upon the approval of an application for the organization of a State Society or Chapter, this Society shall issue its certificate authorizing such State Society or Chapter to be formed.

Each State Society or Chapter shall transmit to the Registrar of this Society on or before the first day of January in each year a roll of all its members, showing the qualifications of each member and a description of all documents or relics collected during each year; also a list of the books added to its Library during each year.

Initiation Fee and Dues.

FROM THE BY-LAWS.

SECTION 1.—The initiation fee shall be one dollar, and sent with the application paper to the General Society, and the annual dues two dollars, which shall be payable on or before the first day of January in each year.

Each State Chapter shall pay to the Treasurer of this Society annual dues of one dollar for each member.

Each State Society having a regent shall pay to the Treasurer of this Society annual dues of twenty-five cents for each member.

All such dues shall be paid annually on the first day of January in each year.

Life Membership.

SECTION 2.—Life membership in this Society may be had on due application, by the payment of fifty (\$50) dollars which shall be in full of all annual dues.

Seal of the Society.

ARTICLE VIII. OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The design for the seal of the "Daughters of the Revolution" is: A shield bearing the Stars and Stripes which is crossed by the sentence, "Liberty, Home and Country;" and standing on top of the same is the spread eagle, grasping in its talons the olive branch and the arrows of peace or war, and also a ribbon bearing the name of the Society, "Daughters of the Revolution." Besides this is another ribbon, which twines itself about the base of the shield, and bears the words, "General Society," and the dates "1776" and "1891."

Insignia of the Society.

ARTICLE IX. OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The insignia of the Society shall be the same design as the seal, but slightly compressed and smaller. The motto will be on the lower ribbon. It will be of gold and blue enamel. The reverse will be plain, upon which can be engraved the name of the owner.

Annual Meeting.

(FROM THE BY-LAWS.)

SECTION 17.—The Society shall hold an annual meeting in the city of New York on the first Monday of January in each year, except when such day shall fall on New Year's; then it shall be on the following Monday, at which an election by ballot shall take place.

Service of Notices.

SECTION 18.—It shall be the duty of every member to inform the Secretary by written communication of her place of residence and of any change thereof. Service of any notice under this Constitution or By-Laws addressed to such member at her last recorded place of residence and forwarded by mail shall be deemed sufficient service of such notice.

Recommendation of Candidates.

SECTION 19.—No member shall approve an application for membership in this Society unless she shall know the candidate to be worthy, and shall have satisfied herself by due examination of proofs that such candidate is eligible and will, if admitted, be a desirable member.

Additional Information.

The term "General Society" is national in its character and comprises all the State Societies and Chapters. The managing officers of the "General Society" have the word General attached to their office to distinguish them from those of the State Societies.

The relation of State Societies to the General Society is that of an independent State to the General Government.

The management of the State Societies is vested in its Regent and Executive Committee.

Chapters or small Societies can be formed wherever a sufficient number of eligible members can be found.

Applications for membership must be made upon the blanks issued by the General Society, Daughters of the Revolution; each application must be made in duplicate, one for the General Society and one for the State Society.

Applicants from any State where Societies are not yet formed can become members of the General Society until the formation of a State Society or Chapter.

The addresses of State and Chapter Regents will be furnished upon application to the Secretary General.

The initiation fee shall be \$1.00, sent with the paper of application to the General Society's office, 64 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Each State Society can regulate the annual dues, but where no State Society exists, annual dues of \$2.00 may be sent to the General Society, on or before the 1st day of January in each year.

Applicants will greatly facilitate the work of the Registrar by carefully filling out the papers of application in every detail. Signing (if married), both the married and maiden name, having them duly endorsed and certified, and naming where the *evidence* is to be found.

In the event of knowing no members of this Society to endorse papers of application, the endorsement of two persons of *acknowledged standing* will be accepted by the Board.

This magazine is the official organ of the Society, issued quarterly for the publication of news of its doings, reports from State Societies and Chapters; also genealogies, old letters and Revolutionary articles. Regents will please send notices and manuscript as early as possible. Contributions of old letters, manuscript rolls, parchment deeds, etc., etc. (copies duly authenticated), also original matter are solicited. Any member desiring her genealogy or family history published will please see that it is carefully prepared, and send it at least one month prior to date of publication.

The members are requested to meet informally Tuesday afternoons, at the rooms of the General Society, 64 Madison Avenue, for social intercourse and the discussion of Society matters, from two until five P. M.

Questions will be answered, and information cheerfully given through the medium of this magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD NEW YORK.

BY MR. WILLIAM TORREY.

(Continued.)

COURTS AND PRISONS.

There were, as far as I can remember, a Mayor's and a Recorder's City Courts. De Witt Clinton in the early years of this century (nineteenth) presided in the Mayor's Court as well as over the meetings of the Common Council. Richard (Dickey) Riker was Recorder. During the sessions of the Courts Thos. (Tom) Hazzard, the keeper of the Bridewell, and Jacob Hays, the High Constable, were generally present. When a poor, forlorn, out-at-elbows prisoner was convicted, the Recorder would say often: "Hazzard, do you know the prisoner?" Hazzard (a sulky old dog) would reply: "An old offender, your Honor; have had him in Bridewell often," when in all probability he had never before seen him. The City Prison, called the Bridewell, builded in 1789, was in the Park, with its west side close to Broadway, its front looking south and extending eastward about half way to the City Hall. It was a black looking building. It had a front yard about fifteen feet in width, enclosed by a tall fence. In this enclosure, directly on Broadway, on a platform about six feet high, was the "*whipping post*," where, principally, the black slaves convicted of offences were stripped to their pants, tied to the post with their backs towards the street, and publicly whipped in the sight of all passers by. It would not be amiss, as has been proposed, to revive this punishment for men who whip their wives. On the ground where the *Tombs* now stand, were the "*stocks*," a shed open in front and enclosed at the back and sides, where I have frequently seen rows of

forlorn creatures seated on a bench against the back, with their feet extended and thrust through holes. On the top of the shed, say eight to ten feet above, was the "*Pillory*," approached by steps outside. The pillory occupants, unlike the stocks, had their heads and hands protruding through round holes. I have repeatedly seen the boys amusing themselves by pelting these poor outcasts with stale eggs, which would be broken when striking the head or face, and I have seen the *foul* contents running down their faces, and with no ability to avoid the coming blow except to turn the face a little. All of this was, of course, intended to elevate and reform poor erring mortals and to improve the morals and manners of the rising generation. Who will say that, except in the State of Delaware, onward steps have not been taken as to the proper mode of dealing with violators of the laws. The jail (now the Register's office) for the reform of miscreants who were unable to pay their debts (served them right, they had no business to be unfortunate). This was the Provost Cunningham's Black Hole of Calcutta for American prisoners during the Revolutionary War. Then there were the "*Limits*," where debtors who could obtain sureties might walk. The "*Limits*" embraced a large number of squares or blocks.

MERCHANTS.

A public house known as the "Merchants Coffee House," after the great fire of 1804, was the daily resort of the shipping merchants. It was on the northwest corner of Wall and Water Streets. There was a bar in the room,

which was largely resorted to, and to aid which, by stimulating thirst, were set plates of salt codfish broken up into convenient small pieces. The leading merchants and other prominent citizens, prior to 1820, so far as I can recollect (although many prominent names may be omitted through lack of memory), were in part *John Aspinwall, Col. Nicholas Fish, Isaac and Leonard Kip, John Haggarty, T. and J. Swords, Thomas Franklin, John Griswold & Co., Col. Ebenezer Stevens, Robert Lenox, James Bowman, Davie Bethune & Co., Mr. Schemerhorn, Mr. Rhineland, Peter Harmony, Irving and Smith, John Taylor, John Jacob Astor, Leroy Bayard & Co., Robert Halliday, G. G. & S. Howland, Kennedy & Maitland, Alexander (Sandy) Robertson, I. Goodhue & Co., I. L. & G. Griswold, John Bolton, Messrs. Goeltz, Isaac Sebring, Isaac Lawrence, N. & G. Richards, John & Samuel Swartwout, Hicks Lawrence & Co., B Kemble (father of Governor William Kemble), John Outhout, Samuel Whittemore, John Pintard, Stephen Whitney, C. D. Colden (ex-Mayor), Richard Varick (Mayor), John & Philip Hone, W. & G. Post, James Boggs, John R. Murray, William Paulding (Mayor), Talbot Olyphant & Co., Mathew Clarkson, Col. W. Rutgers, Jeremiah Thompson, Gideon Lee, A. G. Phelps, Peter Lorillard, N. Perine, Thomas Eddy, prominent in every good work.*

The "*Merchants Exchange*" was builded after the years of these remembrances. It is, as all know, now the *Custom House*. Poles were erected on the hillside of Staten Island, one giving notice of *ships* in the offing, another for *brigs* and another for *schooners*, by turning strips of wood across so that by the number of strips might be known the number of vessels below of each sort.

The *Brokers* in those days were few in number, and confined themselves to their legitimate business of selling stocks for those who desired to dispose of them, and purchasing for others who bought for investment. There were no *Boards* to buy stocks and produce for those who do not want them, nor sell them for those who have neither produce or stocks, nor expect to deliver any. *Augustine H. Lawrence* was a very prominent broker, and there were very few others.

DOCTORS.

At the head of the profession was *Dr. Wright Post*. Among those who studied in his office were, if I remember aright, *Drs. Delafield, Augustine H. Stevens* and *J. Kearney Rodgers*. Other physicians of great note were *Valentine Mott, David Hosack, Edward Miller*, and *Drs. Jones, Dingley, Manley, Kissam* and others not now remembered.

LAWYERS.

Prominent in the profession were *Richard Harrison, Josiah Ogden Hoffman, George Griffin, Thos. Addis Emmett, Sampson, John Wells, Alexander Hamilton, Brockholst Livingston, Richard Riker, Aaron Burr, Joseph Strong, Peter Howe, Samuel Cowdrey* and *P. C. Van Wyck*. About 1818 *Daniel Lord* commenced practice, and deservedly rose high in his profession.

HOTELS.

The chief one was the "*City Hotel*," situated on Broadway, where now stands the Boreel Building; "*Bunkers*" was near the Battery; "*Fraunces Tavern*," on the corner of Pearl and Broad Streets, where, in 1783, General Washington parted with his officers; "*Bull's Head*" on the Bowery; "*Washington Hall*," builded in 1809 or 10 by the Washington Benevolent Society;

"*Baker's Tavern*" was on the corner of Wall and New Streets. The Greenwich stages made this their terminus. They commenced running about 1812, and the passengers were called for and taken to their respective residences. Fares twenty-five cents each way.

BANKS.

There were the *Banks of New York* chartered in 1791, whose presiding officers for many years were *Charles Wilkes* and *Cornelius Heyer*. Its Tellers—remembered only for good—were Messrs. Wilcox, Pringle and Walker. *Manhattan Bank*, chartered in connection with the supply of the city with good and wholesome water, in which it sadly failed. Its President was for many years *Robert White*. *Merchants Bank*, which always brings to mind so pleasantly the memory of its President, *Mr. Palmer*. *Bank of America*, whose struggle for a charter in our Legislature is well remembered by the men of that time. *Mechanics Bank*. Its first President was *John Slidell*. He was the father of the rebel envoy who was captured by Captain Wilkes. *New York Manufacturing Co.*, afterwards the *Phoenix Bank*, chartered in connection with the card factory of the Messrs. Amos, William & Samuel Whittemore, at Greenwich village. *Branch of U. S. Bank*, *Isaac Lawrence*, President, and *Morris Robinson*, Cashier, a true gentleman and honest man.

CHURCHES.

Episcopal. Trinity Church and St. Paul's Chapel, and at first St. George's Chapel, on Beekman Street (built 1752) near Cliff, were governed by the Vestry of Trinity Church, as was and is now also St. John's Chapel, which was built about 1809, if I remember aright. There were also Grace Church, on the corner of Broadway

and Vestry Street, and "St. Mark's, in the Bowery." The Rector of St. George's Church for many years was the revered and universally beloved Rev. Dr. James Milnor. This church was removed many years ago to Stuyvesant Place and Sixteenth Street, while under the ministry of Dr. S. H. Tyng. There was also the French Church, du St. Esprit, in Pine Street, below Nassau, a quaint, ungainly structure. I remember a remark made in my father's house by a gentleman of high position, whose name I will not state, who was a vestryman of that Church, that at a meeting of the Vestry it was agreed that no member should indulge in profane swearing while occupied in church business.

Presbyterian. There were for many years three Collegiate Churches, viz. *Wall Street*, *Brick* and *Rutgers street*, and the pastors were Drs. John Rodgers, McKnight, and Rev. Samuel Miller, also Dr. Philip Milldollar. Early in the century the Rutgers Street became a separate church, with Dr. Milldollar as pastor, and about 1808 the others parted, Mr. Muller taking Wall street, and Dr. McKnight the Brick Church, Dr. Rodgers being superannuated. The officers of these two churches being pronounced Republicans, or Democrats, the Federalists withdrew, and builded a church on Cedar Street below Nassau, and called Dr. J. B. Remeyn, who became quite a popular preacher. This church subsequently had as pastor Rev. Cyrus Mason, and next the greatly beloved and honored James W. Alexander, and the church was removed to the corner of Duane and Church Streets, subsequently to Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, and again to Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh street, under the ministry of Dr. John Hall.

The Brick Church, as all know, was removed to Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh street, and the Wall Street to Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street, with Dr. Phillips as pastor, succeeded by Dr. Wm. Paxton; the Presbyterians seem to have a fancy for Fifth Avenue and the "Upper ten." Well those need all the good, strong meat that is served out to them. The Cedar Street Church, near Broadway, was of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian denomination, and Dr. John M. Mason was the pastor. He was a man of immense physical proportions, as well as intellectual and theological, and, conscious thereof, when walking on Broadway, such was his dignified deportment that strangers would stop passers-by and inquire who he was. Early in his ministry he was quite bigoted, as, for instance, would not minister in any other church unless Rouse's Version of the Psalms of David was used. The Doctor was withal very fond of the ludicrous.

The Cedar Street Church, under the ministry of Dr. McElroy, was removed to Grand street, east of Broadway, and next to Fourteenth Street, where it remains, the Society previously joining the regular Presbyterian organization.

The associated body had another church on Magazine Street, now Pearl, near Broadway. It at first united with the Cedar Street Church, and Dr. Mason and Rev. Robert Forest were joint pastors, but separated about 1810. The church was removed to Fiftyninth Street, and received from Dr. Hall's society the gift of the materials of their church in Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street.

A Reformed Presbyterian Church was on Chambers Street, east of Broadway. Rev. Dr. McLeod was its pastor. He was a Scotchman of strong prejudices.

Another curious subdivision of Presbyterianism stood on Nassau Street above Maiden Lane.

Prominent among the young Presbyterian ministers were Hooper Cumming, Charles Christmas, and John Clark, the last succeeding Mr. Foster as pastor of the Magazine Street Church. They all died young.

Reformed Dutch Church. The churches were: the Garden Street, of which Dr. Matthews was pastor, the Middle, on Nassau Street, between Liberty and Cedar, and the North Church on William street, between Fulton and Ann, all at first united. They are all now removed to the upper part of the city. There was also a church on Herring, now Bleeker Street, near Ann Street, of which Dr. Rowan was pastor, and a small church at Bloomingdale, of which Dr. Alexander Gunn was pastor.

The venerable John Street Methodist Church was built in 1785 by the first converts to that body. There were, besides, a church on Bedford Street, and one on Forsyth Street. The great growth of the Methodist Church, so marvelous in its present proportions, has placed it in the United States far ahead of any other unless it be the Baptist.

That body (the Baptist) had a church, in the first years of the century, on Gold Street, of which the Rev. Mr. Parkinson was the pastor, and no doubt others.

There was also an ancient Lutheran Church on Frankfort Street, and a United Brethren Church on the rear of a lot on John Street.

The only Universalist Church was on Duane Street, west of Chatham. Its minister was Rev. Edward Mitchell, father of Judge Wm. Mitchell. It was subsequently sold to the Roman Catholics.

There was a Jewish Synagogue on

Mill Street. This has increased to the present large number.

The Roman Catholic Churches were on Broadway corner of Church Street, as now, and the Cathedral on Mott Street, with doubtless others.

Quakers. They had a meeting house on Liberty Street, east of Broadway, from which they removed and which was occupied by the eccentric but worthy Grant Thorbner as a seed store, which is now kept by his grandson, James M., on John Street. The friends previously had a meeting house in which was venerable father *Hatti*. A prejudice (derived from New England) existed among very many Churches against introducing stoves, thus rendering the congregations very uncomfortable. Ladies then had small tin foot-stoves filled with fresh coals just before going to Church, and carried by a colored boy, or by one of the small gentry of the family. I well remember doing good service in this line of duty. The abomination of cold houses did not prevail among the Episcopal or Reformed Dutch churches. I feel impelled to add here that the whole style of sacred music in use in our churches is totally changed from what it was from the close of the Revolutionary war to about the year 1820. No doubt the sacred music of the present day represents the higher elements of musical science, but we old ones look back to that of our early days, with deep affection, and regret that it is so entirely abandoned. I keep within arm's length of my desk the very book that I used in singing school when fifteen years of age, and take it out frequently to hum over old *Sherburn*, *Mortality*, *New Durham*, *Majesty*, *Ocean*, etc., with melancholy pleasure, and would willingly walk five miles of a dark evening, to hear them sung as in

days past in the old Brick Church. The music was arranged in four parts, viz., *Basso*, *Tenor*, *Treble*, and *Counter*, this last now called alto. The man with a deep compass of voice sang, as now, the bass, and men of not so deep tone the tenor, now called the air; the ladies sang treble, and a few of them counter, as did men also in a falsetto voice. To give up all this seemed like laying father and mother in the cold grave. The writer drilled his children to sing these dear old tunes until they left the old nest, and until his own treble gradually lost her power of voice and it became a mere whisper. Costly opera houses have been built and called churches. This is not all, nor the saddest part of the insane passion for change, but we are called on to give up our dear old family Bible that we and our ancestors, and fathers and mothers, have cherished with an intense affection for two hundred and fifty years, and to substitute for it a turgid phraseology, which grates harshly on the ear. Even the dear Lord's Prayer, which our mothers taught us on our knees at their side, is so emasculated that no loving parent would willingly teach it to her children, in preference to the dearly beloved poem of words, now sanctified in the hearts of all English speaking peoples throughout the world.

"I haven't a doubt they meant it well,
But it is not clear to me
That we needed the trouble it was to them,
On either side of the sea.

"I studied the dear old precious words
When a child at my mother's knee,
And I tell you the Bible I've always had
Is a good enough book for me.

"I cling to the one my father read
In our fireside prayer at night,
To the one my little children lisped
Er'e they faded out of my sight.

I shall gather the dear ones close again
Where the many mansions be,
And till then the Bible I've always had
Is a good enough book for me.

[To be continued.]

COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY A LADY WHO WAS A GUEST AT MOUNT VERNON.

The following copy of a letter written by Mrs. E. J. Carrington (nee Ambler), while visiting at Mount Vernon one month previous to the death of Washington, was sent for publication by Mrs. James H. French, State Regent, Texas, Daughters of the Revolution. The original is in possession of Miss Lucy Randolph Peyton, librarian of the Texas State Society.

MT. VERNON, NOV. 22, 1799.—My Dear Nancy (Mrs. Fisher)—When near you, dear Nancy, I have often a great passion to express my feelings in an epistolary way; how can it be wondered at, that now, when more than a hundred miles from you, this propinquity should still exist, particularly when seated at a spot above all others best calculated to produce a letter most acceptable to you?

We arrived here on the 20th, just in time for dinner after a pleasant journey, made more than ordinarily pleasant by a continuation of fine weather, which enabled us to make several agreeable calls on my friends who are scattered on the way from Fredericksburg to Alexandria; that is to say, if you take the road up the Potomac. Yes, we arrived in this venerable mansion in perfect safety, where we are experiencing every mark of hospitality and kindness that the good General's friendship to Colonel Carrington could lead us to expect. His reception of my husband was like that of a brother. He took us each by the hand, and with a warmth of expression not to be described, pressed mine and told me I had conferred a favor never to be forgotten in bringing his old friend to see him; then, bidding the servant to call the

ladies, entertained us most facetiously until they appeared. Mrs. Washington, venerable, kind and plain, resembling very much our Aunt Amber; Mrs. Stuart, her daughter-in-law, once Mrs. Custis, with her two young daughters, Misses S., are pleasant and agreeable; Mrs. H. Lewis, formerly Mrs. P——d, of Richmond, and last, though not least, Mrs. S. Lewis. But how describe her! Her light figure in a light fanciful summer dress, with a garland of flowers she had entwined around her, and an armful she had just selected, came in to throw them at her "grandpa's" feet, all of which was lovely. I seem almost transported in beholding her.

Nov. 27, 1799.—After spending a week most charmingly with friends in and about the city we returned to finish our visit to this revered mansion. Our headquarters while in the city were at your old friend's, Annie B——k's.

It is really an enjoyment to be here; to enjoy the tranquil happiness that reigns throughout the house, except now and then a bustle occasioned by the young squire, Custis, when he returns from hunting, bringing in a valient deer, as he terms it, that grandpa and the colonel will devour. (Nice venison, I assure you it is, and my task in seasoning the stew does not pass unnoticed and the whole party devour it). My mornings are spent delightfully in the different chambers, just an hour after breakfast, with the ladies, dressing the little stranger, who is the delight of his grandma. Then we repair to the old lady's room, which is precisely the style of our old aunt's

—that is to say, fixed for all sorts of work. On one side sits the chamber-maid, with her knitting, on the other a little colored pet learning to sew, and a decent old woman, with her table and shears, cutting out the negroes' clothes, while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting, herself, and pointing out to me several pairs of stockings she had just finished, presented me with a pair half done, begs me to finish and receive for myself. Her netting is a great source of admiration and is so neatly done that all the younger members of the family are proud of trimming their dresses with it and have furnished me with a whole suit, so I shall appear "a la domestique" at the first party when I get home. It is wonderful, after a life spent as these good people have necessarily spent theirs, to see them in retirement assuming domestic manners that prevail in our country, when but a year ago they were compelled to forego all these innocent delights, which are so congenial to their years and taste, to sacrifice to the parade of the drawing-room and levee. The recollection of those "lost days," as Mrs. Washington calls them, seem to fill her with regret, but the extensive knowledge she has gained in the general intercourse with persons from all points of the world has made her a most interesting person, and having a vastly retentive memory, she presents an entire history of half a century.

The weather is now too wintry to enjoy outdoor scenes, but as far as I can judge in a view from the window, the little painting we have seen that hangs up in our friend's drawing room furnishes a good specimen. Everything within doors is neat and elegant, but nothing remarkable except the paintings of different artists, which

have been sent as specimens of their talent. I think there are five portraits of the general, some done in Europe and some in America, that do honor to the painters; there are other specimens of the fine arts from various parts of the world that are admirably executed and furnish pleasant conversation; besides, there is a complete greenhouse, which is at this season a source of great pleasure. Plants from every part of the world seem to flourish in these neatly kept apartments, and from the arrangement of the whole I conclude it is managed by a skillful hand. Neither the General nor Mrs. Washington think more of it than their visitors. We have met with no company here, but are told that scarcely a week passes without some, or often more than are convenient or agreeable. When transient persons, who call from curiosity are treated with civility, they never interfere with the order of the house or the general's disposition of time, which is as regular as when at the head of the army, or in the Presidential chair. Even friends who make a point of visiting him are left mostly to themselves, indeed scarcely see him from breakfast to dinner, unless he engages them in a ride, which is very agreeable to him. From dinner till tea our time is most pleasantly spent; indeed, one evening the general was so fascinating and drew my husband out in so many old stories, relating to several campaigns, where they had been much together and had so many inquiries to make regarding their old friends, particularly Kosciusko and Pulaski, who had always corresponded with Colonel Carrington, and whose characters afford great interest, that it was long after 12 before we parted. By the by, I will show you some of the letters when I see you again.

INSTANCES OF THE HEROISM OF MASSACHUSETTS WOMEN.

(Copied from *The Record*.)

Deborah Sampson, of Plymouth, who was so eager to do something for her beloved country that, availing herself of her unusual height, she dressed in a suit of clothes belonging once to a dead brother, left her home, enlisting under the name of Robert Shurtliffe. She served during the greater part of the war, and was twice wounded. The first time the injury was not serious, and she was able to keep her secret. The second wound came shortly before the end of the war, and she was attacked by brain fever. Her secret was discovered, and when her strength returned, her commanding officer, without betraying his knowledge, ordered her to carry a dispatch to General Washington. The Commander-in-Chief read the letter, and without a word wrote her discharge. Deborah afterwards received a pension and a grant of land for "services as a revolutionary soldier." She married and "lived happily ever after."

MRS. DRAPER, OF DEDHAM.

Surely Mrs. Draper, of Dedham, is worthy of mention among the heroines of the Revolution, for when the call for soldiers came she bade her husband go, and herself strapped knapsack and blanket on her only son, a boy of 16, telling him to go and do his duty. Her daughter begged that her brother might be allowed to stay at home and protect them, but the

mother, like a Spartan, answered: "No; he is wanted by his country. We will ourselves protect our home, with God's help. We, too, can find a chance for service. There will be many patriots marching this way to join the army, and they will be in sore need of refreshment. To work, Kate! and cook for a hundred men!" And mother and daughter, with the one maid and one farm-hand left, hastily constructed a long table of rough boards by the roadside, and cooked in the two great ovens with such assiduity that when the first detachment passed through the village it found provision of bread and meat and cider. All that day and the next the patriots marched through the village, and one and all found welcome refreshment. When Washington called on the women to contribute all that they could spare of pewter and leaden dishes to make bullets, Mrs. Draper took her store of pewter, the richest in the town and the pride of her heart, and with her own hands cast it into bullets in an old bullet-mould which she found in the house. Not content with this sacrifice, she took all the cloth that she had woven for the use of her family and made it into clothing for the soldiers, taking even the sheets from the beds to make them shirts. Homely details of homely service, perhaps, but showing the stuff of which heroines are made!

R. P.

Nov. 11.



OBITUARY.

MRS. STEPHEN D. BURGER.

It is with the deepest sympathy and regret we record the death of Mrs. Stephen D. Burger, one of our noblest Daughters of the Revolution. By her death our Society has sustained a loss we long shall feel, and her absence will be especially felt by the "Huguenot Chapter," at New Rochelle, this being the first sad break in their circle. The following account of Mrs. Burger's life was sent by one who knew and loved her well:

"Marie Antoinette Burger, wife of Stephen Decatur Burger, died at her late residence, 145 Highland Street, Portchester, N. Y., on Saturday morning, the 25th ultim., after an illness of three weeks duration.

"The immediate cause of death was pneumonia, though she had long been a sufferer from heart trouble and bronchitis, which the unusually severe winter had somewhat aggravated. Neither her friends nor her physician considered her dangerously ill, but on Thursday, the 23d, the symptoms became more alarming, and she rapidly grew worse until death finally put an end to her sufferings.

Mrs. Burger was the only child of Samuel H. and Mary Barrett, late of Bedford, Westchester County, N. Y., and was born in the City of New York on the 13th day of February, 1842. She early developed a taste for literary pursuits, and, though not a writer, she was known and admired by a large circle of friends as one peculiarly gifted in that direction. At the age of 17 she was graduated from the New York Normal College, and immediately began teaching in the public schools of that city, conducting also a night school at the same time.

"In early life she married Henry A. W. Ford, a nephew of Mr. J. B. Ford, the publisher. Three children were born to bless this union, but they all died in infancy, and a few months later she had buried husband, father and mother in quick succession. She was married to the husband who survives her in September, 1878.

From the time she first learned of the formation of the Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution," her great ambition was to become a member of that organization, and with her usual pertinacity of purpose she succeeded in procuring the necessary evidence of her eligibility to that high honor, and was duly admitted to membership in Huguenot Chapter of that order, located at New Rochelle, N. Y. She regretted exceedingly that the state of her health and the inclemency of the weather prevented her from attending the meetings of the Chapter, but was planning for many delightful occasions of that kind on the return of pleasant weather.

"As a woman she was loved for her many strong, fine qualities of head and heart and for the trust one could always repose in her truth and in herself. Conscientious, zealous, impulsive, yet generous to a fault, sacrificing so much for those she loved; charitable and with a heart ever ready to sympathize with those in affliction, none knew her but to love her.

"In religion very liberal, yet very orthodox; a firm believer in the Divinity of Christ, the vicarious atonement and the resurrection from the dead. She died as she had lived, trusting in Him as her God and her Saviour, firm in the Faith, resting on Calvary and the promises."

At a special meeting of the Huguenot Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Mrs. M. A. Burger, one of our members, has been removed from among us by death.

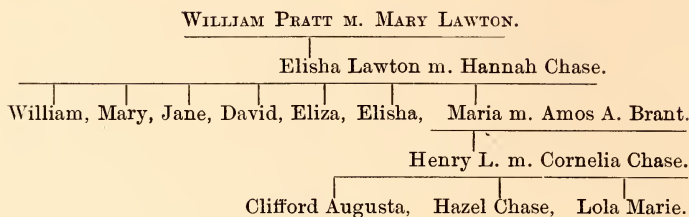
RESOLVED, That this Chapter hereby expresses its deep regret at the loss of its member.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be entered in the minutes of this meeting, and that a copy be sent to Mr. Stephen D. Burger, to whom this Chapter tenders its sincere sympathy.

ROSE OGDEN HUNSDON, *Secretary*.

ANCESTRY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LIEUT. WILLIAM PRATT, REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTOR
OF MRS. AMOS A. BRANT.



Lieutenant William Pratt was born in Bristol, Rhode Island, September 30th, 1759, and died in Freetown, Bristol County, Mass., February 6th, 1845. He was married January 6th, 1785, to Polly (or Mary) Lawton, daughter of Elisha Lawton, of Newport, Rhode Island, by Rev. Gardner Thurston, pastor of the First Baptist Church of that city.

He served in the Revolutionary army from May, 1775, until December 25th, 1783, and was one of the original members of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati, and at the time of his death was one of the two surviving original members. He was also a pensioner.

He volunteered May, 1775, as a musician under Captain Dodbury in a company raised in Rhode Island, and shortly after was granted a furlough for the purpose of visiting his brother, Joseph Pratt, who was with the army near Boston (Jamaica Plain). On returning to his company at Bristol, June 17th, he witnessed the conflagration of Charlestown and saw the fall of the church steeple. He performed his journey with two or three companies on foot, traveling all night.

Continuing in the service, he re-enlisted in February, 1777, for three years, as Sergeant in Captain Tew's

Company, in the Rhode Island Continental Regiment, commanded by Colonel Angell, and was promoted to Ensign, to rank from May 1st, 1779, by commission dated July 12th, 1780, signed by Samuel Huntington, President of the Continental lawyers, and afterwards to Lieutenant, to rank from May 14th, 1781, by commission dated September 18th, 1781, signed by Thomas McKean, President of the Continental Congress, in Colonel Jeremiah Olney's Rhode Island Regiment, from which he was discharged December 25th, 1783. All but two companies of the regiment had been dismissed June before, when a large portion of the army was disbanded. He assumed command of these two companies and garrisoned Saratoga until discharged.

He was at the defense of the Fort at Red Bank, N. J., on the Delaware River, when it was attacked by the British fleet October 22d, 1777; at the battle of Monmouth, N. J., June 28th, 1778, an excessively hot day. He was in General Sullivan's campaign in 1778 in the attempt to dislodge the British occupation of Newport while the American army was on the island of Rhode Island; at the battle and burning of Springfield, N. J., June 23d, 1780; at the encampment at Valley Forge and at the surrender of Lord

Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va., October 19th, 1781.

During the eight years of army service he acted at different times as adjutant and quartermaster.

At the battle of Springfield he carried the colors of his regiment, which were torn by eleven musket balls. Those colors are still preserved in the State House at Newport, R. I.

As related by him, the original Fort Mercer, at Red Bank, was planned for a garrison of at least 10,000 men. When Colonel Christopher Greene took possession of it with his handfull of men (300 all told) he fortified one corner by mounting what heavy guns he had. On the morning of October 22d, 1777, Count Dunlop, with 2,500 Hessians, made an attack, which was met with no demonstration until the outer fort was filled by them, when Colonel Greene opened his battery of big guns, loaded with grape and can-

nister shot, and mowed down the poor Hessians like grass.

Count Dunlop fell mortally wounded at the first discharge, while his men, becoming utterly demoralized, fled in all directions, strewing the ground with their dead and wounded.

During this engagement one of the big guns burst, killing and wounding several men.

Lieutenant Pratt was wounded in the hip by a sliver, the only wound received during his army service.

After the war Lieutenant Pratt engaged in mercantile pursuits in Assonet, Bristol County, Mass., in company with Lieutenant William Ennis, also an original member of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati.

On April 7th, 1806, he was elected Town Clerk of Freetown, Mass., and with very marked ability performed the duties of that office for eighteen years.

W. P. WETHERELL.

THE NEGLECTED GRAVE OF SETH POMEROY.

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory."

WOLFE.

Somewhere in the old churchyard at Van Cortlandtville, near Peekskill, lie the remains of the first commander of the American army. It was five score and thirteen years ago that a long procession with muffled drums and reversed arms moved slowly and sadly over the road, bearing to his burial one of the noblest old heroes the country knew in its early days, and leaving no stone to mark his resting place. The name and fame of Major-General Seth Pomeroy ought to

be dear to every American, and yet how many of the present generation know of his deeds of valor? He had a most dramatic history, which, as given by Chauncey M. Depew in a memorable oration, will, I am sure, prove interesting to all readers.

"Seth Pomeroy was born in 1706 in the little village of Northampton. He grew up a resolute, God-fearing man, and very daring. Honors and public trusts were showered upon him. He exemplified all the virtues of an honest man and a Christian soldier. For 30 years he warred against the Indians and the French, and always with conspicuous bravery and distinguished success. A specimen of the original

Puritan, he counted obstacles in his way but as trials to his faith, and bravely surmounted them.

"At the siege of Louisburg he received a letter from his wife saying that the whole town was daily praying for him and for his command. He read the letter to his men, and said: Fight, my brave boys, for the whole town is moved with concern, and our fathers and mothers are holding prayer meetings every night. Fight, for the Lord is on our side! Who shall be against us? And to him, more than to any other, is due the fall of the great fortress. At the conclusion of the French war the old soldier hung up his sword, and cultivated the arts of peace; but the fires of religious patriotism and martial ardor burned as brightly as in the days of his youth. He and two others were appointed generals of the American armies at their organization prior to the breaking out of actual hostilities, and Washington taking command. When news came of the battle of Lexington, though past 70 years of age, he stopped neither on account of business nor infirmities, but rode directly to the front. Worn out with labors, he returned in a few days to his farm in Connecticut. He had barely reached his door when a courier told him that the battle of Bunker Hill was soon to be fought. Never pausing for a moment, he turned about and dashed away for the scene. As one horse gave out, he procured another, and another, and reached Charlestown Neck in the midst of the fray. Handing his horse to a friend, because it was too valuable to be shot, he runs across the Neck, then swept by the

guns of the enemy's shipping, and up the hill, and leaps into the trench on the heights. Putnam wrings his hand, and says: 'Pomeroy, you here! God! I believe a cannon would wake you if you slept in the grave.' He offers him the command, but he refuses, and takes his place with the Connecticut troops. Pitcarin, who commanded at Lexington, leads the British column. He points him out to two sharp-shooters, and Pitcarin falls, mortally wounded. The ammunition giving out, the soldiers begin to retreat. Pomeroy leaps upon the rampart, waving over his head a gun made by himself, and shouts, 'Don't run, boys, don't run. Club them with your muskets, as I do. No enemy shall ever say he saw the back of Seth Pomeroy!' Worn out after the battle, he returned to his home, but when danger came near Peekskill he could no longer remain, and at the earnest solicitation of Washington he took command here (Peekskill), and here he died on the 15th of February, 1777."

It is a source of deep regret to find that one of the famous warriors of the Revolution, a foremost man of his day, is apparently quite forgotten, and without a memorial of any sort to designate where he sleeps—no man knows the place of his sepulchre. In the same old churchyard the resting place of John Paulding, one of the captors of Major Andre is marked by a monument of marble, which was erected by the corporation of the city of New York.

It seems incredibly strange that the grave of so prominent a soldier as Pomeroy should have been entirely neglected and lost sight of.—*Magazine of American History.*

CELEBRATIONS

HELD BY THE



DAUGHTERS OF THE
REVOLUTION.

BATTLES OF TRENTON AND PRINCETON.

ON the afternoon of January 5th, 1893, Mrs. Robert Ward, of South Orange, N. J., State Secretary of the Daughters of the Revolution, threw open her beautiful home, and hospitably entertained the members of that Society, the occasion being to commemorate the battles of Trenton and Princeton. It was a historic event, and the dames who responded to the call and filled the spacious rooms fully justified in every particular their undoubted and well verified claims to be of the bluest blood and worthy descendants of Colonial and Revolutionary ancestors whose integrity and unswerving patriotism made for us a lineage than which none can be prouder!

Miss Adeline W. Torrey, Regent of the State, presided, prefacing the exercises by a few well chosen sentences. The prayer and brief remarks made by the State Chaplin, D. R. were eminently suited to the occasion. The State Secretary, D. R., preceded the reading of interesting letters from those who were not able to be present by a well-delivered and satisfactory report of the State work. The President of the General Society, Mrs. Edward P. Steers, was introduced by Miss

Torrey and (by previous request) read a short paper explanatory of the society; selections from history bearing upon the events of the day were read, patriotic songs were sung with feeling and spirit, and a delicious luncheon was served. Our grandmothers and great grandmothers had feasted from the same china that was used upon this memorable occasion. In the evening a dinner of thirty covers, given to the Regent, rounded up this day and fully demonstrated that Mrs. Robert Ward well deserves her fame as a hostess, also the wide difference between *now* and *then*, the beauty, luxury and abundance of *now* and the sufferings and privations of *then*. All the remarks were extempore except Mrs. Steers' address, which we subjoin :

LADIES:—Complying with the request of our hostess, I will tell you briefly of the Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution," only regretting that my ability does not equal my knowledge and enthusiasm.

We are gathered here to-day in this beautiful and hospitable home, where we see about us the surroundings of long ago in the shape of artistic furniture, quaint ornaments and priceless china, heirlooms that are graceful and

welcome reminders that we are the descendants of Revolutionary and Colonial ancestors, and that this proud patent of nobility has no blot on its escutcheon.

We are here to celebrate the battles of Trenton and Princeton, occurring as they did December 26th, 1776, and January 3d, 1777. During the winter that followed these events, *our* ancestors, 116 years ago, at Valley Forge and elsewhere, suffered, endured, hungered, and in many instances, died in order that *we* might inherit and enjoy the blessings our motto implies—"Liberty, Home and Country." Is it much that we show our appreciation of such sacrifices by banding together as *lineal* descendants of those heroes, and commemorate with fitting ceremonies the events that made us a free people?

The movement to do these things began with the Society of "Cincinnati," and has since grown in strength and purpose steadily, but often slowly. Among us Daughters the idea, I believe, originated with a lady while she was spending some time in a hamlet in Virginia, between three and four years ago. An extensive correspondence ensued, and eventually the thought took positive form as the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington, a little more than two years ago. We welcomed it, we joined it, then came the disappointing time when we understood the "Mother of a Patriot" clause in their constitution, revealing the fact that that society is *very broad*, that it admits not only the descendants of those who *helped* but of those who *hindered* in the struggle for liberty. We saw beside us as members, over us as officers, the descendants of those who were the bitterest foes and the worst enemies our forefathers had to

contend against, those through whose instrumentality the struggle was prolonged and the suffering augmented; the traitor within our gates, the brother or kinsman of our own household—arrayed against us—has the key to all our secrets and is more to be dreaded than a legion of natural enemies. And so it was in those days when brethren and kinsmen were divided; yet that "Mother of a Patriot" covers with her sheltering wing the Tory as well as the Patriot brood, making no distinction, hence our position. There is no personality in this, simply a question of principle. If the society is of the Revolution, it should be of the victors—those who risked all, conquered all and made it a *revolution*, else the name is meaningless. You now have the reasons that led to the forming of this society of the Daughters of the Revolution, composed of *only* lineal descendants of those who gave material *aid* in the cause that resulted in our freedom from Old World trammels and prejudices and made us a people who are now as a nation foremost in the world.

I have heard it objected that we lost much in leaving out the word "American" from our name. But please consider a moment. America is a wide and great country, of which these United States, grand though they be, are but a part; and there have been many revolutions in America though but one in the United States of America. Therefore, when we who glory in being citizens of the United States of America, say *THE* Revolution, we give all the significance possible to the expression.

I trust I have made the matter clear, and I thank you for your kind attention.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22^d, 1732.

CELEBRATED BY THE LONG ISLAND SOCIETY.

THE celebration was held at the house of Senator James F. Pierce, No. 7 Montague Terrace, Mrs. Pierce, the hostess, being a prominent member of the Society. Buff and blue (Washington's colors, and the colors of this Society as well) everywhere gladdened the eye, from the invitations and programmes, the tasteful drapings and decorations, to the yellow jonquils and blue violets that perfumed the rooms with their sweetness; and our beloved flag, emblem of all that we have and are, seemed like rays of sunshine here and there. The rooms were filled with "Daughters" and with "Sons" upon whom the proudest patriot ancestor might look with pardonable pride.

Rev. Dr. Chas. H. Hall opened the exercises with prayer. Mrs. Horatio C. King, the Regent of the Chapter, then made an address of welcome.

Telegrams were read from Mrs. Edward P. Steers and Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham, President and Secretary of the General Society, regretting that the storm prevented them from being present.

Dr. Hall then spoke, congratulating the Chapter on its successful organization, and regretting that he was not a Daughter of the Revolution. The Doctor felt that too little was done here to preserve the detail of the lives of some of our revolutionary heroes. "In Europe, one sees everywhere inscriptions on houses or in public places, 'Here was born such a patriot, or scholar, or poet.' Here, very little data of such nature can be found."

The "Sons of the Revolution" are,

however, clearing us of that imputation.

The eloquent address of Gen. Horatio C. King, also the brief but earnest words spoken by Mrs. King, Regent of the Long Island Society, we give in full. Mrs. Thayer, Miss Chatfield, Miss Elwell, and the Misses King enlivened the meeting with music. The "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the entire company standing. The delicious collation proved a welcome adjunct, and was a fitting close to a delightful evening.

REMARKS OF MRS. H. C. KING.

It is with great pleasure and perhaps a little pardonable pride that I look upon you our guests and members of the Long Island Chapter to-night. In the face of considerable opposition and much criticism we have labored for a year, a mere handful of us, to organize and place upon a sure foundation this Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution. We have gone slowly but surely. Numbers are now seeking us, and flocking to our standard. Brooklyn women have always been prominent in charitable societies. Many literary clubs have been formed and attest woman's capacity in that direction. Shall there not be, also, room for a band of women whose unselfish object is to promote patriotism and to arouse in the hearts of young and old a more earnest love of home and country, by keeping alive the memories of the days which tried men's souls and the sacrifices through which "God made and preserved us a nation," and by thus celebrating such occasions as the one which brings us to-

gether to-night, the anniversary of the birthday of our revered Washington. Then let us of the Long Island Chapter take this motto for our watchword, "Liberty, Home and Country." Let us make the Liberty secured to us by our ancestors more sound and sure, by lending the pure and gentle influence of women to all public movements calculated to affect most nearly our happy homes and our glorious country.

I will not now enlarge upon or recapitulate the details of the founding of this Society upon the lines of the Sons of the Revolution. Our constitution, patterned upon theirs, is sound and, I believe, lasting, and as nearly perfect as such things can be.

It is with the hope that the two Societies both of the Sons and Daughters, organized upon nearly the same basis, may, by mutual concession, unite and make of one great mind and heart the united descendants of those who established the Union, and of which the same might prove true that "United we stand, divided we fall." Certainly in the essential difference of the Daughters we think we are right in admitting only those of lineal descent. Just here it seems appropriate to quote from the printed official words of the D. of R. some facts regarding our common founder, Mrs. Flora Adams Darling.

The Society in Washington, against the earnest efforts of the founder and others, adopted a resolution to amend the Charter to abolish State Societies, also to admit collateral descendants; hence a separation upon the vital points so essential to the strength and permanency of the Society, but the objects, aims and general management are the same.

Mrs. Darling did all in her power to

avert separation, but when it was made inevitable, she acted with characteristic decision and firmness of purpose officially, but personally she has acted with neither to the detriment of the other, but has sent applicants to the "fold of their choice," with impartiality.

The duty of welcoming you this evening, though brief and simple, is not free from embarrassment, as this is my first public appearance. I realize that I am selected not because of my fitness, but because it devolves upon me in the fitness of things as your presiding officer. Thanking you for your kind attention, I give way to the regular order of exercises—first upon which, after the singing of "America," in which I hope you will all join—is an address by our distinguished and ever welcome friend and guest, Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL KING.

It is fitting that the recurring anniversary which your young but vigorous Society so happily commemorates of the birth of the Father of his Country should be appropriately celebrated, and I thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me in inviting me to address you this evening. It is noteworthy, as well as gratifying, that there is a gradual return to the custom of a more general celebration of the day, somewhat fallen into disuse. Our age is too utilitarian, and in the struggle for wealth and position we are apt to forget the great blessings which we enjoy under our form of government and those to whom we are indebted for the liberty which crowns our nation and is the well-spring of our prosperity and happiness, national and individual. In the race for riches, much of the simple happiness which marked the lives of our ancestors is not now enjoyed by their pos-

terity, and our pleasures, while, perhaps, more exciting, are also more ephemeral and less fruitful of good results. Are we not, indeed, drifting farther and farther away from the true democracy which was the fundamental principle of our government? Are not class distinctions growing more and more defined, and although there are no hereditary titles and emoluments in this free America, are we not encouraging and building up an aristocracy of hereditary wealth—the meanest and most superficial—in a land where, under the constitution, “all men are created free and equal,” and in which the highest aristocracy should be that of brains, integrity and high moral purpose and action?

Are we not yielding more and more to the demands of fashion, that supreme despot whose dictator the boldest dare not dispute? The country is quaking to-day almost as it did in the presence of the cholera last summer, at the direful approach of crinoline. Society quivers with unfeigned indignation. Legislatures throw shells at the invader which explode only with laughter. Here and there is a show of resistance which ends with a fierce but powerless resolution. The festive hoop-skirt rolls merrily on and “moves immediately on their works,” confident of “unconditional surrender.” We are giving up the substance for the shadow, solidity for external show, and substituting sham for real merit and substantial worth.

After the lapse of more than a century the name of Washington shines with undimmed lustre. No star in the galaxy of heroes whom the world remembers with unabated admiration, veneration and gratitude sparkles with greater brilliancy than the star of him who will always be revered as the

father of his country. Said Webster in his oration on the character of Washington, “That name was a power to rally a nation in the hour of thick thronging public disasters and calamities; that name shone amid the storm of war, a beacon light, to cheer and guide the country’s friends; it flamed, too, like a meteor to repel her foes. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whole people’s confidence, a whole people’s love, and the whole world’s respect. That name, descending with all time, spreading over the whole earth and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will forever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by everyone in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.”

The name of Washington is the synonym for constitutional liberty and devotion to country as unselfish as it was sublime. Self-sacrifice for the creation and salvation of a nation characterized his highest career, and when a grateful nation would have perpetuated his hold of power, doubtless to the close of life, he refused the sceptre and returned to his beloved Mount Vernon to pass the remaining years of his unexampled career in tranquil repose.

The student of history, reviewing the life of Washington, must be impressed with the overshadowing presence of a special Providence in the affairs of men. The young Washington, from the commencement of his active life, appears to have been peculiarly fitted and trained for the great responsibility which in after years was to devolve upon him. The rough experience in the wild woods as surveyor at sixteen; the sterner duties as an officer in the French and Indian war at the early age of nineteen; a com-

mander of the Northern Military District of Virginia at twenty-one, all combined to develop in the right direction a character on which was to rest the care, the burden, the responsibility of a war with the strongest nation on earth, a war which on our side, was waged almost without credit, with a depreciated, and at times, almost valueless currency. With an honesty of purpose that could not be assailed by specious flattery or promise of power, with a sublime patience that converted rebuff and disaster into incentives for greater effort; with perfect faith in the God which controls the destinies of the world, he, at forty-three, manœuvred the mere handful of "ragged continentals" with such skill, that he humbled the best trained battallions of all Europe and at Yorktown conquered peace and established a nation. The Republic, founded under the potent influence of his masterly hand was a republic in fact and not in name. It is not sufficient for people to assume control of the affairs of State and label the government thus constituted a republic. A republic without constitutional liberty is a delusion. A nation wherein the judicial is subservient to the legislative and executive authority is not a republic no matter how conspicuously the name is emblazoned on its banners. The world was smiling a few years ago at the agitation of a great nation because of the bombastic antics of a young scion of nobility, the Duke of Orleans, a grandson of Henry IV., who had the temerity to set his foot on his native soil and demand the privileges and prerogatives of citizenship. And the authorities proposed to imprison him for two years, for what! Because, forsooth, the Republic is too unstable to laugh at the young fellow's vagaries and pass him

by. A few years ago the son of Napoleon III. was killed in the jungles of Zululand. He was a prince in name only, the heir of a deposed and dead emperor. In Paris, another pretender to the throne, Prince Plon Plon, arose in the night and bulletined a wall with the proclamation that he was the surviving and only legitimate heir to the throne. All Paris was agitated and all France shared in the perturbation. What follows? What feeling would such a performance have excited in this nation. A laugh, and possibly an application to the court for a commission in lunacy. But in France, the grave offender is seized and all who are suspected of being in sympathy with him. The subservient judicial tribunals lend a ready hand and all are imprisoned or banished. Constitutional liberty becomes a by-word and a mockery and the people again see that the republic is a republic only in name. The foundations which Washington constructed were to sustain an imperishable structure. They were deeply laid, and with far seeing wisdom he outlined the frame work of the grand palace of free government and then joined its parts together with such skill that it has withstood all assaults from without and from within for more than a century and is to-day as firm, let us hope, as the unyielding rock. The strength of our institutions lies in the constitution and the supreme influence of the law. Congress and State Legislatures may fulminate unsound doctrine and with the executive may attempt to sound the will of the people as expressed in the constitution of the States and the United States, but their vain efforts are defeated by the sober discrimination and wise judgment of the judiciary. So long as the ermine is unsullied, the nation cannot be seriously harmed.

In that immortal farewell address which Washington left as a rich legacy to all generations, is embodied the wisest principles for the government and perpetuation of this nation. Says Webster, "Its political maxims are invaluable, its exhortations to love of country and brotherly affection among citizens touching, and the solemnity with which it urges the observance of moral duties, and impresses the power of religious obligations, gives to it the highest character of truly disinterested, sincere, parental advice."

The nation founded by Washington and perpetuated by Lincoln is the world's hope. I am not yet prepared to agree with the optimists that this republic is no longer an experiment. There is much yet to be feared in the corruption of politics and the manipulation of legislative bodies by moneyed influence. The recent disgraceful scenes in the Kansas Legislature, the frequent resort to lynch law and the subsequent immunity from punishment, the infamous deeds at Homestead, where poison was introduced to promote the schemes of reckless men, the increase of socialism and of anarchism, the oft repeated labor riots and the seemingly irrepressible conflict between labor and capital warn us to be still wary and watchful to reconcile labor with capital, to strengthen our outposts against unwholesome immigration and bind by more stringent enactments a more speedy punishment, the hands and tongues of those enemies of society who "having left their own country for their country's good," come here to sow the seeds of discord and disintegration.

In closing permit me again to quote from that memorable address of the sage of Marshfield: "Let us trust in that gracious Being who has hitherto held our country as in the hollow of

His hand. Let us trust to the virtue and the intelligence of the people and to the efficacy of religious obligations. Let us trust to the influence of Washington's example. Let us hope that that fear of shame which expels all other fear, and that regard to duty which transcends all other regard, may influence public men and private citizens and lead our country still onward in her happy career. Full of those gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of that century which is now commenced. A hundred years hence other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth with no less sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet as we now meet, to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon, so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he rests, still flowing on to the sea, so surely may they see, as we see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the Capital; and then, may the sun in his course visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country!"

I cannot close without congratulating you, Daughters of the Revolution, upon the excellent success of your organization. The patriotic work accomplished and to be accomplished by you will be felt in thousands of homes. It will inspire the young to renewed patriotism and loyalty, and reflect for all time honor and fame upon your self-sacrificing devotion. May you go on prospering and to prosper, and may generations to come perpetuate the structure whose foundations you have laid. My countrymen and women, I propose "The memory of Washington, first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

CELEBRATED BY THE TEXAS (LONE STAR) STATE SOCIETY.

Washington's birthday was duly celebrated by the Daughters of the Revolution at 311 Martin street. The house had been beautifully decorated for the occasion with the stars and stripes, the Texas flag and the old continental colors, the blue and buff. Washington's picture occupied a conspicuous position and the Daughters all wore the cap and kerchief.

Many regrets were sent from different parts of the State. Appetizing refreshments were served and Artzt's band furnished patriotic music during the entire evening. Mr. Sam Johnson a member of the advisory board, delivered the following address which was highly appreciated by all :—

“MADAME REGENT, DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

“One hundred and sixty-one years ago to-day the good God gave to mankind such a gift as comes but once in a thousand years. On the 22d of February, A. D. 1732, George Washington first saw the light of day, and this continent was richer by its advent than if a nation had sprung full-fledged into existence upon its soil.

“It is unnecessary to relate all or even any of the attributes that causes the name of George Washington to be revered in every part of the civilized world, for in this country at least there is no child who can speak plainly who has not in some way learned that the name of George Washington stands without a parallel for patriotism.

“More than this cannot be expressed, for we have nothing to compare him with. There was but one George Washington. This country had but one father, and we all know his name.

It has produced many great men, but all Christendom has produced no name that we can use in comparison with that of Washington.

“It were useless to attempt to enumerate in one short address the many benefits that this (the ‘father of his country’) gave to us, his children, but it is fitting here to recall the one lasting gift which, above all others, has made the name of George Washington so dear to all the American people.

“It may be that the time was especially fitted for such a man as George Washington to teach the American people what patriotism was, but certain it is they could not have had a better teacher. The tree of American liberty that was planted by those noble sons of freedom, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, on the 4th day of July, A. D. 1776, was entrusted to George Washington to be nourished and cared for, and right royally did he tend it. Mid storm and tempest did it flourish under his care and keeping until its roots permeated every American freehold and its foliage shaded every American home.

“Inspired by the noble example of George Washington and the band of heroes gathered around him, the whole of the American people became patriots ready to give themselves and their all for their country's good. Each individual was a hero and willing if need be, to be a martyr. Do you wonder that such men could not fail?

“It was not the men alone, however, who were the heroes. All the women of the land were ‘Daughters of the Revolution’ and helped to tend and care for that tree of liberty that was to

protect their children and their children's children for untold generations from the storms of adversity that might come upon them. And now to you, 'Daughters of the Revolution,' has descended this task of keeping this patriotism alive and strong in the hearts of the American people. You it is who are to nurse and tend this tree of liberty that it may flourish in every American home.

"It has not been very many years since this worthy object has been made the special care of the organization of which you are a branch, but already, as I understand, has your organization extended itself into every State and territory in the United States. This is as it should be, for if the women of this land cease to be patriotic the nation is stricken with a deadly disease and its days are fast drawing to a close. It is not a possibility for men

to keep up the life of any organization having good for its object unless they are supported and aided by their wives, sisters, mothers and sweethearts. A woman can make a coward out of a brave man or put courage into the heart of a coward, and it depends upon you whether the heritage of patriotism left by your forefathers will be by you fostered and cared for until it fully possesses the heart of every American, or whether you will, by your negligence and want of care, allow it to die out and become only an incident of past history. I am satisfied that there is no need to warn you of the danger of lack of interest in your cause for I believe there is as much patriotism in the breasts of American women of to-day as there was in 1776.

"May God prosper you in the work you have undertaken, for it is a noble work."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

CELEBRATED BY THE HUGUENOT CHAPTER.

The Huguenot Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution held its first celebration on February 22d, 1893, at the residence of the Vice-Regent, Mrs. Wm. R. Pitt, New Rochelle.

The very inclement weather prevented the attendance of the Regent and others from New York; but those members of the Chapter residing in New Rochelle were enthusiastic enough to brave the storm, and were all present. A colonial supper was served on blue china on an old mahogany table. The decorations were in blue and buff, the Society's colors; the centrepiece being a large Indian canoe.

Through the kindness and energy of our host our supper cards were true Revolutionary souvenirs, and the Chapter was presented with a relic of 1776 as a nucleus of a proposed collection.

The ladies wore the costumes and jewelery of their grandmothers of colonial times. After the supper many old-time games were played and dancing was enjoyed. All joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner" during the evening, and each member felt that the young Chapter was pushing forward to a vigorous, healthy growth.

ROSE OGDEN HUNSDON,

Secretary Huguenot Chapter, D. R.

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE General Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, will hold their annual celebration of the Battle of Lexington at the Governor's room in the City Hall, New York, on Wednesday afternoon, April 19th, 1893. The place selected and the historic room, which we are privileged to use on this occasion, seems peculiarly appropriate this year, for never again can this famous room where the great Lafayette was received (the friend of Washington and America), be used for a place of meeting for us, as in the

onward march of progress the grand old building with its beautiful architecture has been found inadequate for the needs of this great city and must make way for a larger and more commodious structure. It is hoped that all our members will make an effort to be present at this 118th anniversary of the opening battle of the Revolution, which will be celebrated on this occasion by addresses and music.

F. ADELADE INGRAHAM,
Secretary General.

GENERAL SOCIETY ANNUAL MEETING.

THE annual meeting provided for in Section 17 of the By-Laws was held on January 9th at the Society rooms, 64 Madison avenue. President Mrs. Edward P. Steers was in the chair. The regular order of business was complied with. Election of the Executive Committee as follows:

REGULAR TICKET.

Executive Committee.

MRS. ABRAHAM STEERS,
MRS. GEORGE THORNTON,
MRS. H. P. MCGOWN, JR.,
MRS. DE VOLNEY EVERETT,
MRS. GEORGE INNESS, JR.,
MRS. CHARLES FRANCIS ROE,
MRS. HENRY A. WARREN,
MRS. HORATIO C. KING,
MRS. A. F. RASINES,
MRS. EDGAR KETCHUM,
MRS. SMITH ANDERSON,
MRS. CHARLES W. DAYTON,
MRS. J. HOOD WRIGHT,
MISS ADELINE W. TORREY.

The amended Constitution and By-Laws had been so lately adopted that this meeting could not be called or generally known about long enough in advance to give time for the preparations of reports from Regents and officers generally. The following are those who responded when called upon.

REPORT OF SECRETARY GENERAL.

Standing on the threshold of a new year, and looking backward on the work accomplished in 1892, I am sure the result must give much pleasure to all interested in the success of this Society. Our membership has increased beyond our most sanguine expectations, and the interest is spreading on all sides as our voluminous correspondence plainly shows.

Our Constitution and By-Laws have been amended and we are now working under one drafted by a distinguished member of the Sons of the Revolution.

Our committees have all been well formed, and the work systematized so that much more can be accomplished in all ways. The Librarian General has received donations of nearly one hundred books of historical interest toward the Library of the Society. Many donations of interesting revolutionary relics have been received, and at any exhibition of such we have been promised most valuable relics as a "Loan Collection." All this is the result of one year's work. What may we not accomplish with united effort in the year we are just entering, and I trust each member will feel a personal interest in bringing into the Society as members such persons as are worthy to be Daughters of the Revolution.

F. ADELADE INGRAHAM,
Secretary General.

REGISTRAR GENERAL'S REPORT.

MADAME PRESIDENT AND LADIES OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Daughters:—The month of December, with the very air full of Christmas feeling for the loved ones around us, did not bring with it forgetfulness of our dead heroes of 1776, for the descendants of the following patriots have sent in applications for membership in our Society:

Capt. Moses Stone, Massachusetts, an officer at the battles of Bunker Hill, Dorchester Heights and Ticonderoga; William Torrey, Lieutenant in the "Congress' Own" Regiment of Regular Troops, Massachusetts; Col. John Ely, Connecticut, commanding a regiment raised and equipped at his own expense; Corporal Isaac Brown, a soldier of Westchester County, New York; Capt. Samuel Harris, of Pennsylvania, and a son of John Harris, the founder of Harrisburgh; Capt. William Redfield, of Middletown, Connecticut;

First Lieutenant Nicholas Van Brunt, of Kings County, New York Militia; Rev. Martinus Schoonmaker, pastor of churches of Harlem and Gravesend, a prominent Whig throughout the Revolutionary War; Roderick Beebe, of Columbia County, New York. This paper does not put forth any distinguished individual services, but the records prove to me that no other northern family contributed so many soldiers of nearly every rank of military service as the Beebe family of Columbia County, New York.

In writing this monthly report I feel that with the beginning of the new year it will not be amiss to mention a few of our distinguished military officers whose descendants are enrolled among us:

Col. Samuel McDowell, of Virginia and Kentucky; Gen. Joshua Mersereau, Capt. James Schureman, of New Jersey; Major Robert Kirkwood, of Delaware; Thornton Washington; Col. John Thornton, of Virginia; Gen. Symon Veeder, of New York; Capt. Valentine Peyton, of Virginia; Gen. George Clinton and Gen. James Clinton, of New York; Gen. William Heath, of Massachusetts; Gen. Andrew Lewis, of Virginia; Gen. Evan Shelby; Gen. Isaac Shelby; Capt. James Jack, of North Carolina; Gen. Israel Putnam, of Connecticut; Francis Lewis, Robert Morris, Peter Vanburgh Livingston, President of the First Provincial Congress of New York; Hon. Josiah Hornblower, of New Jersey; Hon. Theodorus Polhemus, of New York; Col. Nathaniel Scudder, Col. Richard Callaway, of Virginia and Kentucky; Col. Andrew Adams, Connecticut; Richard Kennon, of North Carolina; Capt. John Holder, of Virginia.

These names I have selected at random. The list could be much exten-

ded, but it will suffice for the present. However, whether private or general, civilian or statesman, we are proud of all, and honor the memory of all whose records have been accepted by our Society.

MARY C. MARTIN CASEY,
Registrar General D. R.

REPORT FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON REVOLUTIONARY, COLONIAL AND HISTORICAL RELICS OF THE
"DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION."

MADAM PRESIDENT, LADIES OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD AND "DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION:"

Ladies:—As the first year of the Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution" has been mainly devoted to its growth, and inculcating a spirit of patriotism among its members to honor the deeds of their ancestors, who fought and aided in the great revolutionary struggle for independence, I, in submitting the report from this committee, regret to state that it has done little or nothing, thus far, toward advancement in either procuring relics or making provision for their reception and safe keeping; but through the never failing kindness of our President, Mrs. E. P. Steers, we have a few of the small but valuable relics, at her residence, which she has offered to hold in safe keeping until such time as a suitable place shall be provided, where they can be more conveniently seen by the Society and its adjacent Chapters.

What your chairman is most desirous to have done is this, to have these relics the General Society now possess, and with other relics that are promised us as loans for an indefinite time, safely placed in the Society rooms, at 64 Madison Avenue, in this city, where, upon being viewed by the "Daughters,"

and others, friends of the Society, it will awaken such an interest among them in this work of searching in old chests and trunks of their ancestors, and bringing to light perhaps some valuable relic of interest that had been hidden for a generation or more.

It is sincerely hoped that an expression of opinion on this subject will be made and discussed by the members of this committee at our next monthly meeting, and some plan submitted, looking toward the providing of a permanent place of security for its valuable relics, records, documents, etc.

At the present time the General Society possess some very interesting revolutionary relics. The first one presented was the gift of a *rule* cut from the wood of the belfry tower that pealed forth a death blow to tyranny, a relic which commemorates the battle of Lexington, Mass. It was sent by Mr. George E. Murrey, of Lexington, in behalf of the select men of that town, and was formally presented to the General Society by Mr. D. N. Carvalho at the celebration of their first national meeting of the "Daughters of the Revolution," on the anniversary of the Eve of Freedom, at the Harlem Democratic Club Hall, November 24, 1891, at which time it was most gracefully accepted on behalf of the Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution," by the Curator General, Mrs. De Witt Clinton Mather.

Gifts presented to the Society by Mrs. Louise F. Rowe, one of the incorporators and member of the Executive Board of the General Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution."

The first to be named were relics of colonial days, two old fashioned mahogany chairs that were purchased in France, and brought to this country in the early part of the eighteenth

century by Neltje Schuyler, the maternal great grandmother of the giver. These chairs subsequently belonged to and were used in the family of Hon. James Schureman, of New Brunswick, N. J., grandfather on the maternal side. These two heir-looms were at the Centennial Loan Exhibition, held at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 17, 1889.

Gift 2 was a china tea-caddie and saucer of historical interest, as the pieces in question are among the remnants of three sets of china, which came to the port at Philadelphia about the close of the Revolutionary War; one set was presented to Gen. Washington, the other two sets were purchased by Richard Stockton and James Schureman. The tea-caddie and saucer was the property of the latter, and the set of china was in use by the family during his lifetime. They were exhibited also by his grand daughter with the chairs, April 17, 1889, No. 514 in catalogue of the Loan Exhibition of Historical Relics.

In October last, our President, Mrs. Edward P. Steers, loaned to the General Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution," some valuable family relics, consisting of a very handsome pair of silver knee buckles set with brilliants of colonial style and a bunch of gold seals which belonged to and were worn by Dep. Com. Gen. Joshua Mersereau, an officer in the War of the Revolution.

Also, a cannon ball, some bullets and buttons from soldiers' uniforms that were found around Fort George.

At the celebration of the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, on June 17th, 1892, at the assembly rooms of the General Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, the gavel used was

made from the wood of a mulberry tree that grew near Washington's house at Mount Vernon, Va.; it was presented to this Society by Miss L. Viglini Steers, a "Daughter of the Revolution."

On January 6th, 1893, Mrs. George W. Burhans, great-granddaughter of Hon. James Schureman, and a "Daughter of the Revolution," presented the Society a cup and saucer, a part of the set of china like the tea-caddie already alluded to.

A gavel presented by the State Regent of New Jersey, Miss Adeline W. Torrey, the head of which is made from a pine knot cut from a tree near the old homestead at Manchester, Ocean Co., New Jersey, was artistically tied with colors of the Society.

This is the complete list of Revolutionary relics that have been presented to the Society during the first year of its organization.

LOUISE F. ROWE,
*Vice-President Genl. D. R. and Chairman
of Committee on Relics.*
Jan. 9th, 1893.

LONG ISLAND SOCIETY—SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, composed of *lineal descendants* of patriots of the Revolutionary War, was incorporated and organized in September, 1891, its primary object, briefly stated, being: "To perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved our glorious American Independence."

Mrs. Horatio C. King, having been appointed by the General Society Regent of the territory of Long Island, with power to appoint officers and organize, called a meeting of those eligible for membership to be held at her residence, No. 46 Willow street, Brooklyn, on February 12th, 1892. To this call five women responded, making with the Regent six in all.

Previous to this meeting, Mrs. King, by virtue of the authority in her vested, had appointed as Secretary Mrs. Henry Beam, and as Treasurer Mrs. John Van Buren Thayer. Subsequently Mrs. Lyman Abbott was appointed Vice-Regent, and Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, Registrar.

The meeting having been called to order by the Regent, her notification of appointment was read by the Secretary.

Mrs. King then read from the *Adams Magazine* the rules governing organization, and stated some interesting facts concerning the causes which led to the formation of the society, after which the business of organizing the Long Island Chapter proceeded.

There have been held since the meeting of organization, up to this date, three others. Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, Mrs. Maria Huntington Elwell and Mrs. Ernest W. Birdsall were made a Committee on Investigation and Admission, and Mrs. Jas. F. Pierce, Committee on Finance. New members were admitted and the prescribed order of business followed at these meetings.

There were at the time of organization eleven members. There are now about thirty, and several names to be voted upon at our next business meeting.

Of this membership three are honorary, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. John J. Howard and Mrs. Henry Sheldon.

A very pleasant episode was the celebration of the 117th anniversary of the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1892, held by kind permission in the Governor's Room in the City Hall of New York City under the auspices of the General Society.

The attendance was large, and the exercises of a most interesting charac-

ter, consisting in part of music, and an historical address by General Horatio C. King, which was listened to with marked attention. A retrospective view of the history of Long Island Chapter, during the short time of its existence, shows a degree of prosperity truly surprising, when the difficulties which it had to meet in the outset are considered.

Necessarily, the business of organizing, appointing committees, etc., consumed much time, and in the spring months, it was almost impossible to secure a full attendance of members, owing to a pressure upon many of other important duties.

These conditions served as a barrier to the entrance of the Society upon any active work; but with a rapidly increasing membership, thorough organization, and a systematic plan of action, Long Island Chapter may hopefully look forward to a year of substantial results.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY EAMES BEAM,
Secretary.

Brooklyn, November 21st, 1893.

NEW JERSEY SOCIETY—SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Organization of the New Jersey Branch of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution was commenced about April 1st, 1892, by its Regent. The first Chapter was formed at East Orange with Miss Sara King Wiley as Regent, and is steadily growing. The Orange and South Orange Chapter, under the direction of Mrs. Wm. Torrey Baird as Regent, promises to be one of the largest in the State. At Montclair, on the 10th of January, 1893, a Chapter was formed, with Mrs. George Inness, Jr., at its head, and on Febru-

ary 16th, at the residence of Mrs. A. A. Brant, Toms River, the "Huddy Memorial" Chapter was organized, and Miss Kate Irons was chosen as its Regent. Among those present on this occasion, were, Mrs. Edward P. Steers, President of the General Society, and Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham, Secretary General, who assisted in the proceedings. Professor J. D. Dillingham delivered an appropriate address on the patriotic efforts of Captain Joshua Huddy, the Revolutionary hero and martyr.

In September last a luncheon was given by Mrs. Robert Ward, State Secretary, at her residence in South Orange. The President and Secretary General and other guests were present.

January 5th, 1893, New Jersey celebrated the battles of Trenton and Princeton, at the residence of Mrs. Robert Ward, State Secretary, and nearly two hundred guests met to hear addresses made by Mrs. E. P. Steers, and Rev. Dr. Fisher a graduate of Princeton, which were received with much enthusiasm. The State Regent opened the proceedings with words of welcome, and Rev. Alexander Mann, State Chaplain, made the opening prayer and delivered a short address.

The little State of New Jersey is coming bravely to the front, and already has nearly fifty members on its roll. It is hoped that, by the close of

the year, by diligent ringing of the "minute bell" to gather in as many more. Several other Chapters are already in process of formation.

Mrs. George Inness, Jr., has invited the entire Society to celebrate the battle of Monmouth, on 28th of June next, at her beautiful residence, Roswell Manor, Montclair. A poem will be read which has been written for the occasion, and well-known speakers will deliver orations in commemoration of the event.

MRS. ROBERT WARD,
State Secretary.

ADELINE W. TORREY,
State Regent.

March 1st, 1893.

The attendance was large and the meeting satisfactory in every respect. After it adjourned the Executive Board held its regular monthly meeting, after which the Daughters partook of a luncheon which proved not the least enjoyable feature of the day and a social success.

The Secretary-General,

Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham,
2052 Madison avenue,
will give information and answer communications.

The Treasurer-General,

Mrs. Chauncey S. Truax,
2034 Fifth avenue,
will receive all moneys and annual dues, and send receipts therefor.

EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETINGS.

SECRETARY-GENERAL'S REPORT.

The regular meetings of the Executive Committee of the Daughters of the Revolution were held at 64 Madison avenue on January 9th, February 6th, March 6th, 1893, at which meetings the ordinary business of the So-

cietiy was transacted and a largely increased membership reported. The Society is extending grandly in all the States, and the reported work of the Regents was most satisfactory to the Board. As the application papers

must undergo a most rigid examination, many delays have occurred in having them passed by the Committee of Admission and Investigation from the omission on the part of the applicant to give the authority and reference for facts stated, such neglect requiring a request for the verification of statements made, and a consequent delay in approval and acceptance of the paper. I can state with pleasure, though, that in almost every case the applicant has been able to furnish the desired proof. At the meeting on March 6th plans were discussed for our usual celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington by the General Society, April 19th.

F. ADELAIDE INGRAHAM,
Secretary-General.

REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S REPORT.

MRS. CHAIRMAN, LADIES OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD :

Since my last report we have received papers from applicants who have based their claims on the Revolutionary services of the following heroes :

Col. Thaddeus Crane, New York ; Andrew York, Quartermaster, New Jersey ; Col. Henry K. Van Rensselaer, New York ; Capt. Abner Lord, Connecticut ; Col. William Cooke, Pennsylvania ; Capt. James Williams, Virginia ; Ruben Wadsworth, Connecticut ; Patrick Pemberton, Connecticut ; Capt. Walter Deane, Massachusetts ; Capt. Perry Averill, subsequently Colonel of Militia, Connecticut ; Joshua Pillsbury, Massachusetts ; Major William Sproat, Pennsylvania ; Abraham Duryee, member of Congress, New York ; Peter Bourdette, of Fort Lee, New York ; Jonathan Odell, Westchester Co., New York ; Abraham Westervelt, New York ; General John Sevier, a hero of Kings Mountain, and twelve years Governor

of Tennessee ; Capt. William Thompson, Middleton, Massachusetts ; Andrew Kiff, New York ; George Geer, New York ; Capt. Stephen Howell, New York ; William Hardy, Massachusetts ; Nathaniel Hardy, Massachusetts ; Ensign Thornton Washington, Major Daniel Bedinger, Virginia ; Nathaniel Sweeting, New York ; Nathan Baldwin, Connecticut ; Adam Van Patten, New York ; Capt. William Torrey, Massachusetts ; Judge Selah Strong, member of Provincial Congress, New York ; Samuel Hitchcock, Massachusetts ; Col. Seth Pomeroy, Massachusetts, a brave man who refused the rank of Brigadier-General when it was conferred on him by Congress, yet fought for his country until his death at Peekskill.

Some of these Revolutionary patriots and soldiers had two and three descendants applying at the same time for membership. Many of our papers were prepared with great care, and only a small number have been left out for want of opportunity to properly verify them. Some, of course, came in too late for our last meeting, and will be heard from in our next communication. And those who had not sent such documentary evidence as was deemed necessary by our committee, when notified of the fact cheerfully sent books and certified copies of services, under the seal of the Commonwealth, or statements from the Pension Office at Washington. If our applicants would only try to help us in this way, we would esteem it a favor, as it will facilitate the approval of their papers.

Respectfully submitted,
MARY C. MARTIN CASEY,
Registrar-General,

Daughters of the Revolution.

March 6, 1893.

LONG ISLAND SOCIETY.

The January meeting of the Long Island Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution was held at the residence of the Regent, Mrs. Horatio C. King, 46 Willow street. After a short business meeting, Mrs. Gertrude Lefferts Vanderbilt, of Flatbush, read a paper on revolutionary times in that locality, giving a graphic and interesting account of the state of things that existed among the loyal settlers, the hardships, privations and patriotic adventures of her Dutch ancestry and their neighbors. She described the battle of Long Island as a series of heroic skirmishes against fearful odds and made her hearers realize how hardly contested was this historic

port. She denied the allegation that Tories were more numerous there than Patriots, the fact being that the few examples of Tory sympathizers were more noticed among such patriotic gentry. After the paper sweet music was discoursed and tea and chocolate served from china nearly one hundred years old. Gracing the Regent's desk was a small porcelain image of George Washington, recently brought from Washington, known to have been in the Carroll family for fifty years and dating long back of that. It was draped with a small silk American flag and a rosette of buff and blue, the colors of the society.

NEW JERSEY SOCIETY.

A meeting of the New Jersey Society, "Daughters of the Revolution," was held at the home of Mrs. E. P. Hamilton, No. 98 Harrison street, East Orange, N. J., on Tuesday, March 7th, at which Miss Adeline W. Torrey, Regent of the State, presided. A large number of women were present, including Mrs. Edward P. Steers, President of the General Society, and Mrs. D.

Phoenix Ingraham, Secretary-General. Reports from Orange and South Orange, Montclair and East Orange Chapters showed an active increase in the Society and a large increase in membership. The next regular meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. William Torrey Baird, Scotland Road, South Orange, on April 5th.

TOMS RIVER ORGANIZATION MEETING.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

A meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. A. A. Brant February 16th, for the purpose of placing before the ladies of the town the subject of organizing a Toms River Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution. Miss A. W. Torrey, State Regent pre-

sided, and Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham the Secretary-General, acted as secretary. After the singing of "America," Rev. R. B. Stephenson led in prayer. Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers, President of the General Society, explained the objects of the Society in a brief paper, which charmingly set forth its claims

upon the public attention. Professor J. D. Dillingham, followed with an account of Capt. Joshua Huddy, the "Toms River Hero." The "Star Spangled Banner," was then sung. Miss Kate Irons was appointed Regent of the local Chapter, after which the business meeting adjourned. A most pleasant social hour was spent, the ladies present being informed more at length and informally of the workings of the Society. Mrs. Brant demonstrated the hospitality of Melrose Cottage by dainty refreshments. A number signified their intention of joining at once, and others of hunting up old records to prove their descent from Revolutionary worthies.

It is to be earnestly hoped that with such an interesting field of historic lore as there is in Toms River that the Society will flourish, and that it may gather up the old traditions and legends of the past. Especially should the battle of Toms River receive attention, and, if possible, a monument be raised to the memory of the murdered Huddy.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MRS. EDWARD P. STEERS.

Ladies: It gives us great pleasure to be with you on this occasion. A Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution in this place, so rich in revolutionary traditions, is eminently fitting, and if the memory and the spirit of your ancestors still survives, not alone New Jersey, but the whole General Society, embracing all the States and the Chapters, may well be proud of your alliance, and feel their interest kindled anew when reading in our year book or magazine of the bravery, hardihood and sacrifices of the Patriots of Toms River. Your

State Regent has requested me to tell you about this Society, and where-in it differs from other Societies. The first consideration is that any lady applying for admission to this Society, must prove herself to be a *lineal descendant* of a Patriot who gave material aid in the cause of liberty during the war of the Revolution; most of us have colonial and old world ancestry of which we are justly proud, but the door of entrance to this Society is *lineal* descent from a Revolutionary Patriot.

There are Societies almost without number, social, charitable, literary, musical, dramatic, etc., etc. We all belong to more or less of them, but let me ask you seriously, should not this, that perpetuates such claims, take precedence over all others? Yet this is often said: "I want very much to join, and know that I can and should, but I belong to so many charitable societies that I have not time for anything else." A coming generation, searching for a lost link in the family chain will wish that a little of the charity had been expended at home. What would this country be, and how should we have fared if a little more than one hundred years ago our forefathers had said: "I know that we are weighed down by oppression, and that to gain freedom and justice we must fight our country's battles, but I really cannot spare the time." We may well proudly rejoice that our ancestors had no thoughts but such as should fire a Patriot's breast, hence we now enjoy the golden harvest they sowed for us to reap, "Liberty, Home and Country."

The generations that follow us will read with gratitude and pride the family records the Daughters of the Revolution collect and preserve, know-

ing that from its inception this Society has based its faith on strictly *lineal* descent, and never wavered. Therefore, where no mistakes have been permitted none can exist; the water if once clouded by the mistake of laxity in admission could not be pure and clear ever after, at least a sediment of doubt would exist.

To be a *true* Daughter of the Revolution is a noble title. The mother of a Patriot may have been the mother of many sons, one of whom (against her will, may be) was a patriot while all the others were *enemies* to the country that *one* patriot served. Should the descendants of those who hindered the great cause take equal place in such a society with those of him who served, giving perhaps his all, even his life, because they both had the same mother? If that be so the name is a misnomer. We are the only society of *purely lineal* descendants from an ancestor who can boast a clean revolutionary record, and we are the Daughters of THE Revolution, the only revolution that has ever taken place in these *United States* of America, though in America, revolutions have been numerous. We love to celebrate the events that mark our steps towards freedom from foreign rule. We have our General Society, our Capitol, as it were, in New York City, where our ancestors when forming the government desired that the Capitol of the Nation should be, but, for considerations of prudence and safety changed their plans. New York State being the Empire State, there we incorporated. New York City being the great City of the western world as Paris is of Europe, and London of Great Britain, we make it our central point. We are accumulating a fine library, contributions to which come to us

frequently, some of the books are old and rare, some from the author's themselves, and are greatly prized. Our museum of relics is becoming interesting. The gifts to it show that our Daughters come of people of substance and position. We hope at no very distant date to have a home for these things which will be a fit setting for what we aspire to make a gain of American history. There are two points in our government of which I desire to speak, being remaining main items of difference between ourselves and a sister Society. State rights, and Chapter government. In this Society the office of State Regent is no sinecure. She is more than simply a medium of communication between the general officers and the people. She is as the governor of a State, has her officers and cabinet, appoints the Chapter Regents, and has a general supervision over all the State work, sending an annual report and a nominal fee to the General Society Executive Board, and receiving from that body whatever she requires to aid her in her work. The Executive Board of the General Society are composed of the President and general officers and members, with Chaplain, Advisory Board and Trustees, also Legal Council. They hold regular meetings, and attend to the business naturally accruing to such a body having in charge the general government of a Society that extends not alone through the whole United States, but wherever there are American women whose ancestors helped to make America the glorious country it now is. A Chapter Regent is as the mayor of a town. She presides over a locality, and reports to the State Regent. She has her officers, and manages the Chapter affairs according to her own wisdom,

always keeping in view the constitution of the General Society. Each department has its proper work and its rights with freedom to act, and together they form a perfect whole. Every member belongs to the General Society, and wherever she may be, near or distant, is sent notice of a General Society meeting, that she may have the chance if practicable to be present to cast her vote, or to assist in whatever business may be transacted. We prefer this to the system of delegates who may or may not carry out the wishes of the body they represent. I think I have told you the important facts, and I have tried to be brief, for information is seldom entertaining. I thank you for your kind attention.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY PROFESSOR

J. D. DILLINGHAM.

More than a century ago, our peaceful and quiet village was the centre of stirring Revolutionary scenes. The attention of the struggling colonists was focussed upon a brief but brilliant defense of the Toms River Block House, and the sympathy of true men on both sides of the Atlantic was excited by the blood-curdling story of its commander's murder. But the heroes of yesterday are forgotten for the leaders of to-day, and so our hero's memory has faded into a dim tradition. His native State, whose patriotism he honored, has failed to fittingly commemorate his deeds, and so he sleeps in an unknown grave. While other's names and other's services have been immortalized by the historian, his has been left to rest in local obscurity. Not this was the opinion of his contemporaries, men who were his comrades in the Revolution, and who knew and appreciated his worth. Freneau and Paine have

left their estimates of the man in works, unread and forgotten. Moved with the profoundest sorrow, the great Washington mourned his death. A man who was worthy of the friendship and esteem of such patriots, deserves a niche in his State's arch of triumph, and more than a passing notice at the hands of the State historian of the future.

Capt. Joshua Huddy was a worthy citizen of a colony full of patriotic men and women. Fearless and daring he was equal to any emergency. Brave and courageous, he was ready to hazard his all for country. Patriotic and loyal, he always followed duty's call. No wonder was it that throughout the old county of Monmouth, the name of Huddy was a bulwark to the cause of the colonists, and that he was intensely hated by the royalist refugees. Driven from New Jersey because of their English sympathies, these refugees were constantly plotting return raids which were often frustrated by the daring courage of Huddy. Yorktown's surrender had still more embittered them, for they saw that their exile would be for life, and here intensified bitterness longed for revenge. They had not long to wait, for the weakness of the garrison at the Toms River Block House was soon brought to their ears. Here in a rudely constructed barricade was their old enemy established with a small band of devoted followers. With a force of veterans and refugees which outnumbered Huddy's band four to one, they rushed to the attack. As long as their powder lasted, the slender patriot band repelled the enemy, but lack of ammunition and arms compelled them to surrender after inflicting severe punishment upon the enemy.

A prisoner of war, Captain Huddy

expected to be treated according to the code of war, but his brutal captors knew no law and recognized no rights of the captured. Frenzied from brooding over their fancied wrongs and the recent reverse of the loyalist cause, the brutal element was uppermost in them. Their thought was only of revenge, and Huddy was to be the victim. No question was raised as to his meriting death, for these men thought only of how to make his death more ignominious and barbarous. After treating him with unwonted cruelty, they hung him on a rudely built gallows on the Navesink, in violation of military usage and laws. With the same dauntless courage that had characterized his actions in time past, he met his fate.

Fired with indignation at this outrageous and dastardly proceeding, the people of Monmouth petitioned Continental Congress and Washington for retaliation. Such a flagrant violation of justice did this barbarous act appear to be that Washington ordered that an English officer be hung in retaliation. The honored name and noble character of the selected officer so appealed to the friends of the Continental cause that through the intercession of King Louis of France and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, he finally escaped his doom.

The death of Captain Huddy was one of the saddest episodes in the Revolutionary War, but it was the fitting climax of a patriot's life. Without a memorial and without an epitaph, he sleeps in his beloved soil not far from the historic Tennent church and near the last resting-place of his friend—Philip Freneau.

It is to the lasting disgrace of his native State that his fame is thus uncommemorated, but the absence of any

memorial may be explained by the fact that the farther removed we are in point of time from a great event, the more we seem to lose sight of its important relation to us. Such forgetfulness on the part of the State of so worthy a hero does not augur well for the future of our country, and exposes us as a State to the charge of not being public spirited and patriotic. Not thus did Greece and Rome remember their heroes, men no more patriotic than this valiant son of old Monmouth.

The lesson of Huddy's life is one of lofty and intense patriotism with nothing of the venal and mercenary in it.

Our country needs men and women of his type, earnest and whole souled in their patriotism. Less love of self and more love for country is the only guarantee of the future prosperity of our nation. Loyalty to country must be stamped indelibly on every citizen. This is a task of no mean importance, a labor of no mean difficulty. Public-spirited and patriotic men and women must take up this work and be willing to educate their fellows to rise above self, its meanness and its narrowness, into the loftier and broader plane of love for country.

Here is a work for the Daughters of the Revolution, if they would be worthy descendants, in aims and purposes, of Martha Washington and Abigail Adams. Personal sacrifices and time and money are necessary for the carrying on of this work of perpetuating the nation to which we owe our all. This is our duty, one that we owe to the founders of our Republic and to the stout heart of freedom on every soil and in every time who have made us the legatees of the sacred rights and duties of the individual.

THE COLONIAL CHAPTER TEA.

The Colonial Chapter has had few pleasanter reunions than the tea given by the members at the home of Mrs. Abraham Steers, the Regent, on the afternoon and evening of March 1st. These descendants of heroic ancestors ransacked wardrobe and safe deposit, opened many an oaken brass-bound chest and turned out the contents of many a strong-box, to bring forth the precious heirlooms handed down from mother to daughter since the days when States were Colonies and the Alleghanies were the far western boundary of the country. In these they bedecked themselves for the occasion, producing a genuine colonial revival. True, the spirit of our great Republic is that all men are born free and equal; but some have a greater heritage and, therefore, an advantage. The culture and refinement, wealth and social position represented there attested more truly than any parchment roll of genealogy the descent of these women, and showed how rightly they honor the memory of their Revolutionary ancestors.

The parlors of the Regent were appropriately decorated with the Colonial colors, buff and blue; the front parlor and adjoining music-room being used for receiving the guests and afterwards for their entertainment with song and recitation, while in the dining-room refreshments were served.

It would be a vain and mayhap a tedious task to attempt to describe in this, the publication of the Society, the costumes and jewelry of the ladies. The gowns of silk and satin seemed to feel their dignity and display it by the very stiffness of the materials from which they were made; add to this

the powdered hair and wigs of the ladies, crowning heads of finest mould, and framing faces of bewitching sweetness, and you will have the picture as it appeared.

Mrs. Steers was assisted in receiving and entertaining by Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham and Mrs. Smith Anderson, Mrs. L. S. Davis, Mrs. Slade, Mrs. Judson, Mrs. DeVolney Everett, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. C. O'Rourke, Mrs. Edgar Ketchum and Mrs. R. R. Smith, who in turn were assisted by these young ladies: Miss L. V. Steers, Miss M. B. Daniels, Miss Byrdee Randolph, Miss K. J. C. Carville, Miss James, Miss Wilbur, Miss A. M. Rasines, Miss Marguerite Ingraham, Miss Edith Ketcham, Miss Emily E. Mather. Mrs. J. W. French and Miss Slade gracefully handed each guest a souvenir cup and saucer.

Several musical artists, both vocal and instrumental, recalled the old time with beautiful tunes and songs, which were interspersed with entertaining recitations.

The spacious rooms were filled both afternoon and evening. This large and flourishing Chapter may well feel proud of the interest and enthusiasm of its members.

The proceeds from sale of tickets and fancy articles, amounting to several hundred dollars, will go to the benefit of impoverished female descendants of Revolutionary ancestors.

"We were delighted" at last we were doing something, and the dream of many days during our idle summer life was being fulfilled. We hope the work may go steadily on and prove a blessing to many.

A. MAUD FRENCH, *Secretary*.

FEBRUARY 19TH.

18



93.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION

CELEBRATE THE 161ST ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF WASHINGTON.

THE third annual service of the Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York was held in St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway, corner of Vesey street, on February 19th, at 4 P. M. Delegations from the Societies of Colonial Dames, Daughters of the Revolution and Colonial Wars were (by invitation) present. The church was most effectively decorated with the colors of the Society—buff and blue, and American flags. The "Sons" entered the church in procession, President Frederick S. Tallmadge at the head.

The especial service authorized by Bishop Potter and arranged by Dr. Daniel C. Weston, General Chaplain of the "Sons," was conducted by Dr.

Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity Parish. Dr. James S. Stone, Rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia, preached a most effective sermon. Dr. Weston, Dr. James Mulcahey, Dr. Maunsell Van Rensselaer and Dr. Brockholst Morgan, Chaplain of the New York Sons of the Revolution, assisted in the service, which was both impressive and imposing. Sister societies from different States were represented.

The dinner at Delmonico's on the 22d was the formal celebration and an important event. President Tallmadge presided. The speakers were Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Charles Isham, John C. Tomlinson and Asa Bird Gardiner, LL.D., General Sec'y of the Cincinnati.

CLIPPINGS FROM NEWSPAPERS.

There having been much controversy and misunderstanding of late upon the subject of the difference between the S. R. and the S. A. R., and upon the reasons why a union between them

was not effected, for the edification and information of our readers we publish some clippings principally from the New York *Tribune* of different dates.

(*New York Tribune, February 24th, 1893.*)

NOT THE FAULT OF THE S. A. R.

WHY THE TWO REVOLUTIONARY SOCIETIES
FAILED TO UNITE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE:

Sir: The explanation given by the Sons of the Revolution at their banquet, Wednesday night, of their failure to unite with the S. A. R. last week, will astound every Son of the American Revolution. There are many honorable men in the private membership of the Sons of the Revolution. Can it be possible that they will sustain a board of officers who themselves deliberately make union a flat failure, and who now by a suppression of the truth, seek to throw the blame on other shoulders? The officers of the Sons of the Revolution say the two societies did not unite because the Sons of the American Revolution would not submit their records of membership to inspection. Let me mention one or two facts which are not referred to in that statement.

The plan of union was drawn up by a committee of seven S. A. R. men and ten S. R. men. They labored over it for four months. The S. R. men absolutely had their own way in the conferences, and everything they wanted was put into the plan of union. The plan was reported to the two conventions last week. It provided, among other things, that when adopted by both societies the two societies should meet in joint convention "immediately thereafter," reaffirm the new constitution, elect officers and adjourn. The Sons of the American Revolution wanted to amend the new constitution and sent word honorably and squarely to the other society. Frederick S.

Tallmage, President of the New York Sons of the Revolution, came down at the head of a committee and made a long and earnest speech, stating that the S. R. had voted for the new constitution and imploring the S. A. R. to waive its desire to amend that document and adopt it without amendment. He said, among other things:

"This meeting, as we understand it, is to adopt or reject this constitution; and if there is anything imperfect about it let it be made right at some future time. But when we are just upon the eve of uniting under the same roof, with our hearts beating almost as one, don't let us for a trifling objection leave and part to-night, perhaps to meet no more * * * "every possible ground was gone over in those conferences." That report was made and adopted unanimously. Away with debate! Away with amendments! Let the future take care of itself. Let us unite, with one name and one country."

This long speech was accepted as meaning what it said. Mr. Tallmadge left the room, and the S. A. R. convention immediately complied with his wish, and, at a great sacrifice of its own feelings, waived its right to amend, adopted the constitution and plan verbatim, and sent word to that effect to the Sons of the Revolution. Mr. Tallmadge sent back word that "we will be down in five minutes" to go into joint convention, unite, complete the business and go home. Did they do that? No! What did they do?

Just before 6 o'clock, when daylight was almost gone, and after nearly two hours' delay, when every one was expecting the other society to appear for the joint convention, some S. R. men entered the S. A. R. convention. Be-

lieving that the S. R. convention was coming, the S. A. R. rose to their feet in a body and began to applaud. Some one called out, "Too previous, gentlemen ; take your seats !" The newcomers were a new committee from the S. R. convention. They took the floor and in behalf of their society "themselves proposed an adjournment, without union" for two months, and meanwhile the lists of membership of both societies to be revised by a special committee—a proceeding for which no committee could possibly have any authority, the constitution just adopted by both bodies leaving the decision upon qualifications for membership absolutely to the State societies. This proposition was regarded by the S. A. R. convention as a direct break of faith, as veiling some purpose not announced, and a movement to gain an advantage of some sort, which the S. R. did not have the honesty and courage to avow. The S. A. R. men indignantly and unanimously refused to consider the new proposition. They sent a committee to remind the S. R. that the new move was contrary to agreement and uncalled for, and to implore them to recede. The S. R. refused positively, whereupon the S. A. R. adjourned, feeling that they had been tricked and betrayed.

Now, who is to blame for the failure of union ? Let no man believe, for a moment, that the S. A. R. are afraid to show their records ! They now have a magnificent and absolutely unimpeachable set of records of proved eligibility to membership, largely the work of Dr. George Browne Goode, of the Smithsonian Institution. They are not afraid to show them. But they believe in honorable dealing among gentlemen ; in changing not, after one's word has been given ; and in the keeping of a

covenant solemnly entered into with a sister society. I will not impute a motive to the other side, but it must be solemnly affirmed that the failure of union last week rests absolutely and exclusively upon the Sons of the Revolution. The S. A. R. would not care to assert this, were it not that an utterly incorrect account is given by Mr. Tallmadge's society as to what actually occurred. The S. A. R. must not complain about "misrepresentations," when their own conduct on this and other occasions exposes them to the absolutely truthful charge, among honorable men, of discourtesy, concealment of the truth and unfairness.

HENRY HALL.

New York, Feb. 23, 1893.

(*The New York Tribune February 28th, 1893.*)

FROM REVOLUTIONARY SIRE.

THE QUESTION IS, WHO HAS A PEDIGREE
WITHOUT A FLAW ?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE.

Sir: In last Friday's edition of *The Tribune* appeared an article, signed Henry Hall, which implied dishonor, concealment of the truth and unfairness on the part of members of the Society of Sons of the Revolution during the recent congress that discussed the subject of uniting the two societies. As a constant reader of *The Tribune* I object to the terms when applied to some of the first gentlemen of the land, and as a member of the S. R., who would deprecate any union of the societies without a previous revision of the lists, and therefore directly under the head of Mr. Hall's count, I ask you to publish this protest. When your correspondent asserts "that the records of ancestry and descent of the members of the Society of Sons of the American Revo-

lution are authentic," he directly contradicts the late Historian-General of that Society, who pronounced many of them worthless. Mr. Hall is certainly disingenuous when he says: "The difficulty between the two societies in regard to qualifications for membership is overcome by a clause of the new constitution which provides that qualifications for membership shall be determined by each State Society." According to Mr. Cregar, late Historian-General of the Sons of the American Revolution, "This organization has societies on its lists that have no real and healthy existence, and still other societies that have failed to take proper precautions to require suitable evidence as to the eligibility of persons who have been admitted to membership. Some of them are purely paper organizations, and societies that have been nearly as careless in admitting members on insufficient proof of their qualifications."

The words of Mr. Cregar are directly opposed to those of Henry Hall. When a general officer of the S. A. R., and that one the Historian-General, says such things, it is not reasonable that the S. R. should demand a revision of the lists? If so many of these paper societies have failed to take proper precautions, what safety would there be in trusting further to them the qualifying of members? What veiled purpose could possibly be concealed in the proposal to revise the lists by an impartial commission? It will be a difficult task to deceive people with such language. The S. R. offered to submit their lists to the same tests as they asked for the lists of the S. A. R. Where lies the unfairness here?

In a *Tribune* editorial, written before the late disagreement, it is asserted, "The S. A. R. numbers about 4,000, and the S. R. about 1,400." Now I

propose a simple test of Mr. Hall's sincerity in this matter. I will deposit \$100 with the proprietor of *The Tribune*, to be applied to any charity he may designate, if Henry Hall, within one week from this date, will produce a correct list of the S. A. R. Society numbering within 200 of the 4,000 assigned to them by *The Tribune* editorial, said list to contain ancestry records and descent, with satisfactory proof of its correctness.

As Mr. Hall has been engaged in publishing lists of the S. A. R., he should be well qualified to comply with these conditions, if it is a possibility. Mere assertion is not proof; but if Mr. Hall can verify his statements by facts and figures I wish to know it.

For Mr. Hall's information I will state that the S. R. numbers over 2,300.

En terminant. Why does Mr. Hall speak of Dr. Tallmadge's society? Why not call it John Lee Carroll's society, or William Wayne's society? What is the animus here? L. J. ALLEN.

No. 56 Wall street, New York, Feb. 27 1893.

(*New York Tribune*, March 3d, 1893.)

THE S. R. AND THE S. A. R.

AND THE ISSUE ON WHICH THEY DISAGREED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE.

Sir: I have read with interest the letter of L. J. Allen in *The Tribune* of February 28th.

I am not fond of controversy, and I hesitate to reply to Mr. Allen, because continued discussion tends to confuse an issue and bring all concerned into disputatious and antagonistic frame of mind. Silence, however, sometimes tends to confusion, by appearing as an admission of the truth of some statement which is not true. I beg to be allowed to make a brief reply.

Let me say with reference to Mr. Cregar's criticisms on the membership rolls of a few of the smaller S. A. R. Societies, that Mr. Cregar, a bright, eager, enthusiastic and able man, a devoted member of the S. A. R., has now been dead nearly two years. The words he used were uttered two years ago. Mr. Cregar was requested by the S. A. R. to make certain investigations. He did so, and made his report to the National Society. He pleaded for immediate perfection of all the records of membership in the S. A. R. Although he lost his life shortly afterward by railroad accident, his words bore immediate fruit. The records of the membership of the S. A. R. were taken in hand vigorously by its officers; and they have now been brought into magnificent condition. Even if Mr. Cregar's words, uttered two years ago, were true then, they are not opposed to mine, uttered last week. And it is impossible for me to believe that the S. R. men can really entertain any serious doubts about the membership records of the S. A. R. at the present time.

Mr. Allen says: "Mr. Hall is certainly disingenuous when he says: The difficulty between the two societies in regard to qualifications for membership is overcome by a clause of the new constitution, which provides that qualifications for membership shall be determined by each State society." Allow me to say that I have never said anything of the sort, nor anything which could even be tortured into meaning that. I am puzzled to know how Mr. Allen could be so misinformed.

Mr. Allen offers to pay \$100 to any charity, to be designated by *The Tribune*, for "a correct list of the S. A. R. Society, numbering within 200 of the

4,000 assigned to them by *The Tribune* editorial, said list to contain ancestry records and descent, with satisfactory proofs of his correctness," to be produced within one week from date. Mr. Allen is safe in making this offer. The clerical labor of copying this list (even if I were authorized to copy it) would cost about \$100, perhaps more; and even then, Mr. Allen's money would not go to the man who did the work, but to some public charity. Did Mr. Allen expect his offer to be accepted?

The expression "Mr. Tallmadge's Society" was used by me as a compliment to Mr. Tallmadge and a convenient designation of "The Society of the Sons of the Revolution of New York," of which Mr. Tallmadge is President, and which he has worked so admirably and successfully to build up.

Let me repeat that the real issue is this: the two conventions met to carry out a programme unanimously agreed on by the representatives of both societies, and clearly indicated, in a printed document, which was reported to both conventions, and, as we understood, adopted by both conventions. The S. A. R. convention was clearly given to understand by Mr. Tallmadge, the official representative of the S. R. convention, in his admirable and courteous remarks that there could be union before night if the S. A. R. would follow the prescribed programme. The S. A. R. convention, at a positive sacrifice of their own feelings, did what the S. R. asked them to do, and followed the prescribed programme literally. The S. R. people then, after a delay, departed abruptly from the programme which their representatives had urged the S. A. R. convention to follow literally and from the

course which Mr. Tallmadge believed himself authorized to promise would be followed by his own society. They brought forward a new proposition, one part of it actually being an adjournment for two months. It really is of little consequence what the exact nature of the new proposition was, however. Any new proposition looking toward delay and not contemplated in the plan of union, and any proposition to adjourn without union, would have had the same force and effect as the particular proposition which was made. This new move was the real cause of the failure of the two societies to unite. Very respectfully,

HENRY HALL.

New York, March 2, 1893.

(*New York Tribune, March 11th, 1893.*)

THE REVOLUTION SOCIETIES.

THE VALUE OF ACCURATE RECORDS OF DESCENT FROM REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE.

Sir: After reading Mr. Hall's article in last Friday's *Tribune*, I have to congratulate him upon the great improvement in the tone of his writing. That so many readers of *The Tribune* are directly interested in the dispute of the two revolutionary societies must be my excuse for asking the privilege of a reply. I cannot agree with Mr. Hall that a free discussion of our trouble will tend to confuse the issue; on the contrary, it is already clearing somewhat; nor do I believe with him, that fair discussion will lead to such a disputatious and antagonistic frame of mind, as did the scurrilous effusion of February 24, in which a body of distinguished gentlemen are accused of "suppressing the truth, unfairness, lacking honesty and courage."

I am heartily glad to hear that the

S. A. R. now have a pedigree, thanks to Dr. Goode, though the method of organizing without one must always remain a reproach, but I am surprised, after Mr. Hall's eloquent appeal—"Let no man think that the S. A. R. is afraid to show its records. They have now a magnificent set of records of proved eligibility to membership. They are not afraid to show them"—to learn that even Mr. Hall doubts his access to them. How did he assure himself of their accuracy? This is in sad contrast with the experience of Mr. Cregar, late Historian-General of the S. A. R. In a report to his Society, speaking of the Sons of the Revolution, he says: "That organization has always maintained a high standard as regards membership qualifications, and has undoubtedly carried on the work of organization in a careful and conservative manner. Their publications, containing as they do carefully prepared membership lists, with full details as to the names, rank and revolutionary services of their members' ancestors, sufficiently demonstrate this fact to any impartial and unprejudiced mind. I am glad to say, however, that my conclusions are not drawn solely from these publications, but I have had the privilege of making a thorough examination of the original membership records, and other proofs of eligibility in the custody of the several societies of the Sons of the Revolution, and that I have been thoroughly impressed with the care which the officers and managers of those societies have taken to maintain a high standard of membership qualification, and to collect records which cannot fail to be an honor to the society and a great aid to historical and genealogical students." This, added to the quotations in my last letter, from the report of the same

devoted member of the S. A. R., demonstrates that the difference in the two organizations exists very largely in the fact of the S. R. requiring candidates to appear with a genuine pedigree when seeking admission to the society, instead of admitting them first, and then supplying a *decrochez-moi* pedigree and records by Dr. George Brown Goode of the Smithsonian. Again, Mr. Cregar says, and I have further testimony to the fact: "A general officer of the S. A. R. desiring to establish a branch of that society in the State of Pennsylvania issued a manifesto, in which the names of two distinguished revolutionary patriots were misspelled, and invited a Scotchman by birth and ancestry to establish a branch of the society in that State." As this same general officer figures largely in Mr. Hall's history of the S. A. R. as the organizer of State societies, it probably accounts for the circumstance that some of them are purely paper organizations.

Mr. Hall claims that Mr. Cregar's criticism referred to only a few of their State societies. On line 17, page 7, of the latter gentleman's report, it is stated: "The archives of the national society fail to throw any light on the membership of many of the other State societies." It is almost needless to state that Mr. Cregar's resolutions accompanying his report, which contained a recommendation to require all candidates to make affidavit that they at least believed their applications to be correct, and which would have wiped out so much of the 4,000, were rejected. I can assure Mr. Hall that a feeling of doubt regarding the accuracy of membership records of the S. A. R. prevails very generally among the members of the older society, and it will probably

continue to prevail until such complete lists are published as those of the Sons of the Revolution. Rumor has it, "that in California the S. A. R. lists are swelled with boys, in Connecticut women qualify as Sons and descendants of contractors for army trains are admitted, and in New Jersey descendants of mail wagon drivers are eligible."

Mr. Hall said, commencing on line 69 of his first letter: "The S. R. committee proposed that the lists of membership should be revised by a special committee, a proceeding for which no committee could have any authority, the constitution just adopted by both bodies itself leaving the decision upon qualifications for membership absolutely to the State societies." I took this to imply that it removed the necessity for revision. Let it mean what it may, it does not detract from the absurdity of leaving further qualifications for membership to societies that were originally worthless. Mr. Hall is in error when he says "that both sides adopted the constitution." Mr. Tallmadge could not have said so. Many members of the S. R. doubted their authority as delegates to adopt the new constitution without previously submitting it to the State societies, and to meet this objection a resolution was passed recommending its adoption. It was the careless reading of this resolution by the S. A. R. committee that caused much of the confusion.

My offer was made in good faith, though I certainly confess to some doubt about its acceptance, but not for the reason assigned by Mr. Hall. I thought his figures largely exaggerated regarding the members of the S. A. R., I knew them to be grossly misleading in regard to the S. R., and I doubted if he could substantiate the

former ; but "vox faucibus haesit" and I stand amazed to learn that one who has published and sold histories and lists of the S. A. R., and who I have heard is historian of that society, now doubts if he has access to or authority to copy such lists. The lists, so far as Mr. Hall's book goes, will be carefully scrutinized, and I promise the result to *The Tribune* at a future date.

When the committee from the S. A. R. reported "that they had adopted the new constitution, with a proviso reserving the right to change it a few minutes later, did the S. R. delegates regard it as a cause for dissolution? No, they remained at their posts until after the S. A. R. had adjourned. It is not so much a question "Who was responsible for the failure to unite?" as it is of "What caused such failure?" And it cannot be denied that union was defeated by the refusal of the S. A. R. to consider a proposition submitting the revision of both lists to an impartial commission.

In conclusion, I will state, that the Society of the Sons of the Revolution in New York now numbers more than 1,200. It celebrates the anniversaries of important Revolutionary events with appropriate ceremonies; it has marked many Revolutionary sites with suitable bronze tablets, and is continuing this work in a manner to make it one of great value from a historical point of view. It will, in June next, unveil a bronze statue, which in artistic conception and beauty of execution be a worthy monument to the memory of that long-neglected martyr-patriot, Nathan Hale. In fine, this society is quietly and unostentatiously carrying out the purposes for which it was formed. The records of its membership are open for the inspection of a responsible

person, and all who are properly qualified are heartily welcomed to its ranks, but it is not going to admit any element of doubt into those records for the purpose of securing the questionable advantage of mere numbers. Since writing the above, I have read in *The Tribune* a long argumental structure from Mr. Burrage, of Maine, intended to prove that the S. R. acted discourteously in making new propositions, after having adopted the constitution. All of this fabric falls to pieces, when it is clearly understood that the constitution was not adopted by the S. R. 56 Wall street, LOUIS J. ALLEN.

New York City.

(*New York Tribune*, March 19th, 1893).

SUMMARY OF THE S. R. AND S. A. R. CONTROVERSY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE.

Sir: The exceedingly interesting correspondence which you have printed concerning the S. R. and the S. A. R. is becoming so voluminous that it seems to require a digest for the public convenience. Thus :

1. The S. A. R. admit members according to the option of the particular State Society where the individual member applies. But once admitted, Dr. George Brown Goode of the Smithsonian Institution fixes up their pedigrees and credentials. (This is very good in Dr. Goode.) Vide Henry Hall's letter of February 24.

2. Some of the State societies of the S. A. R. admit persons of foreign birth, and some of them admit women who qualify as "Sons." (How does Dr. Goode manage in these cases?) Vide E. J. Allen's letter of March 11.

3. The S. A. R. has 4,000 members all collected as above, and vouched for by Dr. Goode. The S. R. has barely

1,000 members, and prints and circulates the names, pedigrees, ancestor's grade, rank and services for public inspection. Its membership does not require the services of Dr. Goode, since no one has been admitted to the S. R. without the above named requirements being first established.—Ibid.

Under this state of affairs it would appear to an outsider not so strange that the two societies did not coalesce—and that the S. R. would have nothing to gain and everything to lose, and the S. A. R. everything to gain and nothing to lose by such coalescence. The fact probably is, stripped of details, that two such radically different societies, different in rules, spirit and personnel, could not unite (however sincerely, for the sake of peace, they might attempt it), and that, if they did manage to unite, the same radical differences which separated them at the first would separate them again. Is it not the fact that the founders of the S. A. R. were seceders from the S. R., who left it because they desired a more liberal construction of the word "Sons?" The S. A. R. is a patriotic society like the Patria Club, The S. R. is a hereditary society like the Cincinnati. Neither is a military order like the Aztec Society or the Loyal Legion or the Grand Army of the Republic. Is not this the size of it?

JOHN DANE INWOOD.

New York, March 11, 1893.

(*The Orange, N. J., Chronicle, March 11th, 1893.*)

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

A business meeting of the Daughters of the Revolution was held on Tuesday, noon, at the residence of the State Registrar, Mrs. Edward P. Hamilton, 98 Harrison street, East Orange. It

was presided over by Miss Adeline W. Torrey, Regent of New Jersey. There were present from New York Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers, President-General of the Society, and Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham, Secretary-General; from the Oranges, Mrs. William Torrey Baird, Chapter Regent of Orange and South Orange, Miss Sara King Wiley, Chapter Regent of East Orange, Mrs. George Inness, Jr., Chapter Regent of Montclair; Mrs. F. E. Bradshaw, Mrs. L. D. Gallison and Miss Gallison, Mrs. Charles Hathaway, Mrs. C. Griffen, Mrs. Stephen Condict, Mrs. T. P. Hodges, Mrs. A. E. Barclay, Mrs. Frederick W. Kelsey, the Misses Duryee, of Fairview, N. J., Mrs. F. N. Class, Mrs. George O. Thomas and Miss Sarah Adams. A question as to the difference between the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the Revolution was answered by Mrs. Steers, the President General of the Daughters of the Revolution. She explained that "the older society, the Daughters of the American Revolution, admit all applicants, either direct descendants or collateral descendants, of those who took part in the Revolution, while the new society only admit as members ladies who are direct lineal descendants of Revolutionary heroes." It was self-evident that the Daughters of the Revolution should be daughters, not second cousins of third cousins by marriage of some one who was a Revolutionary hero.

(*The Orange, N. J., Chronicle.*)

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRONICLE.

Sir: In your issue of the 11th, in an article entitled "Daughters of the Revolution," Mrs. Steers, the Presi-

dent-General, is reported saying that the "Daughters of the American Revolution admitted all applicants, either direct descendants or collateral descendants of those who took part in the Revolution." Will you kindly correct this error? The Nora Cæsarea Chapter, the Society in New Jersey, have always rejected collaterals, and the National Society, at Washington, at their recent congress, eliminated the word collateral from their constitution. All members must prove conclusively that they are direct descendants.

RICHARD F. STEVENS.

Newark, N. J., March 13th, 1893.

In reply to the above the following clipping was sent :

(*New York Tribune, March 13th, 1893.*)

THE QUESTION OF COLLATERAL DESCENDANTS.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—The statement that the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution had voted to exclude collateral descend-

ants is at least premature. The question is to be submitted for discussion to all the chapters during the present year and the final vote will be taken at the next Congress in February, 1894. During the coming year all such applicants will be accepted as they have been heretofore.

We cannot understand why it is, some there be who raise such a hue and cry about "uniting," and protest that there should exist but one Society of the "Sons" and one of the "Daughters." Unity has not been the rule in this world. It might as well be said—there should be but one Church, one College, one Yacht club, one Athletic club, to sum it up—*one country, one world.* The Creator of All, in His infinite wisdom gave us diverse minds and aspirations, therefore some believe in principle at the expense of numbers. Others in numbers *at any cost*, hence S. R. and S. A. R.—D. R. and D. A. R. The choice is before you, take it, friend, and go your way rejoicing.

"THE NEW AMSTERDAM GAZETTE"

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SONS OF THE REVOLUTION,

ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY,

HOLLAND SOCIETY,

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION,

SOCIETY OF 1812,

AND THE

SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS.

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MAGAZINE

OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1893.

No. 3.

AN INFANT CELEBRATION.

THE Fourth of July is to the citizens of the United States of America one of those occasions when the years clasp hands across the chasm of time, and the present, rich in its rapidly accumulating treasures of progress, stops to gaze down the ever lengthening corridor at the past, whose memory is our choicest treasure.

In the year 1789 the American Republic was only a babe in swaddling clothes, but the troublous period of the Revolution was practically over, and the great experiment of a new dispensation had been tested and pronounced a success; therefore, the patriotic burghers of the City of Albany determined to crown the youthful goddess of Liberty with mark of their approval by celebrating the anniversary of Freedom in most fitting manner; having in mind a due sense of the importance of the occasion, every preparation had been made, and the day was ushered in by booming of cannon and ringing of bells. The colonial architecture of this infant seat of state government had scarce begun to peep out from under a misty morning blanket ere the community began pouring into the streets, and the gathering throng was swelled by a constant stream from the surrounding country-side—they crossed the ferry, sailed in on sloops,

paddled in their canoes, came by stage, farm wagons, on horseback, pilion, on foot, and by every possible means then known and used, all eager to witness the wonderful pageant, and take part in the celebration. The homespun garments of the country people, scrupulously clean and neat, were indicative of economy and care, and the well-filled baskets of provisions and bags of provender denoted forethought both for man and beast. All was eager expectation, and as forty-two years had yet to elapse before the railroad was evolved, there was no delayed train, with high officials on board, to wait for. His Excellency, Governor Clinton, and others who were to swell the dignity of the occasion, had "taken time by the forelock" and arrived the day before. The high officials and dignitaries gathered at the City Hall, from the dome of which, and from every steeple and many a housetop the beloved flag, emblem of our freedom, bravely flung forth to the breeze its stars and stripes to gladden every eye.

At last is heard by the waiting throng the welcome sound of the fife and drum, and soon appear the Continental Corps, in three-cornered hats, long-tailed blue coats, stockinged legs, and knee-breeches, and are looked upon as a fine body of the military; and the

evolutions, practiced on rare occasions, such as "training days," are regarded as a display worth travelling miles to witness; these were reviewed by Governor Clinton and his staff, after which the procession proceeded to the Lower Ferry in the following order:

Troop of Light Horse, commanded by Lieutenant Dirck Ten Broeck.

Artillery Company, Captain Hale.

Light Infantry Company, Captain Hilton.

The Honorable the Corporation.

His Honor the Lieutenant Governor.

Notable men of the city.

The whole closed by a very numerous concourse of people.

Upon reaching the ferry a short time was taken for rest, after which the artillery fired thirteen rounds of cannon, followed by several volleys from the muskets of the respective companies. The fusilade ended with a *feu de joie*, fired by the *whole* of the military with sounding effect. "They then performed a few manœuvres, to the great satisfaction of every spectator, after which the procession returned to the City Hall, where a refreshment was provided, which the heat of the day and fatigue of the troops rendered acceptable and necessary."

The procession here broke up, and a large party of the leading gentlemen determined to finish the eventful day by dining together at Arbor Hill. Accordingly mounting their horses, they trotted along a pleasant country road leading to the little German Church, which once was the Mecca of the highway. Our notables, however, paused at the sign of the Orange Tree, in order to enjoy one of John Winkworth's famous repasts, which, we are assured, not only "gave the greatest satisfaction to every member of the company, but called forth the repeated approba-

tion of the table," owing to the taste with which every "article" was provided and prepared. In the course of the afternoon the Military Corps, in their parade through the city, reached Arbor Hill, and "were politely requested by the gentlemen to partake of a refreshment, which they as politely accepted, and during the short time of their presence added much to the pleasure of the company." We are not informed as to whether the refreshment took the shape of syllabub or punch, in the concoction of which Mr. Winkworth excelled; but we may be morally sure that it was neither ice-cream nor the everescent soda. Throughout the account of this early celebration of Independence there is no allusion to a Fourth of July oration, yet we cannot believe that the traditional speech was omitted, for the antique page, with its curious old-time lettering (which has been an authentic source of information) states, with much positiveness "that every countenance seemed full of congratulation on the occasion which had assembled them together; and that "every American breast was filled with thankfulness and rapture." The chronicler of the day further remarks: "On an occasion like the present, when every class of our fellow-citizens become sharers in the public satisfaction, none among us can be found insensible of the grandeur of the event we join to commemorate, nor ungrateful to the dispenser of human affairs for the means by which it pleased His goodness gradually to prepare us, and conduct us to the enjoyment of the greatest of human blessings." * * * * * "On every succeeding Fourth of July the commemoration of this never-to-be-forgotten event must animate every American with fresh resolution ever to guard this glorious

fabric of Liberty with pious zeal; it is the business of all to join in watching and protecting an edifice whose structure is cemented by the blood of thousands of our fellow-citizens, and at whose altars have been sacrificed the choicest of our chosen heroes. A deviation from the paths of Liberty and Virtue, a departure from the principles which protected our privileges and gained us a rank among nations, would be an unpardonable insult to the memory of those warriors, and a most accomplished piece of treachery to true patriotism."

This early celebration, with its meagre procession of a troop having

only three commanders, and where all the military were able to discharge their firearms simultaneously, and be entertained by a few gentlemen, without depleting their pockets or bursting their ear-drums, is a striking contrast to the brilliant pageants of this Columbian year, when the nations of the world come to do our country homage.

Yet the noble sentiment of loyalty which gave life, health and strength to the young nation is a testimony of the matchless patriotism of the period, which cannot be excelled in all succeeding time.

E. MERSEREAU NEWTON.

REMINISCENSES OF OLD NEW YORK.

By MR. WILLIAM TORREY.

(Concluded.)

The educational institutions during the first quarter of the century were as follows :

Although memory may fail as to some, Columbia College, formerly foot of Park Place, has long been the pride and honor of our city, and it doubtless is a source of joy to all lovers of learning that through the augmentation of its funds, principally by the sale of the former site, and the rise in value of the lands included in Dr. Hosack's "Botanic Garden," which fell into the possession of the College; large and appropriate halls and buildings are being erected adequate to its wants in the vastly increased population of our city. It is to be hoped that the substitution of boat and ball clubs in place of intellectual occupation will not be suffered to do the harm that is feared by many.

The Public School Society did a noble work in its day, in which the Friends,

or Quakers, took an active part. It is now superseded by Legislative enactments, and we can take pride in the results in all except the sin and shame of making the Bible a closed book in the schools.

The New York Society Library was formerly on Nassau street, between Liberty and Cedar. It is a venerable and useful institution.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

The Orphan Asylum, Mr. McFarlane superintendent, and *Tom Birch* assistant, was upon Bank street, in Greenwich village. It was non-sectarian, and its chief workers were ladies, among whom were Mrs. General Hamilton, Mrs. Isabella Graham and her daughter, Mrs. D. Bethune, who, with others, devoted themselves in a self-sacrificing manner to this good work.

The society for the relief of poor

widows with small children still carries on its good work. To the honor of the present day of enlarged liberality it is only necessary to state that membership in either of these two societies was by payment of *three dollars a year*, and it was considered as a sufficient reason by many to decline an application to become a member of one, that the party was a member of the other.

City Hospital, then situated on Broadway, opposite to what is now Pearl street. The amount of suffering that has been relieved or cured by it is beyond computation. In those days Mr. Wetmore, father of the noble Apollos R. Wetmore, who has just left us for the society of "the just made perfect," was the superintendent.

The City Alms House, although an official institution, should not be omitted; an immense amount of suffering has been alleviated by means of it. It was situated on Chambers street on the site of Tweed's City Hall.

New York Dispensary. Its promoters have for many long years been going, and are still enlarging their field of usefulness; its work is done without ostentation.

Sailors' Snug Harbor. Its founder, Captain Randall, devoted his property on the north of Washington Square to the support of indigent and worn-out seamen. It is a noble and blessed institution, occupying large buildings on the north side of Staten Island, supported by the vast increase in value of the farm thus bequeathed to it.

Within the period included in these reminiscences three noble institutions were also established, the details of whose benevolence is patent to us all, namely, The Insane, Blind, and Deaf and Dumb Asylums.

College of Physicians and Surgeons.

It is a matter of doubt whether to include this among the *Benevolent* or *Educational* institutions, but at any rate it has done, and is doing, a good work in both departments.

American Bible Society. Instituted in 1816. Elias Boudinot, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was its first president. This and the American Tract Society are among the institutions which are the glory of our land. Both were originated in the first quarter of the century, as were also the Episcopal Bible and Prayer Book and the New York Missionary Societies. When visiting the Isle of Wight (England), in 1836, the writer purchased, brought home, and presented to the Tract Society the arm chair in which *Elizabeth Walbridge*, the *Dairyman's Daughter*, died. This chair was long occupied by the President at the annual meetings.

HOLIDAYS AND AMUSEMENTS.

Fourth of July and Evacuation Day (November 25th) were both alike observed by a parade of all uniformed military organizations, and building of booths around the Park and Battery. Major-General Morton was in full panoply, and were there any foreign officers in the city he generally invited them to join in the review. I have frequently seen Field Marshal Moreau, who was in exile from France, and who was unfortunately killed by a cannon shot from one of the French batteries near Leipzig in 1813. The military division was then called "The Artillery," although almost all paraded with muskets. It is now called the "National Guard." The writer was a member of the 9th Regiment, commanded by Richard Kingsland, and subsequently by James Fisk.

THE PARK THEATRE.

This was for many years the only theatre, and was under the management of Stephen Price. It was builded between Ann and Beekman streets, facing Park Place, in 1798.

City Assembly. An association of young men who held balls in the City Hotel at intervals, which were generally managed by Monsieur Chervauld, who held "Publics" about once a month for public practice of his pupils, to which their relatives and friends were invited. They were quite unobjectionable and without any of the modern features which offend the moral sense of so many.

After the building of Washington Hall, in 1810, Monsieur Borean also pursued the same course with his pupils.

Peale's Museum was a place of general resort, and deservedly so.

Contoilt's Garden was on Broadway, near the Battery, until 1807 or 8, when he removed up town on Broadway, 100 feet between Leonard and Franklin streets, with a lot in continuance on Franklin street. As an evidence of the rise in values, he paid for 50 feet on Broadway, with a three-story brick-front house upon one lot, and about 125 feet in depth, including also the lot on Leonard street, ten thousand dollars, and the payment was entirely in silver dollars and crowns taken in at the Garden, and brought in flour barrels by public carts.

Vauxhall Garden. This and the other like places were evening resorts, and the refreshments almost entirely ice cream, lemonade, mead, spruce beer and cake.

The open ground resorts were mainly the Battery, the Park, St. John's Park, and Dyde's Hotel, the last having extensive grounds, in fact a small farm

on Broadway, west side, between Fourth and Sixth streets (now Waverly Place). This was far out of town.

Hoboken was largely resorted to after the ferry boats made quicker passages.

WAR OF 1812.

The depredations upon our commercial marine and the war with England of 1812 so largely affected the growth and prosperity of our city that a brief review of events may be excused.

The business of the city had not recovered from the torpidity caused by the embargo of 1807 and the non-intercourse of about 1810. In fact, it could not, even if free from all our own governmental restrictions, while France and England continued their thievish and brutal depredations upon our commerce, and if war is ever justifiable it was called for from the formation of our government until 1812. Doubtless France began its open onsets upon our commercial marine, first by the decrees of Bonaparte dated from Berlin and Milan directing the confiscation of neutral merchant vessels bound to and from ports of Great Britain, or its allies, and upon the maxim that two wrongs make a right, the British Government issued "orders in council" to do the like to all vessels to or from France and its allies. The British Government went further, and had previously done so, by not only impressing their own subjects on shore, but claimed and exercised the right to search for and impress any found on board neutrals, and all who were, or supposed to be such, were forcibly carried away. Our Government claimed that free ships made free goods, but beyond the searching of our merchant vessels, a commander of a British

seventy-four gun ship once actually claimed the right and impudently exercised it upon our frigate *Chesapeake* in *Chesapeake Bay*, a procedure which eventually cost us the life of our beloved Commodore Decatur, who fell in a duel growing out of unfortunate remarks of Decatur respecting that event.

The declaration of war, June 18th, 1812, against England was opposed by the Federalists, mainly on the ground that as France was the first confiscator of our ships, and as this was the procedure most fatal to our commerce, and, moreover, as it was the party with which we could cope more on a par, the war should have been declared against France. Although England richly deserved aggressive measures by us, yet France, they said, could be more easily assailed, and might have been more safely dealt with. Still our demand as neutrals that "free ships make free goods," and denying right of search, and that the flag should protect the ship, were attained in fact, if not in words, as the result of the war of 1812.

Peace was concluded in the latter part of 1814, but there being no steamers, the intelligence did not arrive in New York until early in February, 1815. Peace was proclaimed, and the city illuminated on Washington's birthday, 1815. The losses of commerce, and in any other way, were borne by all parties patriotically. All joined in the processions to build forts at Manhattanville, and Fort Greene, Brooklyn. Even ladies and ministers worked to the best of their abilities.

NEWSPAPERS.

The "Evening Post," William Coleman, editor, and the "Commercial Advertiser," Zachariah Lewis, editor, were both evening papers, as now, and

were Federal in politics. The "Public Advertiser," James Cheatham, editor, was Republican or Democratic. The "New York Gazette" was a morning paper, mainly commercial. These were the only newspapers for the largest part of the first quarter century. There was an abundance of venom in their editorials, except the "Gazette," but not more than now. The "Courier and Enquirer," although not among the early journals, was prominent. For some years M. M. Noah was the editor. He published a list of gentlemen in this city worth \$100,000 or more each, and it was not a long list. The "Journal of Commerce" was first issued about 1826. I do not remember that there were any religious journals, no National Societies being formed prior to the American Bible Society in 1816 and the American Tract Society in 1821, except the "New York Observer" started in 1823. Efforts for the spread of religion being mainly the work of the second and third quarters of the century, all previous movements were generally sectarian or preparatory to the noble institutions so much the glory of the present time.

A prominent character in this city was Thomas Paine. He obtained considerable notoriety, although an Englishman, by writing in favor of independence during the War of the Revolution, but more by his infidel productions. I remember his appearance in about 1808 as an old, worn-out debauchee, with a red face and red blossomed nose, and also his dilapidated clothing, being altogether an object to excite mingled pity and abhorrence. He died in Greenwich village in 1809, in a house on Columbia (now Grove) street, a little east of what is now called Bleeker street, and was attended in his last illness by Dr. James M. Manley. On

one of his visits Dr. Manley took the wife of the writer, then a young girl, with him, and she describes the sick man and his surroundings as of the most forlorn character. He repeatedly cried out, "Lord save me, Jesus Christ save me," and would relapse into infidel exclamations. He was also administered to by a benevolent Quaker lady, but paid no heed to her exhortations.

His infidel associates deserted him in this his time of sore distress. A life of Paine was written and published by William Cobbett in 1796, a copy of which I have. In it is this remarkable prophecy: "Whenever or wherever he breathes his last he will excite no sorrow, no friendly hand will close his eyes, not a groan will be uttered, not a tear will be shed."

CRIES.

I have omitted any allusion to the "cries" of New York. They were as I remember:

Strawberries, carried around by the Jersey women in small baskets, each covered by a chesnut leaf, and strung on long poles carried on each side.

Hot corn, baked pears, by colored women, and sold at night, they sitting on the curb of the sidewalk and uttering their cries at short intervals. *Milk* was carried around by men on foot, bearing from a yoke on the shoulders two large kettles, not one for milk and the other for water, but both intermingled as now.

Buttermilk, or, as the colored men slaves called it, "Buttermilleck," was carried around in the old-fashioned high churn placed in a wheelbarrow, *Tea rusks*, carried around on afternoons by apprentices of the bakers, hot and nice, and covered in the baskets with a green baize cloth, and carried on the shoulders, being held by a handle on the side. The cry was always "*Tea ruck*." *Clams*, cried as "*Fine sand clams*, from Rockaway," and carried on carts through the streets. *Cat tails*, which were largely used for filling bed ticks. One drunken fellow carried on this trade for years, looking always as if he would fall off the cart, and crying "Cat tails to make feather beds ahoy." With this respectable gentleman I close.

AN IMITATION LIBERTY BELL.

Is *Liberty* so poor and degraded?
 Has all her boasted glory faded?
 That the "Daughters" of this fair land
 Must gather scraps from every hand?
 Must cry aloud in public places
 With eager longing in their faces,
 Holding out beseeching palms
 To gather in the sought-for alms—
 To make a bell—to toll their knell?

Daughters of Revolutionary Sires,
 Who keep alive the sacred fires
 On Liberty's altar—pure and bright,
 Day by day and night by night ;
You need no medley alarm bell,
 No brazen motley tongue to tell
 Your *lineal* descent from those
 Whose *patriotism* the record shows.
The buff and blue—forever true?

Is she who would *thus* ring Liberty's glory
 Descendant of Patriot or of Tory?

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION FROM A DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION.

HOW the news of the battle of Lexington was received at Stockbridge, Mass.

Copied from an old manuscript left by my grandfather, Col. Wm. Edwards.

"In April, 1775, when I was about four-and-a-half years old, one Sabbath morning an express messenger arrived from Cambridge giving an account of the battle of Lexington, and requiring the minute men to march at once for Boston. Esquire Woodbridge and Deacon Nash were near neighbors to us, and at 8 A. M. they came down the road, each with a gun, and Father (*Hon. Timothy Edwards) met them at the cross roads in front of his house with

a gun in his hands. They each fired in succession, and this was the signal for the minute men to assemble with guns and knapsacks. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Dr. West, came and made a prayer; it was a rainy morning, and the people collected on the piazza of my father's house. The men who had enlisted as "minute men" marched before twelve o'clock that day. This promptness shows the spirit of the times." FANNY EDWARDS ROGERS.

OLD LETTER.

STATEN ISLAND, July 20, 1800.

DEAR SIR: At the time I received your letter per Mr. Kortright, Mrs. Cornelius Mersereau happened to be

on the island at her son Henry's, whither I instantly repaired with the letter addressed to Cornelius Winans. On being made acquainted with the contents, I, in consideration of her inability to travel, readily undertook to see to the business myself, knowing that her influence would be unavailing.

* NOTE—Judge Timothy Edwards was the eldest son of Jonathon Edwards, the most acute metaphysician and sound theologian that our country ever produced.

* * * I must observe, however, that I conceive but little hopes from this quarter, as Mrs. Mersereau told me that Mr. Wade had not, when she left Hackensack, made sale of the land, as directed to, to be sold by Mr. John Mersereau. * * * Say nothing, I beseech you, about any trouble you give me since I take pleasure in executing your commands, and have only to regret the infirmities that prevent you from travelling as formerly, as I know your capability of doing business would remove many obstacles.

I suppose you have long ere this heard of the death of General Lamb. Thus our old warriors are removed from the stage of life to make room perhaps for another race of heroes.
* * *

A number of suicides have recently taken place in the City of New York, among them the eldest son of Bishop Provost.

European news are at present much in favor of France. It is said that Moreau has gained great advantages over the Austrian army on the Rhine; that General Massena, who has been for a long time besieged in Geneva, has been relieved by Bonaparte, and that three-fourths of the besiegers have been killed or taken. A letter from Egypt contains this information. A most extraordinary and unexpected event has occurred in this quarter since the date of the report communicated in our last retrospect; and that is, that General Kleber, who resided behind with his army, and did not accompany the officers that have already reached Toulon, has had an engagement with the army of the Grand Vizier, and actually slaughtered ten thousand of them and routed all the rest, who have ever since been flying in every possible direction. The cause of this unex-

pected event remains likewise at present involved in much mystery; but this is also generally referred to the politics of the Cabinet of Great Britain. The common report is that on the arrival of the French troops at Alexandria for embarkation, they found the Port blocked up by Lord Keith, in consequence of the convention of Sir Sidney Smith not having been ratified at home. All, therefore, that remained to be done was to prohibit immediately the entrance of the Turkish army into Cairo, to retain possession of the forts which had not been surrounded, and to hazard a general engagement. This was probably an encounter the Turks as little expected, as the French themselves, and undisciplined and unprepared as they were, their whole armament, collected at such an infinite expense, and requiring such a long period of time for arrangement, has been completely cut to pieces, and all Egypt once more became the unrivalled possession of France. There is another report, however, that the engagement was brought on in consequence of the Turks having massacred in cold blood a large body of French soldiers and many of their men of letters. Capt. Stanwood, lately arrived here, sailed from Martinico the 5th July instant; on that day a British packet arrived there from Falmouth in 18 days, the commander of which told Capt. Stanwood that on his passage he fell in with a British frigate bound to the first port in England he could make with dispatches from Lord St. Vincent to the Board of Admiralty, stating that the Brest fleet, consisting of 51 sail of the line, besides smaller vessels, was out of the harbor, and requesting reinforcement. It was added that another insurrection had broken out in Ireland, which had assumed a for-

midable aspect, and occasioned considerable alarm to the British Government. It is supposed that the Brest fleet is destined for Ireland. Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Bordeaux to his friend in Boston, dated April 30th : By news from Paris yesterday, it appears the negotiations were in a favorable train, and that the treaty will be completed and signed in the month of May; but as it must go to America and be ratified before the intercourse will be opened, we do not expect any American vessels here till October, or perhaps later.

Little news stirring on Staten Island, except that pride, ambition and arrogance have risen to a great pitch; and some characters particularly render

themselves ridiculous by their hauteur and imperious carriage.

I stay for the summer season at Mr. Cruser's and have very little communication with the nobility. I ever was a friend to sincere friendship and plain dealing. I, therefore, avoid the company of such as are capable of dissimulation, duplicity and design, and hope ere long to be somewhere seated where I shall not experience so much of it as I have done for some years past.

I beg leave to assure you and Mrs. Mersereau of my continued esteem and regard, and hope ever to remain, inviolably,

Your affectionate friend,

ABRM. BANCKER.

TROUBLE TOWN.

This word on "Trouble Town" is perhaps the best thing in Mr. Robert Loveman's little volume of "Poems" from Tuscaloosa, Ala :

As I came down from Trouble Town,
I met an angel on the way,
A radiant angel on the way ;
She looked into my aching eyes ;
O angel good, and true and wise,
She whispered hope, O vision rare,
She bade me bravely burdens bear,
She kissed away each fading frown,
As I came down from Trouble Town.

I'm glad I've been to Trouble Town,
Else might I ne'er have known or seen—
O hast thou never known or seen,
When struggling back to life and hope,
The vision on some sunny slope,
With eager arms and eyes of light,
While once again the earth was bright?
God, it is good that, king or clown,
We all must go to Trouble Town.

OBITUARY.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

ENTERED into her Heavenly rest, Alice Wiley Hamilton, wife of Edward P. Hamilton, of East Orange.

Just at setting-sun on Sunday evening, May 7th, the spirit of a noble woman, severed from this mortal body, and passed beyond the gates of the Infinite.

Alice Wiley, in her early childhood, showed great strength of character, and was ever ready to do the right thing at the right time. She never took any action without deliberation, but when she did move she did not give up until the object was attained.

In 1870 she was married to Edward P. Hamilton, by whom she had three children, two of whom, a daughter and a son, survive her. In home life she was a loving, true-hearted wife and mother; in church work ready and active; in social life charming and unaffected.

She was a woman of high integrity and honor, of sense and sound judgment, cool and clear-headed, who knew where she stood and why she stood there, but withal quiet and sedate in manner.

She possessed in a most admirable degree the union of strength and gentleness, of calmness and deep emotion. Such were the characteristics of this woman who has passed away at the age of forty-eight, leaving a blank silence and loneliness in her house that nothing can ever fill.

Home was the scene of her delight, and there she was most conspicuous.

Mrs. Hamilton was chosen for her position as Registrar for New Jersey for her intrinsic worth and for her capability of filling the office.

The Daughters of the Revolution meet with a heavy loss in her death.

She was a member of Trinity Congregational Church, and one of the active workers in it. She was greatly interested in the Daughters of the Revolution. She was at one time on the directory of the Orange Memorial Hospital, and also of the Orange Orphan Home, and connected with nearly all the organized charities of the vi-

cinity. The funeral services were held at the residence on Tuesday afternoon, and were very largely attended. They were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Fritz W. Baldwin, of Trinity Congregational Church. The services were very simple and appropriate. The interment took place in Rosedale Cemetery.

"The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us angels of young children with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!"

MRS. LOUIS DE. B. GALLISON.

State Historian, D. R.

Miss Adeline W. Torrey, State Regent of New Jersey, called a special meeting of the Executive Committee at the house of Mrs. Louis D. Gallison, in Orange, to take action regarding the death of Mrs. E. P. Hamilton, State Registrar of the Society, and the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, By the inscrutable decrees of Providence, we have been called upon to mourn the death of Mrs. Edward P. Hamilton, Registrar of the Daughters of the Revolution for New Jersey, and

Whereas, We are desirous of placing upon record some testimonial of our sense of the loss and of our respect and esteem for the deceased as an officer and a member of our order, therefore

Resolved, That by the death of Mrs. Hamilton, the Daughters of the Revolution have lost one who was and would have been a useful, honored and respected member, possessing as she did in the highest degree the confidence of all, and who was called on account of her sterling worth, patriotism and ability to the position of honor and trust with which her office as Registrar endowed her.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the magazine of the Daughters of the Revolution, and a copy thereof furnished to the family of the deceased in token of our sympathy with them in this hour of affliction.

In Executive Council, South Orange, N. J., May 16th, 1893.

ADELINE W. TORREY,

MRS. ROBERT WARD,

State Regent.

State Secretary.

ANCESTRY.



SCHUYLER PEDIGREE.

PHILIP SCHUYLER=MARGUERITA VAN SLICHTENHORST.

Peter Schuyler=Marie Van Rensselaer.

Peter Schuyler, Jr.=Catherine Groesbeck.

Col. Stephen Schuyler=Engeltie Van Vechten.

Surgeon Matthias Burnett Miller.

John Schuyler=Maria (Miller) M'Coun.

Hendrick Rutgers.

Wm. Bedlow==Rutgers.

Surgeon
Ebenezer Crosby==

==Bedlow.

William Bedlow Crosby==Harriet Clarkson.

Angelica Schuyler-----Clarkson Floyd Crosby.

Wm. Augustus Thompson=Harriette Clarkson Crosby.

Schuyler Crosby Thompson.

Wm. Leland Thompson.

Floyd Clarkson Thompson.

Angelica Schuyler Thompson.

Richard * * *
Susana Floyd.

Richard Margaret
Floyd==Nicoll

Nicoll Tabitha
Floyd==Smith.

Gen. Wm. Isabella
Floyd==Jones.

Rev. Wm. Catherine
Clarkson==Floyd.

PHILIP PIETERSE SCHUYLER came from Amsterdam, Holland, before the year 1650, when he was married. He first appears in Beverwyck, now Albany. A full account of him and his family will be found in "Colonial New York," by George W. Schuyler, and also very much of interest in Mrs. Lamb's "History of New York."

PHILIP PIETERSE SCHUYLER married December 12th, 1650, Margareta Van Slichtenhorst, dau. of Arentse Van Slichtenhorst. He died May 9th, 1683. She died 1711, nearly 84 years.

Children :

- i. GYSBERT² SCHUYLER, born July 2d, 1652, died young.
- ii. GEERTRU² SCHUYLER, born February 4th, 1654, died about 1719 in New York. She married September 10th, 1671, Stephanus Van Cortlandt, who died November 25th, 1700. He was son of Olof Stevense Van Cortlandt and Anneke Lookermans.
- iii. ALYDA SCHUYLER, born February 28th, 1656, d. —, married 1st, February 10th, 1675, Rev. Nicolaus Van Rensselaer, son of Kilian and Anna (Van Wely) Rensselaer. He died November, 1678. She married 2d, 1679, Robert Livingston, who died about 1728.
- *iv. PETER² SCHUYLER, born September 17th, 1657.
- v. BRANT² SCHUYLER, born December 18th, 1659, died about, 1702, married July 12th, 1682, Cornelia Van Cortlandt, sister of Stephanus Van Cortlandt.
- vi. ARENT² SCHUYLER, born June 25th, 1662, died about 1731,

He married 1st, November 26th, 1648, Jenneke Teller, daughter of Wm. Teller, died about 1700. He married 2d, January 1703, Swantie Van Duyckhuysen, who died 1722-23.

- vii. SYBILLA² SCHUYLER, born November 12th, 1664, died young.
- viii. PHILIP² SCHUYLER, born Feb. 8th, 1666, died May 24th, 1724, married 1st, July 25th, 1687. Elizabeth De Meyer, daughter of Nicholas De Meyer, and "soon after removed to Kingston," and lived in New York, Albany and Schenectady. He married 2d, "19th May, 1719, Capt. Philip Schuyler, widower of Elizabeth De Meyer, and Mrs. Catherine Schierph, widow of Ritsiert Brower."
- ix. JOHANNES² SCHUYLER, born April 25th, 1668, died February, 1747, married 1695, Elizabeth Staats, widow Johannes Wendal, and daughter of Doctor Abraham Staats. She died June, 1737
- x. MARGARET² SCHUYLER, born January 2d, 1672, died May 15th, 1748, married 1st, September 8th, 1691, Jacobus Verplanck son of Gulian and Hendrickje (Wessels) Verplanck. He died 1700. She married, 2d, November, 1701, John Collins, who died April 13th, 1728.

COLONEL PETER² SCHUYLER (*Philip*):

The Quidor of the Indians and the "First Mayor of Albany." He was born September 17th, 1657, and died February 19th, 1724. He married 1st, Engeltie Van Schaick, dau. of Goosen

Gerritse Van Schaick, and his second wife Annatje Lievens. She died 1689.

They had :

- i. MARGARITA³ SCHUYLER, born November, 1682, married Robert Livingston, Jr. (Robert,² Robert.¹)

- ii. PHILIP³ SCHUYLER, bp. August 17th, 1684, died young.

- iii. ANNA³ SCHUYLER, bp. September 12th, 1686, died at the age of 12 years.

- iv. GERTRUDE³ SCHUYLER, bp. August 17th, 1689, died young.

Col. Peter Schuyler married 2d, September 4th, 1691, Maria³ Van Rensselaer (Jeremiah² Kile¹), daughter of Jeremiah Van Rensselaer and Maria (Van Cortland) Van Rensselaer.

They had :

- v. MARIA³ SCHUYLER, bp. May, 1692, married Abraham Staats and had two sons, Peter and Barent, and a daughter Annatje. She died before her father.

- vi. GERTRUDE³ SCHUYLER, bp. February 11th, 1694, married June 13th, 1714, Johannes Lamseng.

- vii. PHILIP³ SCHUYLER, bp. January 15th, 1697, d. s. p. 1758, married December 29th, 1720, Marguerita Schuyler, daughter of Johannes² Schuyler (Philip) and Elizabeth (Staats) Schuyler, died August 28th, 1782, in her 83d year.

- *viii. PETER³ JR., bp. January 12th, 1698.

JEREMIAH³, bp. January 12th, 1698, twin with the last, buried at the Flats, December 10th, 1753, married Su-

sanna —, a French lady of New York.

FOURTH GENERATION.

PETER³ SCHUYLER, JR. (Peter², Philip¹), bp. January 12th, 1698, married November 4th, 1722, Catherine Groesbeck.

They had :

- i. PETER⁴ SCHUYLER (second Jr.) bp. February 20th, 1723, married Gertrude Schuyler, daughter of John² and Elizabeth (Staats) Schuyler. He was buried at the Flats, September 2d, 1753.

- ii. ELIZABETH⁴ SCHUYLER, bp. January 3d, 1725, married January 11th, 1747, Robert² Sanders, son of Robert Sanders.

- iii. STEPHANUS⁴ SCHUYLER, bp. October 3d, 1728, died young.

- iv. STEPHANUS⁴ SCHUYLER, bp. December 13th, 1729, died young.

- v. STEPHANUS⁴ SCHUYLER, bp. April 2d, 1732.

- vi. PHILIP⁴ SCHUYLER, bp. April 22d, 1736, died June 3d, 1808, married April 21st, 1765, Annatje Wendell, died December 5th, 1802. He was a colonel of a regiment in the Revolutionary War.

- vii. MARIA⁴ SCHUYLER, bp. December 20th, 1738, died young.

- viii. JOHANNES⁴ SCHUYLER, bp. August 14th, 1743, died young.

COL. STEPHEN⁴ SCHUYLER (Peter,³ Peter,² Philip¹), bp. April 2d, 1732, died October 6th, 1798, married Engellie Van Vechten, who died at Watervliet, Albany Co., N. Y., April 22d, 1792. He was colonel of the 6th Regiment of Albany Co. militia, New York.

He had :

- i. PETER⁵ S. SCHUYLER, bp. May 14th, 1758, died, November 1st, 1832, married December 5th, 1789, Catherine Cuyler, died September 28th, 1855.
- ii. GERTRUDE⁵ SCHUYLER, bp. January 14th, 1760, died July 5th, 1787.
- iii. REUBEN⁵ SCHUYLER, bp. June 10th, 1762, died May 23d, 1842, married 1st, Sarah Fort. 2d, Elizabeth Truax, died, May 27th, 1838.
- iv. PHILIP SCHUYLER, bp. August 31st, 1763, died July 20th, 1844, married July 1st, 1789, Rachel Vanden Bergh, died March 20th, 1809.
- v. CATHERINE⁵ SCHUYLER, born October 9th, 1765, d. y.
- *vi. JOHN⁵ SCHUYLER, born May 23d, 1768, in Watervliet.
- vii. JEREMIAH⁵ SCHUYLER, born September 27th, 1771, died 1854, married Jane Cuyler, died 1832.

JOHN⁵ SCHUYLER (Stephen,⁴ Peter,² Peter, jr.,³ Philip¹), born in Watervliet, May 23d, 1768, died in Watervliet, May 15th, 1843. Married 1st, Anna Cuyler, died 1815. Married 2d, Maria (Miller) McCoun. She was daughter of Dr. Matthias Burnet Miller, who was surgeon Col. David Sunderland's regi-

ment, New York State Militia and member of New York Provincial Congress. She married 1st. John McCoun, Jr., son of John and Elizabeth (Townsend) McCoun, who was born September 18th, 1772, and died in Troy, August 5th, 1812. They had two children.

John and Maria (Miller McCoun) Schuyler had

ANGELICA⁶ SCHUYLER She married Clarkson Floyd Crosby, son of Wm. Bedlow Crosby and Harriet (Clarkson) Crosby. He was grandson of Surgeon Ebenezer Crosby of Washington's Life Guards, and great grandson of Wm. Floyd, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

They had

JOHN⁷ SCHUYLER CROSBY,

HARRIETTE⁷ CLARKSON CROSBY, and

ELIZA⁷ MARIA CROSBY.

She married 2d, Dr. John Taylor Cooper, son of Dr. Charles Cooper.

HARRIETTE⁷ CLARKSON CROSBY (Angelica⁶ Schuyler, John,⁵ Stephen,⁴ Peter, Jr.,³ Peter,² Philip), married William Augustus Thompson, son of John I. Thompson, and had

SCHUYLER CROSBY THOMPSON,

WILLIAM LELAND THOMPSON,

FLOYD CLARKSON THOMPSON,

ANGELICA SCHUYLER THOMPSON.

ELIZA MARIA CROSBY married Rev. Thaddeus Snively; two children.

SELKRIGG'S PEDIGREE.

WILLIAM SELKRIGGS, came from Glasgow, Scotland in 1730.

John=Hopkins, daughter of Isaac Hopkins of East Waterbury, Conn.

Nathaniel=.

Daughter=Dr. Foot, died in Vermont.

" =Moses Frost, d. in Waterbury, Conn.

" =Asa Judd, Hector, N. Y.

" =Isaac Foot, Delhi, N. Y.

WILLIAM=Mary Gillett, b 1733-4, d. 1787-8.

=2ndly Annie Scoville.

Polly=Sam'l Blakester, of Northfield.

Lucy=Elijah Wray, of Northfield

Elizabeth=Timothy Russell, of New Hartford, Oneida.

Hannah= Woodruff, of Litchfield.

Jonathan d. Sacketts Harbor, 1812.

JEREMIAH=OLIVE STODDARD, Litchfield, Conn.

b. May 25, 1756.

Derby, Conn.

Rhoda=Rufus Beach.

James=Norris.

William=Gross.

Jeremiah=Marian Sprague.

Mary=Judge Addison Gardiner, Rochester, N. Y.

LORRIN=JEMIMA VASSAR, Sister of Matthew Vassar.

b. Dec. 25, 1786.

b. 1826.

OLIVE ANN=HENRY WEBB, Cortland, N. Y., b. 1802, d. 1836.

b. Poughkeepsie, N. Y., =2ndly Enoch Jones, m. in Detroit, Mich., 1838.

Nov. 25th, 1811.

d. San Antonio, Texas.

(1st m.)

Charles.

SARAH L.=JAMES H. FRENCH, Warrenton, Va.

(D. R.)

(2nd m.)

Olive Ann=Thornton A. Washington.

(D. R.)

Flora K.=Harden B. Adams.

(D. R.)

SARAH LORRIUELLA WEBB=JAMES H. FRENCH.

(Regent D. R. Texas.)

James B. French=A. Dial.

Olive Ann=Joseph P. Devine.

(D. R.)

Junius Vassar=A. Hirshfield.

Sarah L.

(D. R.)

Franklina G.

(D. R.)

The following are *extracts* from a *record* of services in the Revolution of '76, written by Jeremiah Selkirk in (his 82d year) in 1837, in Niles Berrien Co., Michigan:

SELKRIGGS.—“My *grandfather* William Selkriggs, emigrated from Glasgow, Scotland, about 1730; we suppose the origin of the name was Selkirk. He lived in New Haven County, Waterbury, and spoke Erse and Latin well. My *father* was in the King's service from 1752 to '59; was quartermaster-sergeant under Col. Whiting, of New Haven, in '58 to '59; he was in the battle of Ticonderoga, under Gen. Abercrombie, and alternately out under Major (since Gen.) Putnam and Major Rogers. His wife's father was a Frenchman, Ephraim Gillett, who settled in Derby, New Haven County, and married a sister of Thomas Wooster, Esq., of that place. He (Ephraim) went out in the French war, with his sons, to the taking of Cape Breton, and neither ever returned.

“I was born on the 25th day of May, 1756, at Derby Narrows; was baptized into the church by Rector Mansfield; went to school to Mrs. Ward, at four years old, which I remember well. Soon after my father removed to Waterbury, where I went to school every year until sixteen years old. I was twelve years old when my mother died.

“In April, 1775, I went out at the alarm of Concord, or Lexington, and Bunker Hill. July 1776, went to New York—a three months' campaign; saw part of the battle of Long Island and the retreat next day; had been sick three weeks and not able to fight; went out under Capt. Amos Beacher and Lieut. John Atloe, of Farmingbury, in Col. Fisher Gay's regiment; went home on furlough, recovered my health,

worked all winter; in April, 1777, went out under Capt. Bray, Col. N. Hooker, of Southington, and served as guard at Fort Independence, opposite Peek's Kiln, about three months; served the same year under Capt. Castle in Col. Baldwin's regiment, the commander, Gen. Putnam. At Redhook served as fifer; dismissed after the surrender of Burgoyne. In 1778, there was no invasion about Connecticut, and I stayed at home. In 1779 the enemy threatened invasion by way of Horseneck. I cannot remember my captain, but I went in April or 1st of May to Horseneck and served as fife-and-drum major, under Col. Hooker and Major Wadsworth; dismissed after the burning of Norwalk. In this town they were nearly half *tories*; they went to the enemy and served against their country during the war. As the enemy lay on Snifferis Hill, about two miles and a half below Horseneck, parties were out, plundered houses, broke open stables, took the best horses and cattle, shot their near relations. Our regiment was the only troop that lay within some miles; our business was to guard and defend, and, in case the enemy advanced, we were to retreat to the hill. We stationed our men in guards of thirty each, one at Biram bridge and the other at Sherwood's, two miles west of Horseneck. One morning I played off the guards to their posts, and that night they fired an alarm at Sherwood's—the colonel sent his sergeant-major, who found it false—all was well at the post; but on the road, as he returned, he heard the snorting of horses in the field. We slept until break of day, when we heard firing at Sherwood's. Immediately the out sentinel came into camp and said the guard was cut off, and by the time we were mustered, the Biram guard was attacked. We pur-

sued and found one man killed at the guard-house and one, as we thought, mortally wounded—but he recovered; one prisoner; the remainder made their escape. The guard at Biram bridge heard the firing. Sergeant Newel ordered the Ensign (Culver) to put the guard in a situation for defence, ordered the sentinels to fire at sight of the enemy, and run to the guard. A smart fellow (Phelps) returned soon, with the enemy at his heels, fired over his shoulder and rode for the camp. The enemy turned to the right and made for the guard; the sentinels did not fire soon enough and were cut off. They asked for quarter, but were both slain. The enemy, commanded by Barmore, the notorious refugee, made a feint to surround the guard—the officer ordered every man to take care of himself, and surrendered to the enemy. They cut his wrists and cut off his coat, and carried him to the sugar-house. The guard arrived safe at camp. The one killed first was my messmate, young Bostwick, of New Milford, a very handsome man of eighteen years; the other was Mr. Hogge, of Salem, New Haven county; he lived to get home, then died.

As I have digressed, I will go back to August and September, '76.

I marched with our company from Waterbury to New Haven on the road to New York, where our company took a vote to proceed by water. We hired Meloy's old sloop, Capt. Montague, with another company, which made together 140 men; our sloop was an old and crazy one. We sailed on Saturday afternoon, with a fair breeze. It soon began to rain; the storm increased, and at ten o'clock we were off Fairfield. We drove for Long Island rocks; compass out of order; the cable parted two strands and held on

until daylight. We arrived at Hurlgate at 12 o'clock next day, where we waited for tide, with seventeen sail, and troops on board; there were about 100 sea-sick. We landed at New York in the afternoon, very weak, and with empty stomachs. We found many of the six months' men, who had enlisted the May previous, very sick. I was but a boy—had not my growth nor strength of a man, and was sick, but went to alarm post every morn and learned the manual exercises. We were expecting the British fleet would land their troops every day, when on the evening of one day, about the last of August, there came on a tremendous thunderstorm; it seemed that the city was enveloped in one solid mass of brimstone and fire, which killed eight men within the compass of the city—at this time the enemy landed on *Long Island*, without opposition. Our troops, all militia, were marching into the Island all the next day—one would have thought there was above twenty thousand. The enemy's shipping was manœuvring up and down the river constantly. The battle soon began four or five miles below New York and continued all day. At ten o'clock it rained, with a northeast wind. I was under my blanket and heard a cry, 'turn out—turn out!' The men turned out with the greatest alacrity, and were ordered immediately to man the boats to fetch Gen. Washington over with the army, all of which was completed by the sun, one hour high, next morning, without the loss of a man. Lord Howe lay off against Fly Market all night, with the tender astern, and could not get up, wind and tide against him. Therein, you may see, was a remarkable Providence, interposed for the salvation of American Liberty. Had Lord Howe have been able to cut off

the retreat, it probably would have ended the contest to our ruin. ('These incidents I write because I saw with mine own eyes all that I now relate, and many of them have never been written.') At sun, one hour high, one broadside of a galley was fired upon them (the enemy) as they marched into Brooklyn Fort. They turned the cannon upon Governor's Island, four or fiveshots, and ceased firing. * * *

You might well think that we must soon be prisoners of war, but, to our surprise and good fortune, the enemy pitched their tents on the shore of East river, from Brooklyn to Turtle Bay, or opposite that, where they remained two days; all this time, especially in the night time, Gen. Washington was removing his heavy cannon out of the city. I did not perceive any movement of the army. On Friday, about the beginning of September, orders came for the sick to go out to Turtle Bay, on furlough into the country and recruit; very pleasant news to me and others it was. We were overtaken by Gen. Washington and his aides, after travelling about a mile, as we lay under a fence to rest, when he asked us where we were going? We told him we were sick and had orders to go out and recruit. He said: 'Go and not forget to come back.' We obtained our furloughs in the afternoon, and marched out to the head of Turtle Bay (this place is now in the city and not known by that name). There was a battery of three or four guns, called Turtle Bay Battery, on the bank of East river, which was intended to prevent the enemy from landing there.

* * * "My father met me at Derby ferry and carried me home, when I soon recovered my health. Stephen Upson and John Beach were killed the Sunday following on Haarlem Heights

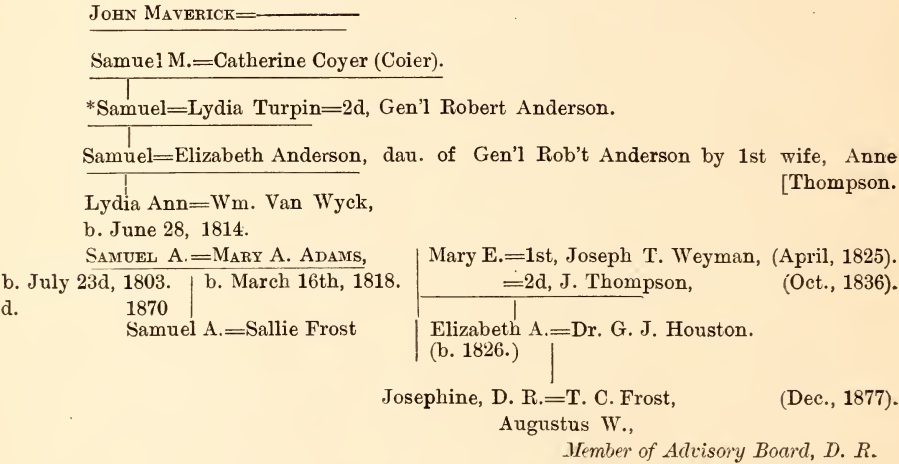
in the battle at that place. Stephen was my schoolmate, John was a school-master. The next spring, '77, I was sent out under Capt. Bray, of South-ington (still belonged to Col. Gay's regiment) to march to Peekskiln. We marched over the Bay and were stationed at Fort Independence, attached to Gen. McDougal's brigade, where we kept guard until Danbury was burned. When that affair was over, we were dismissed—this time went home and removed to Waterbury, but, being attached to Col. Baldwin's regiment, was sent out under Capt. Castle, and marched to Fishkiln—at this time Esopus was on fire. We marched up the road, and at Rimebeck flats we overtook the enemy, all on board ships, going up with the tide. We marched a number of miles side by side, until we arrived at Redhook, where the enemy came to anchor at the mills, and we encamped on the heights. There I remained under Gen. Putnam until the surrender of Burgoyne, expecting the enemy to land every hour. Through the year 1778 remained at home. In spring of '79 (as I have before stated) I went to Horseneck, afterwards volunteered to go to New Haven under Capt. Bronson. There I served under Col. Ezekiel Sabin, as fife-major, for two months; returned home in September, and remained a year.

In 1781 the war seemed to revive and to burst forth in the south and east, which soon terminated in the capture of Cornwallis. This year I went out for my last campaign. I was drafted in the summer of '81, and joined Capt. Norton's company (I believe this was his name), and marched through Durham; from this place to New London, then up the Thames to Norwich; from there to Warwick, in Rhode Island. There joined Col. W.

Worthington's regiment ; from thence to Providence, and encamped on the hill. Nothing worthy of note transpired except the burning of New London. I returned home in September.

This much will suffice for my services in the Revolutionary war; after which I then removed to Litchfield, South Farms, and married Olive Stoddard, &c., &c. JEREMIAH SELKRIG."

MAVERICK PEDIGREE.



John Maverick went to Charleston by way of Bermuda in company with his brother Samuel in 1620, being among the very first settlers in that province. They came from London, where they had been for generations shipowners. John owned lot 43 of the first sixty-two lots laid out in the city of Charleston, was elected a member of the Colonial parliament by the freeholders of the city in 1672, being the first popular election held in that colony, and probably the first ever held on this continent. His brother Samuel, ten years after, settled on Noddle's Island, East Boston, and he was the ancestor of Samuel Maverick, killed in front of the Old South Church, in Bos-

ton, Mass., March 5th, 1770, in the very earliest resistance to the home government of England. Samuel Maverick, of Revolutionary fame, was a soldier in the war for independence, was captured and confined for nearly a year on the British prison ship "Jersey." When he was released in 1778 he was put ashore without hat or shoes, and walked from New York to Charleston. At the breaking out of the war he owned fifteen sea-going vessels, which were all captured. Broken in health and fortune he sold his property in Charleston and went to Rhode Island —died at the age of forty-two. Lydia Turpin was the daughter of Captain Joseph Turpin and Mary Brown. Captain Joseph Turpin was the son of Joseph Turpin, of Providence, Rhode Island, who presented

*Information from "The Encyclopedia of the New West." Also, from "Giles" Memorial, "Siege and Evacuation of Boston," by W. W. Wheildon.

the beautiful burying-grounds to that town where his remains rest.

Mary Brown was a daughter of Isaac and Easter Brown. She was born February 20th, 1731, R. I.; died in Charleston, S. C., October 20th, 1796.

Samuel Augustus Maverick, who married Mary Ann Adams, was a delegate to the Convention that declared Texas' independence, March 2d, 1836. He was a prisoner in the Mexican Castle of Perote, and released by Santa Anna at the intercession of his old friend and kinsman, Hon. Waddy Thompson, then Minister to Mexico, and reached home to sit in the Eighth Texas Congress of 1843-44. However honorable the name in New England and South Carolina, it nowhere shines brighter or is more cherished than in that of Samuel A. Maverick, deceased, of Texas. Mrs. Maverick was eminently worthy of such a husband. Mary Ann Adams was born March 16th, 1818, and married to Samuel A. Maverick August 4th, 1836, at Tuscaloosa, Ala. She was the daughter of William Lewis Adams, of Lynchburg, Va., and Agatha Strother Adams (née Lewis), granddaughter of

General Andrew Lewis, whose statue stands in front of the State House at Richmond, Va. She is an honorary member of the D. R. in Texas.

General Robert Anderson, of Pendleton district, S. C., had been a Revolutionary soldier, and he and General Pickens were the most prominent men of the up-country, and when Pendleton district was divided into two districts, one was called for General Anderson and the other for General Pickens. General Anderson was a public officer in the State of South Carolina for over thirty years. He died full of years and full of honors. He was married to Lydia Turpin Maverick, widow of Samuel Maverick, and his daughter by his first wife, Ann Thompson, married Samuel Maverick, son of Samuel and Lydia Turpin Maverick. Their granddaughter, Elizabeth Anderson Maverick Weyman, married Dr. Gray Jones Houston, and still survives, and is an "honorary member" of the "D. R." in Texas. Her son, Hon. Aug. Weyman Houston, is a member of the Advisory Board, and Josephine Houston Frost is also a D. R. in San Antonio, Texas.

WHITEMORE PEDIGREE.

THOMAS WHITEMORE m. MARY MEADE.

Samuel Whittemore m. Hannah Rice.

Samuel Whittemore m. Elizabeth Spring (1) *Esther Prentice* (2)

Thomas Whittemore m. Anna Cutter.

Samuel Whittemore m. Jane Hill Tileston.

Adeline Whittemore married William Torrey.

Samuel Whittemore Torrey m. Catherine M. Coghill.

Kitty, George Coghill, Adeline Whittemore, Anna Louise, William, Percy,

Marion m. Hart Lyman.

Katharine, Marion.

Thomas Whittemore, who came to this country between 1639 and 1645, was the first ancestor settled in America at Charlestown, Mass. He came from Hitchin County, of Hertford, England. Earlier than the year 1300 we find the first recorded name, *i. e.* John, Lord of Whytemere, having his domicile on the northeast side of the Parish of Bobbington, in the Manor of Claverly, in Shropshire. At the present time the same locality bears the name of Whittemore. Thomas Whittemore, above mentioned, was one of the first settlers in Charlestown, Mass., in the part now known as Everett, about three miles from Boston. The site of the old homestead is still identified in Everett. Thomas Whittemore's will is in the possession of the family.

Samuel, son of Thomas, after a short residence at Dover, settled upon a farm in what is now Somerville, Mass. (d) Sept. 15th, 1726. He and his wife were buried at Cambridge, Mass. Their son, Capt. Samuel Whittemore, known as "Samuel, of Lexington," served on various important committees at Cambridge during the Revolution, and rendered valuable service. He was born July 27th, 1696, and died Feb. 2d, 1793.

Among the wounded on that memorable day, April 19th, 1775, was Capt. Samuel Whittemore, of Charlestown. Early in life he removed to Cambridge. His estate bordered on Menotomy River, and his house stood on the northerly side of Main street, near the magnificent elms, which are still preserved. He was 79 years of age, and

vigorous in body and mind when he took part in the battle of Lexington. In spite of the expostulations of his family, he repaired to the post of danger. The manly and moral virtues in all the varied relations of brother, husband, father, friend, were invariably exhibited in this gentleman. He was not more remarkable for his longevity, and his numerous descendants (185), than for his patriotism. When the British troops marched to Lexington, he was 79 years of age, and one of the first on the parade. He was armed with a gun and a horse pistol. After an animated exhortation to the collected militia to the exercise of bravery and courage, he exclaimed, "If I can only be the instrument of killing one of my country's foes, I shall die in peace." The prayer of this venerable old man was heard; for, on the return of the troops, he lay behind a stone wall, and, discharging his gun, a soldier fell; he then fired his pistol—killed another; after which instant a bullet struck his face, and shot away a great part of his cheek bone; on which number of soldiers ran up to the wall and gorged their malice on his wounded head. They were heard to exclaim: "We have killed the old rebel." About four hours after, he was found in a mangled condition; but it was found his wounds were not fatal. His hat and clothes were completely riddled, yet he survived to see the complete overthrow of his enemies and his country enjoy all the blessings of peace and independence.

CELEBRATIONS.

DAUGHTERS OF



THE REVOLUTION.

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

118TH ANNIVERSARY.

GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

MRS. EDWARD PAULET STEERS in her capacity as President, called the large assemblage to order, saying :

Again we are assembled in this historic room to celebrate the Battle of Lexington, which was at the same time the key-note of our independence, and the bugle-call to the Revolution. We attach an especial importance to this meeting, since, perhaps, before another year brings a recurrence of this event, the "Old City Hall" will no longer exist as such. In the new building which will take its place there will be a Governor's Room ; it will probably contain this furniture that Washington and his compeers consecrated by their uses ; on its walls may be seen these portraits of the men who have been foremost in our brief but eventful history, but the *room* will be a *new room*, and this, with its memories and atmosphere of by-gone days, will be no more. We are glad and grateful to be allowed to gather here again, that we may carry and transmit the memory ; therefore I ask that the motion be made to thank the City Council for the privilege accorded

us. The motion being made and seconded the vote was unanimous.

The Secretary-General asked to be excused from reading letters, telegrams and messages from Regents and members who were unable to join us in celebrating this day, they being too numerous and the time limited.

Rev. George R. Van De Water, D.D., Chaplain General, after making the opening prayer, said a few vigorous words, the only regret being that they were so few.

Hon. Charles W. Dayton made a short but stirring and beautiful address, unhappily extempore, for such words should live.

Rev. Charles H. Hall, D.D., Chaplain of the Long Island Society Daughters of the Revolution, delivered an address, which we are glad to have the privilege of publishing, that every daughter may enjoy the carefully prepared and eloquent oration. Subject—

LEXINGTON.

The picket-skirmish at Lexington occurred on the 19th of April, one hundred and eighteen years ago. May

I give you an account of it which has not been recorded in any history that I know of, but which you may possibly listen to patiently as *what might have been*. Against this *might have been* you may, perhaps, contrast, with some exultation, what really happened.

It was the 18th of April, 1775—and, if our last winter has been true to the “good, old-fashioned winters” that people love to talk about, it was, probably, very bleak and backward that year for the middle of April. The Boston massacre had occurred six years before, and the Tea Party in Boston Harbor (at which the Royal Governor had not been present) had been celebrated in the December preceding by some fifty Mohawk Indians. Considering the well-known characteristics and the savage atrocities of that famous tribe, it is refreshing to read that “not a person was hurt,” and that the next morning the tea grounds were strewn in long layers on Dorchester beach. No festival, since that of Belshazzar, had been as important in its effects. The next day a man named Paul Revere, who seems to have been very fond of horseback rides, was on his way to Philadelphia to tell how “Boston had at last thrown down the gauntlet for the King of England to pick up.” He did pick it up, poor old German, obstinate, arrogant, snuffy George the Third, the most out of place man, at the time, in Europe. He picked it up with a vengeance. The late English historian, Mr. Lecky, calls it “an outrage” on our part, and it was. It was one of those outrages which are crowded with consequences entirely unexpected. General Gage had been sent to quell those rioters of the colony, and he took something over ninety days to accomplish it. He had assured the king; “the people will be

lions while the English are lambs, but, if we take the resolute part, they will prove very meek, I promise you.” He proceeded to demonstrate his opinion. Neither side in the great contest wished for or expected war, and General Gage certainly committed what Talleyrand declares to be worse than a crime, a blunder, in bringing it on. So, at least, our common history teaches. But suppose we now, for the nonce, take a view of the other side, of *what ought to have been* on that April 18th.

Gage, who had tried and failed to corrupt the “obstinate and inflexible Sam Adams, made up his mind that the time had come to seize him and another dangerous ringleader, John Hancock, and send them to England to be tried for treason, and possibly to decorate Temple Bar “with the noddles of the Boston saints.” He had received positive orders to this effect. The two rebels were at Lexington, and to capture them was the chief reason for his despatch of eight hundred regulars from Boston. After accomplishing their capture, the troops were ordered, while they were so near, to go on to Concord and to confiscate certain military stores collecting there. Now, as I wish to put it to you, look at what ought to have been; at what was expected to be. Eight hundred regulars, fully trained and armed, and led by a good officer, Colonel Smith, ought to have swept away, like the wind, any chaff of unskilled farmers. Then, how wary was Gage. No one knew of his plans. Adams and Hancock had gone to bed in the house of a friend, Rev. Jonas Clark, after a snack of baked beans, perhaps, and hard cider or possibly New England rum, and would be found sleeping quietly. Who dreamed of what was coming? Every precaution had been taken to shut up

Boston. No one was allowed to pass in or out; so at night, under the favoring darkness, the troops marched. Suppose we now should read history something like this: Before day Pitcairn surrounded Mr. Clark's house, secured the two rebels and sent them back, with a guard, to Boston. They were shipped the next day to England and the month following were tried and beheaded, and their heads adorned Temple Bar, to the delight of all the God-fearing citizens of London. The troops, after a short rest, went on to Concord, and, in the early morning, found a small mob of peasants on the common, fired a few shots over their heads and scattered them, destroyed sundry and divers barrels of beef and beans and some little powder, and then returned, triumphantly, to Boston, and were met and congratulated by Lord Percy, who happened to go out and meet them near Charlestown. The excitement in the colonies was over. Who had dreamed that it could end in any other way? With the two ringleaders gone and the royal authority properly asserted by General Gage, the rebellion was crushed and the Yankees had, as Gage said, "proved themselves very meek." The happy result of this expedition calmed the restless minority in New York, and messages of loyalty and rejoicing came to the gallant commander in Boston. The news went on South and demoralized Virginia. A troublesome man there, who had been making certain curious speeches about Cæsar and his Brutus, saw that it was of no use and went a-fishing. The Scotch-Irish about Mechlenburg collapsed and were saved from that shameful declaration of May 31st. In fact, it was laid on the table and dropped into the waste-basket. In

Georgia and South Carolina the planters made the utmost haste to renew their assurances of loyalty. General Gage was rewarded with an honorary title; and other tea was sent over and meekly drunk by a united and happy people. Burke and Colonel Barre were silenced in Parliament, and Lord North and his master, the King, were supreme. So it came about that the colonies were saved from a wicked rebellion, and, in time, were exalted to the present condition of Canada. A good Viceroy would now be governing us all; our bank business would be now transacted in Lombard Street, London; our laws would now come, largely, from St. James. So it comes about that our shipping is English, our tariff is administered for us by the Imperial government and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

Is it not cheerful to think of? What sins we have escaped! Does not St. Paul say, "He that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God," and imply that, in so doing, he receiveth to himself damnation? So clear was the Scriptural reasoning that, as you know, scores of parsons left this country to the possible salvation of their souls. What a benediction it all was! The pitiful mob calling itself Congress dissolved and vanished. No one of its members would claim ever to have seen Philadelphia. Washington went on with his surveying in the woods and his planting at Mt. Vernon, and died a prosperous farmer. Jefferson adorned Monticello, and lived a life of dignified ease. Madison became known in Virginia as a good lawyer, and a heavy but just Judge. Hamilton soon reached leadership among the Tories of New York, and was knighted by the King. Franklin left a fair reputation as a scientist who became familiar with

the lightning, and as a queer, old long-head, always quoting "wise saws and modern instances." Charles Lee rose to the command of the royal armies, and the facile Benedict Arnold was called the "idol of the soldiers." Such happy events followed the midnight raid of the 800 regulars, and, instead of the 400 whom New York now honors, the double of those would now dignify the record. All this might have been, except for the fact that there is a God in Heaven who is known to us as a "Something that always makes for good." It ought to have been so ; if we look at the relative powers. On one side a warlike nation with centuries of military training ; with soldiers who had been victorious the world round, under Wolfe in Canada and Clive in India ; a nation that could almost have said with Nebuchadnezzar of old, "Look what the Kings of Assyria have done to the Nations, destroying them utterly, and shalt thou escape?" And, on the other hand, a baker's dozen of colonies, with a sprinkling of people not as many, all told, as would now hear cannon fired on Murray Hill ; with no resources nor wealth, with not even a blacksmith to shoe their cavalry horses ; in one word a population strong in nothing but their isolation. Yes, strong in only one thing more, strong in their courage and their faith that the right is always the path of honor and of safety as well.

What did happen ? Gen. Gage shut up Boston, but he forgot to extinguish that lantern on the steeple of the North Church, which telegraphed to Paul Revere to mount and away.

"So through the night rode Paul Revere,
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm
A cry of defiance and not of fear."

Just after midnight he reached the

door of Parson Clark at Lexington. It is funny how often clergymen managed to get in the way in those times. Eight minute men guarded the inmates, and the sergeant bade him not to make a noise to awaken the sleepers. "Noise," cried Revere, "you'll soon have noise enough ; the regulars are coming." Shortly after daybreak the two patriots left the village on foot. You can fancy that march of the troops. Bells, guns, and watch-fires accompanied them all the way, showing that the secret was out. Col. Smith sent Major Pitcairn forward with six companies of light infantry to secure the bridges, and also sent back an express to Boston for reinforcements. Pitcairn reached Lexington at sunrise, and found on the village green fifty minute men. Captain John Parker, who had been with Wolfe, at Quebec, fifteen years before, bade his men not to fire unless fired on, "but, if they want war," he said, "it may as well begin here." Pitcairn, it seems, could swear as well as any other angry man, and, in his own person, then represented John Bull to a dot. John, too, was swearing, just then, to be heard over 3,000 miles of ocean, but only those sorts of curses which always fly home to roost. "The Americans," we read, "stood motionless." The "villains," not dispersing as they were bidden, Pitcairn fired his pistol, and repeated the order to his troops to fire. A volley was given, and eight of the minute men were killed, and ten wounded ; a foolish, brutal deed. It was the first organ note of the sublime cantata of the Revolution which, somehow, always seems to roll under all its minor notes, as old Massachusetts now reads it, "*sic nobis sicuti patribus.*"

The minute men began to return the fire singly, but Captain Parker stopped them, and then retired from the scene.

There was no battle. It happened that Sam Adams and Hancock were just then on their way to Woburn, and heard the guns. Adams exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" But I confess to a confused feeling about it all; the folly and brutality of the firing; the nonsense of the arrogance and the stupidity of those British which became so fatal; the adding of another illustration of the ancient maxim, "*Quem Deus vult perdere, etc.*" In other words, he always is the supremest of fools who laboriously manages to do the very thing that he ought not to do. The simplest thing for Pitcairn to do was so natural and easy; to send for Captain Parker and remonstrate with him against any attempt to pit fifty men against six companies; to shake hands with him and go on his way. The British marched on to Concord to find the military stores they came to destroy mostly hidden, and to find also that the enraged minute men were beginning to swarm on every side. They then, with a stupidity which is surprising to us now, began their backward march to Boston. No such march has ever been tried since then. A common Englishman even now is supposed to be able to do only one thing, and nothing else. These men could march and keep step; they could level their muskets, shut their eyes and fire, and they could do it like machines. On the other hand, the minute men could "bark a squirrel" on a tree top, and, lying behind a wall or stump, could pick out the very button of the red coats where they wished to plant a bullet. It was a singular infatuation of the officers to continue that march back to Boston, and to learn no expe-

dient to counterplot the irregular, individual assaults of their enemies. As it was, they were saved by Lord Percy, who came out in force to meet them. By their folly on Lexington Green, and by their absurdity on the return march they accomplished, not what Gage intended, but what fate had meant. They thoroughly fired the heart of the colonies, and precipitated the Revolution. In a month, at Cambridge, were 20,000 men who, mostly unarmed and with only a shadow of a commissariat, with hardly powder enough to make a skirmish, were able to enact the curious drama of Bunker Hill, and then, by occupying Dorchester Heights, to compel the proud British troops to evacuate, and bid a final farewell to Boston. I imagine any general of our civil war, with four regiments of regular troops in such a position, and they would have made but child's play of it all. It was British pride that brought on the torment of the march back from Lexington; it was blundering arrogance that gave us Bunker Hill. It was contempt of the rebels that caused Gage to lie quiet in Boston, till Washington took Dorchester Heights, and sent his cannon balls as a warning to him to leave the city. In other words, it was the eternal fiat of nature, in the collision of moral forces, that gave us the final victory.

We speak of the battle of Lexington. There was no battle, but no battle has ever been fought on the face of the earth that did as much to arouse people out of their dreams of continued peace. The news flew through the land. Putnam was plowing then in Connecticut, and, at the news, he left his plow in the furrow and rode with speed to the scene. Arnold fired at the thought and appeared on the ground at Cambridge, not yet a traitor,

* This is a hunting phrase, and means to send a bullet just under the squirrel and kill him by the shock, so as not to mangle the body.

but a born strategist and a brave soldier. Congress recognized that the war had come, and from Virginia came back the eloquence of Patrick Henry, which has stirred every school boy's heart with the cry, "Give me liberty or give me death." Liberty, without any very exact definition, became to all Americans what the white plume of Henry was to the men of Ivry, the oriflamme of the war. This echo of Lexington was heard in its final repetition at Yorktown, and a chain of echoes from Ticonderoga and Saratoga, from King's Mountain and Cowpens had carried it on. The thing was a voice of God that marched on by laws that are as eternal and as constant in operation as God himself. To be daughters of that generation of stalwart and much-enduring men is honorable indeed. To be worthy daughters is a title of nobility. The men dared and did. The women cheered them on in daring and suffered with them in fear and poverty without complaint. "Boys," said Starke, "those Hessians cost King George so much a head. We must beat them before night or Molly Starke's a widow." Molly escaped the widow's weeds, but every

heart now throbs at the evidence which her husband gave of the American idea, which is still our idea, and we know that the said Molly would have worn her weeds, if need had been, in a way to win all hearts. God bless her! She was only one of a noble band, the Mothers of the Revolution, whose lives were useful. Woman's mission is to give to men just such inspiration as that of John Starke. May I conclude with the words of Lowell in his creed and avowal of God's care of us and our land.

"We sprung from loins of stalwart men,
Whose strength was in their trust

That Thou would'st make Thy dwelling in their
dust
And walk, with them, a fellow-citizen
Who build a city of the just.

We still, like our fathers, feel Thee near,
Sure that, while lasts the immutable decree,
The land to human nature dear
Shall not be unbeloved by Thee."

Through the kindness of General Horatio C. King, enjoyable music was furnished by the Brooklyn Cecilian Chorus, and all joined with heart and voice in the patriotic songs they so beautifully led.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

PREFACED BY A SHORT ACCOUNT OF "THE WORK IN NEW ENGLAND."

SOME two or three months ago in a little quiet talk with our President and Secretary-General the plan was formed and the appointment made of an organization regent for New England. The work was at once started and many applications came in, with the result that the society has received very large increase of membership in New England. It was deemed ex-

pedient to celebrate the 17th of June, "Bunker Hill Day," in Boston. Steps to arrange the matter were accordingly taken, and the historic Old South Church was engaged as the most fitting place in which to hold the celebration.

A deputation consisting of Mrs. Edward P. Steers and Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham, President and Secretary of the General Society; Mrs. Robert

Ward, representing the Regent of New Jersey; Mrs. Bartlett and Miss Ingraham, members of the New York Chapter, arrived in Boston Friday evening, and were met and cordially welcomed by Mrs. Louis DeB. Gallison, Organization Regent for New England. Members of the Boston Society showed them many attentions during their short stay, one of which being a charming breakfast given by Mrs. William Lee at the Algonquin Club, a gathering of notable people and a beautiful hostess! Another, a delightful evening at the Park Theatre (Miss Lotta's own theatre), they were entertained most royally by the little lady's mother. Proscenium boxes, a profusion of flowers, carriages to convey them, everything that kindness and forethought could provide for their comfort and pleasure. These ladies—though adopted—are truly patriotic and enthusiastic "Daughters." Mrs. Crabtree participated in all the day's celebration. On the morning of Saturday, the 17th inst., "Bunker Hill Day," the "Daughters" made a pilgrimage to Bunker Hill and placed a wreath of laurel, tied with the buff and blue, on the statue of General Warren, which marks the spot "where Warren fell."

On the afternoon of this eventful day, at the "Old South Meeting-House," Boston, the following programme was carried out:

INVOCATION, - REV. CHAS. G. AMES
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

MRS. EDWARD PAULET STEERS
MUSIC, "To thee, Oh Country," - *Eichberg*
ADDRESS, "To the Daughters,"

EMILY GREENE WETHERBEE
READING, "Grandma's Story of Bunker Hill,"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
MR. HOWARD M. TICKNOR
ORATION, "The New Education of Peace,"

MR. HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

HYMN, "America," - - - *Smith*
CHOIR AND AUDIENCE.

ADDRESS. - - - REV. CHAS. G. AMES
MUSIC, "Star-Spangled Banner," - *Key*
Soloist, MISS ELLEN M. KINSMAN.

BENEDICTION.

The programmes, also the cards of admission, were on hand-made buff paper, with blue lettering, designed and executed by Mr. Gallison, and were artistic and appropriate.

OPENING OF THE MEETING OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION, BY MRS. EDWARD PAULET STEERS.

By virtue of the office of President of the "Daughters of the Revolution," which I have the honor to hold, I now open this meeting. Permit me to say a very few words.

Ladies, Daughters and friends, to meet with you here in this historic building and on the anniversary of this memorable day is a dream realized! New England, Massachusetts, Boston; add to these names the Old South Church and you have the seed, the tree, the blossom and the perfect fruit of the Revolution. From all over these United States of America we look to you in New England as to the "Father Land;" the branches and roots of this beautiful New England tree, whose fruit is "Liberty, Home and Country," reach to the remotest parts of this fair and ever-widening land, and foregather and shadow all with its protecting verdure. I tell you, whose sires planted and nourished this tree, that it is seldom a paper of application to this Society is proved and substantiated without finding that at least one line of the applicant's ancestry is of the good old New England stock; therefore, it is eminently fitting that the cradle of the Revolution should be the stronghold of the "Daughters of the Revolution," a So-

ciety whose lines are so severe, strong and true, whose gates can only be opened by the *lineally* descended who have no mistakes to erase, no stain to remain, and that you, daughters of New England, on New England soil, should be our mainstay in the council chamber and in all our patriotic work, as you were in our country's first need and in her every struggle.

Let me thank you for your cordial welcome to me and to my colleagues of the General Society, and at the same time express the hope that this is but the dawning of a long, long day full of the enjoyment of friendship and kinship.

MISS WEATHERBEE'S ADDRESS ON
PATRIOTISM.

Standing here to address these ladies bearing the honored name of "Daughters of the Revolution," what a baptism of strange emotions sweeps through the mind, and what thrilling pictures stand out in the memory as we look across the long stretch of years to that memorable day of 1775, which may be called the hinge of the 18th century, as well as the starting point in our country's history. That day which settled forever the theory of self government, a theory that has developed into the tangible fact of the great and honored republic in which our lot is cast.

What a series of noble, historic paintings, more brilliant than those of Ver-net on the walls of Versailles commemorating the deeds of the great Napoleon, do we see stretching out in a long panorama through the intervening century.

We seem to hear "the shout, the shock, the crash of steel," and see that noble army of untrained militia meeting the experienced troops, which rep-

resented the best fighting blood of Europe, with a courage that challenged the admiration of the world and caused other nations to seethe with ideas of popular liberty.

There is Putnam, who has left his cattle yoked in the field; Pomeroy, Buttrick and Robinson, fresh from the fight at Concord, all there in arms, and the brave minute-men under the gallant Prescott are throwing up the redoubt that is to meet the surprised eyes of the regulars in the morning. Then the "splendid sacrifice" comes sailing o'er the bay, now dotted everywhere with the white sails of peace. Beacon Hill is a pyramid of living faces that watch with beating hearts the all-absorbing scene.

We feel the awful stillness which has settled over Charlestown, soon to be broken by the smoke and crackling flames rising like incense to "the mailed Mars that on his altar sits, up to the ears in blood." Hundreds of men have fallen, the minute-men retreat in good order over the long stretch of Charlestown Neck, the first great battle of the Revolution has been fought, and the troops of King George are left to mourn over their victory.

Years pass, and there is thrown upon the historic canvas another picture of which our fathers and mothers were living witnesses.

Fifty years after the great battle comes again to our shores the noble general who risked his life in defense of a foreign land, and who bared his noble bosom in the cause of strangers—Lafayette—one of the great benefactors of humanity.

The corner-stone is laid of that shaft which was to "meet the sun in its coming," and which for so many years has marked the dearest spot in New England to the soul of the patriot.

How the heart swells to think of that scene when America's greatest orator and the cherished friend of Washington stood side by side on that hallowed spot where fell the brave Warren, on whose grave you have to-day laid your touching tribute of the laurel wreath. There is a kinship between souls who are ready to devote their lives to the cause of liberty, and a love of freedom leads us to venerate the heroes of all lands who have offered up their all upon the shrine of their country.

The burning words of Louis Kossuth, which, as a child, I heard from the historic eminence of Bunker Hill, that patriot whose lips seemed to have been touched with the very fire from the altar of liberty, will ring forever in my memory. What wonder that the great Hungarian, who seems destined never to see the promised land of freedom for his countrymen, should be inspired to loftier sentiments standing upon the spot from which has blazed a beacon light to all nations struggling for liberty.

I remember, many years ago, in my childhood, when a soldier's grave was a rare sight to see, straying into the old cemetery in the rear of Main Street, in Charlestown, where was a tomb before which many stopped to do reverence.

It was no splendid monument of sculptured marble that arrested the eye, only a lowly stone, on which was inscribed these words so full of pathos, "He fought in the Revolution," and summer after summer few passed that way without entering the sacred enclosure to do honor to the unknown hero who had girded on his sword in his country's time of peril to win for her deliverance, and thus the world loves to honor that glorious spirit of

patriotism which, perhaps, above all others, in its divine usefulness, tends to strengthen the ties of human brotherhood, and "make the whole world kin."

Who can estimate the controlling influence of early culture and youthful surroundings? Born and reared under the shadow of that eminence where the great battle which we are now commemorating was fought, the approach of this honored anniversary always fills me with a desire to throw aside all ordinary cares and join the enthusiastic throng that surges around that noble monument, which, as it ascends to heaven, brings to mind lessons of patriotism, of loyalty to duty, and inspires a feeling of love and veneration for the names of those who "lived to tread on kings," and who have made immortal the pages of our country's history.

We, women of America, ought especially to hallow the memory of this day which has made it possible for our lives to be cast in such pleasant places, under a government which is at once the glory and admiration of the world.

America may well be called the paradise of woman, for in all the great movements of our large-hearted republic none of her children have gained more than we by her progress, and it is the crowning glory of our Christian civilization that it has unfolded the intellect of woman, elevated her to new dignity and added a new element to the motive power of our progress.

To such a country we owe our most ardent love and fervent patriotism.

Let the mothers and teachers who are surrounded by the purity and sanctity of childhood perpetuate these great principles for which Washington fought and Warren fell.

Tell them often of those heroes who

left the plough and workshop to die or to be free.

Do not fear that the stories of Hancock and Adams, of Patrick Henry and Paul Revere, will become stale or hackneyed.

Speak to them of love of country, that mysterious and indefinable motive which thrills the heart and nerves the hand to give up all that is held most dear, even life itself ; that feeling which makes the sight of one's flag, that symbol of nationality, thrill the heart with emotion, and which lifts us up from all sordid and selfish motives into the brotherhood of common interests and hopes.

Let not the grandeur of success or the flush of victory dull our enthusiasm for "the land of the free and the home" — still we believe of women as devoted as those of the Revolution, and men as brave as those who fought 118 years ago on the sacred height of Bunker Hill.

The years are gone, and through the misty cloudland,
That stretches far between,
Comes to our gaze the most inspiring picture
The world has ever seen.

Old Charlestown's heights with armed men are swarming,
The summer air is still ;
And many a heart with courage high is beating,
That night on Bunker Hill.

Now, with calm trust and childlike faith adorning,
They kneel upon the sod,
And call to aid the arbiter of battles,
Their Father and their God.

And will they dare, those young and untried soldiers,
With freedom's flame aglow,
Meet face to face, in that uncertain conflict,
So trained and skilled a foe ?

Look on the record of our country's story,
And read the wondrous tale ;

How that small army of New England heroes
Made veteran thousands quail.

Learn there with tears of this most precious ransom
They paid for you and me ;
That this fair western land of hope and promise
Might evermore be free.

Daughters of sires like these, whose deeds immortal
We celebratè to-day,
Keep in your heart of hearts this great example,
To guide you on your way.

Tell to your children of these sainted heroes,
Martyrs to want and woe,
Marking their course, through cruel blasts of winter,
By blood tracks in the snow.

We greet you, as at freedom's call you gather
Within these famous walls,
That oft have echoed to deep words of wisdom,
And duty's sacred calls.

Historic Boston, throned upon her hill tops,
Like Rome, the queen of old,
Bids these fair "Daughters of the Revolution"
Welcome one hundred fold !

May God, who gave this day of blessed memory,
Be with our nation still,
As when it nobly stood for home and country
On sacred Bunker Hill.
—*Emily Green Weatherbee*, of Lawrence, Mass.

Frequent applause testified to the appreciation of the audience.

Following Mr. Howard M. Ticknor's fine rendition of Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Grandma's story of Bunker Hill," Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth's oration on "The New Education of Peace," was listened to and warmly applauded. While speaking, Mr. Butterworth stood beneath the window through which Warren climbed to deliver his impassioned speech at the meeting held after the Boston Massacre.

THE NEW EDUCATION OF PEACE.

Fifty years ago to-day, Bunker Hill Monument was completed. It stood

for the Creators of Liberty—the highest shaft at that time that had been uplifted by American patriotism. A Greek sage once said: “A nation is known by the character of the men whom it crowns.” It is the women of the nation who crown the noblest of heroes, and this is a happy and memorable day, when the Daughters of the Revolution of New York come to meet the Daughters of the Revolution of Boston, in the Old South Church, to recall the deeds of the creators of liberty.

A more fitting spot could not be chosen than this temple by the sea. We stand on firm historic ground. Let us, in imagination, go back one hundred and eighteen years. Vanish, O Boston of to-day. Vanish, ye structures that hide the old State House: Vanish, ye granite and marble marts of Commercial Street, Devonshire Street and State Street; ye temples of learning; ye stately homes of the Back Bay. Are ye all gone?

Old Boston rises before us. It comes up again on Bunker Hill day always. Providence has decreed that it shall forever be so. A German story-teller of the Fouqué school, once related that a student travelling towards the sea found himself belated on the hills. He looked down and saw in the valley the quaintest village that had ever met his eyes. He went down to it, and meeting a maiden, told her that he came there for hospitality until to-morrow. “To-morrow?” cried the maiden, “To-morrow. We have no to-morrow here.” He went to the inn and asked for accommodation until to-morrow. “To-morrow?” said the inn-keeper, “we have no ‘to-morrow.’ This town only comes up once in an hundred years.” The young traveller went back to the hills. The next

morning the sun rose, and the village was gone.

Old Boston comes up again. Let us look around us. What do we see? Yonder great window here is now as it was then. Across the street stands the Provence House, the home of the royal governors, whose strange legends Hawthorne has so vividly told. One corner of it, near the Boston Tavern, now remains. (Tell it not to the relic hunters.) The old brass Indian who never shot his prophetic arrow that turned in every wind of Colonial history may be found at Ridge Hills Farm, near Newburyport, the home of the late Maj. Ben. Perley Poor. Would you enter into the spirit of that old house then read “Howe’s Masquerade,” by Hawthorne, and it will take you hours to return to the sun of the present again. On one side of the Church is Spring Lane, at whose well the women used to meet at twilight to draw water, and to talk of the events of the time. A little beyond rises the old State House, with its Lion and Unicorn that may still be seen—with its windows that overlook the place of the Boston Massacre,—from which the succession of George III., and the coming of the royal governors were proclaimed. The historic relics of those vanished days, among them the printing press of Franklin, may still be seen in its yellow rooms. On the other side of the Church, a little way down the windings of Washington Street, stood the Liberty Tree, where sons of Liberty meet and sing:—

“For Freedom we’re born
And like sons of the brave,
We’ll never surrender
But swear to defend her
And scorn to survive if unable to save.”

A red stone effigy of that tree on a private building now marks the spot

where it stood. Further on, over the narrow neck of land, stands the house of Warren, now also marked. The hero of Bunker Hill rests at last among the beautiful bowers that crown Forest Hill. Just above us, near where the State House now stands, is the stately colonial house of John Hancock, with its terraced gardens. The bold signer of the Declaration of Independence, who said to Washington, "Burn Boston, if the cause requires, and leave me a beggar," sleeps under the shadows of Park Street Church in the Granary Burying Ground, in a humble and neglected tomb. Our visitors here should see it. All honor to the Sons of the Revolution, who are about to place on the spot a fitting memorial! I would that the Daughters of the Revolution were about to do the same in memory of the heroic Dorothy Quincey Hancock.

The Battle of Bunker Hill was indeed fought over the river, but the inspiration of it came from this spot. Warren fought the battle here in burning words before he faced the mouths of the guns on the low hills that rose on the other bank of the river.

We are still in old Boston, and in the Old South Church. It is the 6th of March, the day that is appointed to commemorate the death of those who fell in the Boston Massacre, whose monument may be seen on the Common. The people are to meet here, and Warren is to be the orator. The patriots are expected to be here—Hancock, Adams, and the Sons of Liberty. The British officers are ordered to be present, to watch the trend of events and to overawe the people.

A curious legend, which has appeared in local histories and never been disproved, used to be told in old

Boston. It relates that the British commander had resolved to arrest the patriots on that day, and that a signal might be given to accomplish this at once. They put into the hands of the son of a royalist an egg, which stood for the American Colonies of King George. "Throw that at Warren in the middle of the oration," they said to the boy. "Great events will follow:" But the crowd was so dense that it compelled the boy to crush the egg in his hand. What would have been the history of America, and where might we have been to day, had that egg been thrown?

The church is filled at an early hour. It is Monday. The historic 5th of March had fallen on Sunday, and the commemoration has been appointed for the following day. The people come to the town from all the melting country roads. The British officers enter, and some of them sit down about this pulpit. The crowd is silent in the intensity of its excitement. The hour for the exercises to begin has come, but Warren does not appear. The hand on the dial moves on, and the suspense becomes awful. Has the patriot been arrested? The pulpit, hung in black, stands empty; over it looms yonder white window, filled with the splendor of the glowing day.

The clock is slowly ticking. It is thirty minutes past the hour.

There is a sound outside of yonder window. The top of a ladder strikes the case. A dark figure rises slowly before the light clad in the robes of an orator. The figure stands in the window. The people hail him: the British officers see him: he descends into the pulpit. It is Warren, and he speaks:—

Slowly, solemnly, came the first words of the oration:

"It is not without the most humiliating conviction of my want of ability that I now appear before you."

The people pressed upon each other, in their eagerness to hear.

"I mourn over my bleeding country."

Eyes moistened and the air became electric with sympathy. The orator's words flamed. His face glowed. He burst into a strain of passionate eloquence, and described the scene of the massacre on the 5th of March:

"The baleful images of terror crowd around me, and discontented ghosts, with hollow groans." He continues—

"Approach we the melancholy walk of death—

"We wildly stare about, and with amazement ask, Who spread this ruin around us? Has haughty France or cruel Spain sent forth her myrmidons? Has the grim savage rushed again from the far wilderness? No, none of these. It is the hand of Britain that inflicts the wound!"

The risen flood of protest rolls on, and the spirit of Independence began to appear, in the rift of the mist of uncertainty like a vision.

Just then a thrilling episode arrested all eyes.

A British officer, sitting on the pulpit stairs under Warren, held up his hand; in the fingers were three bullets.

Warren saw it. He read the menace in the movement. He held in his hand a white handkerchief. With a graceful and gracious movement of his hand the orator dropped the white handkerchief over the bullets in the hand of the officer. The scene thus represented to the fancy a menace of war and a proffer of peace, and so it was interpreted by all eyes.

It was a scene worthy of the poet or

painter! It said war if justice demands, but the heart of the patriot desires peace, not war. It is always so.

Grand indeed were the last words of this oration, and as prophetic as grand!

"Having redeemed your country, and secured the blessing to future generations, you cry, 'The glorious work is done!' Then drop the mantle on some young Elisha, and take your seats with kindred spirits in your native skies!"

Three months passed after that fiery day, when amid the fullness of June and under a burning sky and facing flame, shot, and shell, Warren fell on Bunker Hill, saying, "It is sweet and pleasant for one's country to die!" The battle ground was taken possession of by Washington and the body of the patriot was to be laid to rest in a sheltered grove.

Toll, toll! The bells are tolling!

It was an April day. The sky was again blue, and musical with the notes of returning birds.

In front of King's Chapel stands the Granary Burying Ground. They are bearing the body of Warren into the Chapel, where the organ selected by Blind Handel, is pouring out its solemn dirge. Then they lay him down in the burying ground over the way which was his first resting place, where Crispus Attucks and those who had fallen in the Boston Massacre had been buried, and where John Hancock and so many of the Sons of the Revolution still sleep.

We celebrate to-day the memory of the Creators of American Liberty. Is their work done? No, it is only begun. It remains for us to carry forward their aspiration and to help complete it. The work of the ages re-

mains to crown all the martyrs that have fallen in the cause of justice and liberty with the benefactions of eternal peace. Isaiah dreamed, and Columbus believed that the Hebrew poet appeared to him in a vision, but the peaceful prophecies of the melted spears await fulfillment. It is for the church to fulfill them. The inspiration that lifted the Temple of Janus into Roman air was not consummated till the gates of that Temple were closed in the silence of time, under the angels' song. The soul of Servius Tullius, a stone from whose Roman walls stands by the tomb of our own Lincoln, must live until the whole world is liberty, and that of King Louis, of blessed memory, until the whole world is peace. The aspiration of Hampton, of Robinson, of Leyden, of the Massachusetts Creators of Liberty, of the heroes of Bunker Hill, of Trenton, of Monmouth, of Saratoga, of Brandywine, of Cowpens, of Eutaw, and of all of the young martyrs of the war for the Union, for whom the marbles bloom, will never be fulfilled, until peace sits beside the grave of every hero, and the Temple of Concord sings the unity of mankind. To this work now must the highest patriotism be directed.

Daughters of the Revolution, the past is living in you. We are standing on the threshold of a new age which is preparing to receive new influences. The supreme century of the world is now rising before us. In that century education will be peace, and the kingdom of the new education is passing over to the control of women. The world has waited this humanizing and pacific influence through all the generations. It was of such an era that Virgil in his *Pollio* sung. To women is coming the trust of the education

of the new arts of peace, and it would be a most worthy thing, if here to-day there should be a consecration to this new mission, in this venerable church, where the hand of Warren dropped the white emblem of the truce of God over the British bullets, and where the roof above us, spared by the billows of fire, was saved by American patriotism by the efforts of noble Boston women. I wish that there were a white border to-day on yonder flag, and that a white bordered flag in miniature was mingled with the roses and marguerites worn in this hall, and that Warren's white handkerchief might here be seen fluttering in the air.

I well remember that day when June had poured out her green leaves over the Common and her roses over the Public Gardens and the Boston Peace Jubilee celebrated the Reunion of the States. It was on the 15th of June, Magna Charta day. The year before, in the same month, most of the Southern States of the Union had returned to their allegiance, and on July 4th general amnesty had been proclaimed. How Parepa sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" at that thrilling and immortal jubilee; how Adelaide Phillips, of glorious memory, melted into loving tears the assemblages of peace. We need such a reunion day among our new holidays in the longest days of the year. Would that you, the Daughters of the Revolution, would appoint such a day, which should stand not only for memory of the Reunion of the States in peace.

The beginnings of this new education for peace are seen everywhere, but they await a noble leadership. The educational systems of Froebel and Pestalozzi are superseding old forms, and the ideas of these educators

were that education stood not for the arts of money-making, but for character and for the whole of life, and that in true character was the harmony of the world. The crowning of the names of the martyrs of liberty and human progress is a part of this new peace education. Every monument that rises for virtue enriches life. The setting of the flag in the skies over every home and school-room and church, as the French place "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" everywhere, is a part of this pacific work of education. The village improvement societies, the thousand societies for human improvement are all companies waiting to join the grand army whose final march is Unity and Peace. Poetry is singing the Song of Peace ; art awaits the new impulse, and science in her mighty progress is a friend of man and a missionary of humanity. The world awaits the deeper meanings of the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. The best of all ages is now, and better is to come, and the strength of this new peace education by women will be the strength of our Republic.

A generation ago there arose on the peaceful shores of the Connecticut above the green valley and elm-shaded streets, a mighty arsenal. Charles Sumner, in his oration on the "True Grandeur of Nations," which Cobden pronounced the greatest contribution that human scholarship had ever made to the cause of peace, said that the arsenal at Springfield was chiefly useful in that it had inspired an immortal song whose voice was for peace. That song was written by Longfellow, the poet of Hope, Home and History, who, because he felt most deeply for humanity, will outlive his brother singers in the sympathies of time. Entering the arsenal one day in his early life,

these thoughts came crowding upon him :

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,

When the death-angel touches those swift keys !

What loud lament and dismal Miserere

Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,

The cries of agony, the endless groan,

Which, through the ages that have gone before us,

In long reverberations reach our own.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,

With such accursed instruments as these,

Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,

Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !

And every nation, that should lift again

Its hand against a brother, on its forehead

Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then
cease ;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,

I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace!"

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of War's great organ shakes the
skies !

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,

The holy melodies of love arise.

War came and humanity and justice demanded that the arsenal at Springfield should pour forth its arms on another contest that was to lead the world on to peace. But the peace principles of Sumner, Longfellow, Cobden, Bright, Lucietia Mott and Harriet

Martineau, whose statue once stood in this church, remained the same. At the World's Fair at Chicago there is to assemble in August the most glorious peace meeting this world has seen since the disciples sat down to listen to the Sermon on the Mount. To this cause humanity calls women, and of all women, the Daughters of the Revolution should lead in this movement, and hasten the day when the work of their great ancestors shall yield its ultimate and eternal harvest.

Rome celebrated her *Seculums*, and Horace sang his *Carmen Seculare*. Arches arose, but they were arches of war. Captive kings and queens grovelled in their chains at chariot wheels. Cæsar celebrated the conquest of Europe, Asia and Africa in a single triumph. At the *Seculums* the heralds marched down the Appian Way, and the trumpets rang with the exultant but solemn words: "Come, see ye a day that no man ever before saw, and that no man living will ever see again." There was a different triumph on the banks of the Mississippi a few days ago. St. Paul had wedded in bonds of iron the Pacific ocean. Arches arose, but they were crowned with grain; chariots moved through the streets, but they were the cars of human progress. It was a four days' festival, and all those days were given to the triumphs of Peace. The festival stood for ultimate America. It was Peace education.

Men die, but institutions continue, and the spirit of one generation grows into another. The pilot of the *Argo* may come not again, but the *Argo* will ever return with the golden fleece. The new age tends to unity of humanity, and woman's patriotic mission is the education of all the arts of peace; character education for the whole of

life. The time has come to repeat Garrison's words with new meaning: "My country is the world, and my countrymen are all mankind." Over the steel blue waters of Plymouth rises the Faith Monument, an eternal teacher. At the other end of the continent, in Buenos Ayres, rises the white peace monument of San Martin, the real liberator of South America. Having won the freedom of Argentina, and Chili and Peru, he said to the three nations that offered him their highest places and honors: "The presence of a fortunate general, no matter how disinterested he may be, in the country where he has won victories is detrimental to the State. I have achieved the independence of Peru. I have ceased to be a public man." He marched down the Andes, where his armies had put to flight the Condors for the last time. He did not return like Cincinnatus to his plough, or like Washington to his home, for the good of the Republic. He went into voluntary exile, and, after thirty years of silence for the sake of the peace of his country, he died in Boulogne.

His country wished to bring home his body and crown him dead. Grand was that day when Buenos Ayres received the dead body of her hero. They had built for him a tomb; it represented not the battle of Maypu, nor what he did in war, but what he did for peace. The angels of human progress were these that the sculptor made to guard his tomb.

From the Faith Monument near Plymouth Rock, to the marble angels of peace in Buenos Ayres, is a mighty arch of the Republics of Liberty. Progress is marching beneath it under the Northern constellations and the southern Cross. The republics await the new education of peace that will crown

the work of all their heroes, Washington, Bolivar, Juarez and San Martin. To this work the daughters of the parents may well give their hearts and hands, as the women of Venezuela drew into Caracas the chariot of Bolivar. Heaven awaits the consummation. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!" The greatest work of the world awaits the patriotism of women. The work that shall place the brightest crown of all on the achievements of all heroes—the new Education of Peace.

The Rev. Charles G. Ames' extemporaneous address was sparkling and full of patriotism. He adjured us not to forget what the principles of Liberty cost us, and to value them accordingly.

The patriotic songs were as usual sung standing, and by all of the audience, the choir leading.

After the benediction, there was a general rush to the platform; ladies desiring information, and asking for blanks to fill, and, if appearances can be trusted, the Massachusetts Society of the Daughters of the Revolution bids fair to outvie every other State. The ladies who planned and carried out this successful celebration, prominent among whom are Mrs. Louis De Blois Gallison, Organization Regent for New England; Mrs. William Lee, Regent for Massachusetts, and Mrs. Chas. Jewett Page, Treasurer for the same State may well congratulate themselves, for they deserve great praise.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE following invitation speaks for itself eloquently, and every "Daughter of the Revolution" who can do so, will hasten to enjoy Mrs. Inness splendid hospitality. New Jersey en-

tainments are deservedly popular, and New Jersey "Daughters" proverbially hospitable. A full account of this celebration will be given in our next issue.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

NEW JERSEY BRANCH.

Mrs. George Inness, Jr., cordially invites you to attend a meeting of the "Daughters of the Revolution," to be held at her home, Roswell Manor, Montclair, New Jersey, on Wednesday, June 28th, to commemorate the battle of Monmouth fought in 1778.

There will be music, addresses, and a social hour. Exercises will begin at 3.30. Tea served at 5 P. M.

JULIA G. INNESS,

Regent Montclair Chapter.

June 12, 1893.

SOCIETY MEETINGS, D. R.

NATIONAL SOCIETY, DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

FOUNDER GENERAL—MRS. FLORA ADAMS DARLING.

OFFICERS OF THE GENERAL SOCIETY.

President—MRS. EDWARD PAULET STEERS, 2076 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Vice President—MRS. LOUISE F. ROWE.

Secretary General—MRS. D. PHOENIX INGRAHAM, 2052 Madison Av., New York.

Treasurer General—MRS. CHAUNCEY S. TRUAX, 2034 Fifth Av., New York.

Registrar General—MRS. MARY C. MARTIN-CASEY.

Historian General—MRS. LEROY S. SMITH.

Librarian General—MRS. LOUISE SCOFIELD DAVIS.

Chaplain General—REV. GEORGE R. VAN DE WATER, D.D.

Executive Committee.

MRS. ABRAHAM STEERS, *Regent, Colonial Chapter.*

MRS. DE VOLNEY EVERETT,

MRS. HORATIO C. KING, *Regent, Long Island.*

MRS. EDGAR KETCHUM,

MRS. CHARLES W. DAYTON,

MRS. CHARLES F. ROE, *Regent, N. Y. City.*

MISS ADELINE W. TORREY,

Regent, New Jersey.

MRS. H. P. MCGOWN, JR.,

MRS. HENRY A. WARREN,

MRS. A. F. RASINES,

MRS. SMITH ANDERSON,

MRS. J. HOOD WRIGHT,

MRS. CHAS. F. STONE.

MRS. GEORGE INNESS, JR.,

Regent, Montclair.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY GENERAL.

It gives me pleasure to report the past quarter of the year, as more successful than any preceding.

The Executive Committee of the General Society has met regularly with a full attendance—transacting much interesting and important business.

At the meeting on April 10th, a resolution was passed by the Board "that all members of the Society be requested to pay to the Treasurer of the General Society, in addition to the annual dues, the sum of one [\$1.00] dollar each until April 1st, 1894, for the support and maintenance of the Assembly Room in New York City."

At the meeting on May 1st, the following preamble and resolution was

passed: "Whereas delay in carrying on the work of this Society being found inimical to its welfare and retarding its growth, therefore, Resolved, that any person whether elected or appointed to office in this Society, she having been duly notified of the same, shall within thirty days after date of such election or appointment, send to the Board of Managers, through the Secretary General, a written acceptance and within ninety days from date of such appointment or election, send a written report of work done or progress made; and further Resolved, that officers failing to comply with the above resolution shall be considered as having vacated their office and the Secretary shall notify such delinquent officers in writing."

Mrs. Charles A. Carroll's resignation as Regent of Maryland, was received and accepted by the Board, and the following new Regents appointed: In Maryland, Mrs. George W. Roche, 1304 McCullah Street, Baltimore; Mrs. Charles L. Alden, 4 Gale Place, Troy, New York; Miss Katherine R. Irons, Toms River, New Jersey.

The patriotic celebrations of the Society have been attended with enthusiasm—the "Battle of Lexington" was commemorated by a splendid meeting in the Governor's Room at the City Hall, New York—and I am proud to say the Society was most successfully organized and established in the State of Massachusetts, on "Bunker Hill Day," June 17th, at the "Old South" Church, in Boston.

The "Battle of Monmouth" will be beautifully celebrated in New Jersey, and the interest in our Revolutionary events grows steadily.

The Society is richer in relics by the gift from Mrs. George W. Burhans of a cup and saucer from one of the three famous sets of china, imported after the war and owned by Gen'l George Washington, Richard Stockton and James Schureman of New Brunswick, the former owner of the above gift.

Few of our members realize, I think, that although the summer season is with us, it means no holiday time for some of the General Officers—the work of such a Society as ours does not remain idle during the summer months, neither can it. So a few faithful and enthusiastic workers are always here ready to transact and forward the work of the Society, feeling well rewarded for any sacrifice of time and pleasure by the advancement of our great work.

F. ADELADE INGRAHAM,
June 26th, 1892. *Secretary General.*

REPORT OF REGISTRAR GENERAL.

MRS. CHAIRMAN, LADIES OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

During the month of March we have received papers from applicants who have based their claims for membership on the Revolutionary services of the following soldiers and patriots:

Lieut. Richard Hall, New Hampshire; Lieut. James Boone, Rhode Island; Nathan Williams, Dr. Eleazer Mather, Connecticut; John White, Massachusetts; Col. Samuel Coit, soldier and sitting as judge in the Maritime Court in the Revolution; Lieut. Asa Maxson, Rhode Island; John Christie, New Jersey; Lieut. Daniel Graham, New York; Joseph Whitecar, New Jersey; Major John Wiley, New York; Hon. Bailey Bartlett, a patriot of Massachusetts, who gave money most liberally to furnish military supplies during the Revolution; Capt. Samuel Harris, Pennsylvania; Col. Richard Callaway, Virginia and Kentucky; Capt. Christopher Irvine, Virginia and Kentucky; Capt. Robert Peebles, Pennsylvania; James Johnston; Lieut. William Pratt, Rhode Island; Nathaniel Hardy, William Hardy, Massachusetts; Joseph Dale, Massachusetts; Abraham Scranton, Connecticut; Captain William Faulkner, New York; Capt. Alexander Thompson, New York; Ebenezer Week, Connecticut; Jerediah Lathrop; Capt. Charles Pond; Lieut. Jotham Wright, New York; Lieut. Tyerck Beekman; Sergeant Joseph Cutler; Col. George Mason, patriot and statesman of Gunston Hall, Virginia. His services were both numerous and valuable during and after the Revolution, and his statue stands with those of Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and other illustrious Virginians at the base of Crawford's colossal statue of Washing-

ton, in front of the capitol at Richmond.

On the whole our papers this month have been very satisfactory.

Permit me through you to express my thanks to Mrs. H. S. Beattie for her valuable assistance rendered in searching records.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY C. MARTIN CASEY,

Registrar General, D. R.

April 3, 1893.

MRS. CHAIRMAN, LADIES OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD:

Our applicants during the month of April, were lineal descendants of the following soldiers and patriots:

David Farbush, Massachusetts; Thomas Nelson, jr., signer of the Declaration of Independence, Brigadier General and Governor of Virginia; John Preston, Connecticut; Lieut. Col. James Mellen, Massachusetts; Claudius Martin, Pennsylvania; John Kniffen, New York; Lieut. Col. Benjamin Holden, Massachusetts; Ensign Lemuel Leach, Massachusetts; Alexander McCay, New York; Capt. Isaac Halsey, New Jersey; Hon. David Maxsom, member of the Committee of Safety, also member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island during the Revolution; Lieut. Asa Maxson, Rhode Island; Hon. Robert Lawton, member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island during and after the Revolutionary War; George Lawton, Rhode Island; Thomas Ball and his son Abner Ball, soldiers of Essex County, New Jersey; Capt. Ebenezer Smith, Massachusetts Continental Line; Moses Mount, New Jersey; Robert Laird, New Jersey; Lieut. Col. Samuel Gale, Capt. Benjamin Gale, Connecticut; Roger Wolcott, Connecticut; Nathan Betts, New York; Lieut. Col. Thaddeus Crane, New York; Col.

Stephen J. Schuyler, New York; 2nd Lieut. Robert Livingston, New York; John Hicks, one of the martyrs of 1775 in Massachusetts; John J. Shreaden, New York; Capt. William Blackler of Col. John Glovers famous Marblehead regiment; Paul Potter, New Jersey; Capt. Jabez Deming, Connecticut; Capt. Columbus Vanderveer, New York.

With such a goodly array of names before us, further comment is unnecessary.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY C. MARTIN CASEY,

Registrar General, D. R.

May 1st, 1893.

MRS. CHAIRMAN, LADIES OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD:

During the month of May we have added to our roll of membership the following statesmen, patriots and soldiers:

General Andrew Pickens, the eminent partisan soldier of South Carolina, whose zeal, courage and skill, broke the power of the Tories in that State; Samuel Buck, Massachusetts; Corporal George Doolittle, Connecticut; John Harrington Beach, Connecticut; Amos James, Quartermaster, Connecticut; Captain John Spafford, Vermont; Major David Smith, member of the original Society of the Cincinnati of Connecticut; William Creamer, New Jersey; Lieut. Robert H. Livingston, New York; Hon. Bailey Bartlett, Massachusetts; Hon. Gustavus Scott, patriot and statesman of Maryland, from 1774 to 1784; Hon. Samuel Love, Maryland; Judge Charles Jones, Maryland; Deacon Ephraim Adams—the records of New Hampshire, show that his services were both numerous and valuable; Sergeant Juduthan Wellington, Massachusetts; Captain Joel White, Connecticut; Lemuel White,

Connecticut; Captain Stephen Jackson, New Jersey; Enoch Beach, New Jersey; Peter Van Brough Livingston, President of the First Provincial Congress of New York; Rev. Judah Champion, Connecticut; John Miller, Massachusetts; Paul Potter, New Jersey; Garrett Irons, New Jersey; Major Sabastian Bauman, member of the original Society of the Cincinnati of New York; Lieut. John Wiedman, member of the original Society of the Cincinnati of Pennsylvania; Capt. Samuel Whittemore, Massachusetts; Robert Irwin, signer of the Mechlenburg Declaration of Independence, May, 1775, also member of the General Assembly of North Carolina, from 1776 to 1783, 1797 to 1800; Thomas Nelson, Jr., signer of the Declaration of Independence, Brigadier General and Governor of Virginia; Josiah Bartlett, New Hampshire—he was the first who voted for and the second who signed the Declaration of Independence; William Floyd, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Colonel of the First Suffolk County Regiment Militia.

As I write the names of these immortal signers, I seem to hear the echo of that State House *Bell*, pealing out at noonday, telling its story of Freedom—what need have we of "*Facsimiles*" while the echo of that *true Bell* is still heard in our hearts, ringing its hosannas of Liberty and Freedom. Respectfully submitted,

MARY C. MARTIN CASEY,
Registrar General, D. R.

New York, June 5th, 1893.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,

June 12th, 1893.

The first general meeting of the "Lone Star" State Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution" was

held on the 19th of April, at 105 San Pedro Avenue. The Regent, Mrs. James H. French, presided. After opening the meeting with the usual exercises, reports were read from officers and Chapter Regents that aroused much enthusiasm. Were it not that the noble character of our Society and the worthiness of its objects lead us to look forward to its influence being felt wherever there are true Americans, we might have been surprised at its growth in this portion of the Union—a State unknown to our Revolutionary Fathers, a city only a few decades past almost unknown to Americans. Since our organization in October, 1891, we have enrolled the names of eighty-one applicants, fifty-seven of whom have received notices of acceptance in the National Society. The reports being accepted and business concluded, the meeting adjourned. The State officers are: Regent, Mrs. James H. French; Vice-Regents, Mrs. V. L. Peyton and Mrs. O. A. Washington; Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. C. Crawford; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Annie Bee; Treasurer, Mrs. S. D. Scudder; Registrar, Mrs. E. R. Norton; Librarian, Mrs. R. C. Norton; Historian, Mrs. J. T. Woodhull; Curator, Mrs. J. P. Devine; Chaplain, Mrs. A. G. Neil; Elective Members of the State Board, Mrs. A. Waelder, Mrs. F. C. Frost, Mrs. J. J. Stevens and Miss Flora Washington; Standing Committees appointed by the Regent.

M. C. CRAWFORD,
Rec. Secretary.

Chapter Regents in Texas:
Mrs. M. J. Briscoe, Houston.
Mrs. Mary West Moore, Austin.
Miss Lizzie C. Brown, Dallas.
Mrs. Junius B. French, Fort Worth.
Mrs. Florida Pope Tunstall, Alamo Chapter.

LONG ISLAND SOCIETY.

At one of the monthly meetings of this Society, held at the house of the Regent, Mrs. Horatio C. King, Mrs. Henry L. Pratt read a paper that she had written for the purpose, thereby contributing essentially to the entertainment of those present. We are glad to give others the benefit of this interesting address.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

In reading the history of a great Revolution, marked by conflict and bloodshed, we find the battles by land and by sea portrayed. We are told of advances and retreats, of military manœuvres and skilful generalship, of heroic bravery, of suffering and of death.

But battles are not fought with gun and sabre only. It is not alone by those who go out into danger and hardship, having the stimulus of action and adventure, that victories are won. But for the living springs hidden on a hundred hillsides, no rivers would flow into the sea.

So the battles of the American Revolution could never have been fought to their successful issue but for the women who wrought at home and whose daughters we are.

And "the very children," as General Gage, who once thought "four regiments could settle the whole business," afterwards declared, "the very children drew in the love of liberty with the air they breathed."

Two of these children, a girl of twelve and a boy two years older, were together one evening in May, 1775, behind their father's house in Townsend, Massachusetts, on "the Rock of Vows," as they had named their favorite seat. They were eating their supper of bread and milk from

pewter porringers, with "Mouldering True," a pet cat, by their side waiting expectantly for her share.

Presently the girl went to the house for another slice of bread and came back greatly excited.

"They are talking about the fight at Lexington, and father says now that there has been bloodshed we shall not rest till we drive the Red Coats from the country. O John! I wish I was a man!" "So do I, Eunice! and I wish that I had been born four years sooner so I could go and help drive them," John replied.

"I wish you had, and I wish we had been born twins so we could go together. But we will do something for our country, see if we don't," said Eunice, with earnestness in her eyes.

The patriotic wishes of these children were not idle ones. They had been born soon enough to bear more than a passive part in the great struggle.

Their father, Lieut. James Locke, was a member of the "Committee of Correspondence," which managed an invisible legislative body, town conferring and advising with town throughout the colony in this way. It was never convened in full session, therefore never dissolved, intangible, yet ever present, a power, as it were, in the very air.

So these children, brought up in one of the centres of the coming issues, knew very well why their mother and Aunt Betty drank currant leaf tea instead of East India Bohea, and why Marblehead was the port of entry and Salem the seat of government at this time, instead of Boston. And they understood better than King George and his Counsel that it was not the three pence on the pound that caused the cargoes of three tea ships to

be mingled with the salt water of the harbor, and 257 chests of tea to mould and sour in a damp cellar in Charlestown.

A month later Eunice, who slept on the lower floor with her eldest sister, Hannah, was wakened from sleep by a tap on the window. Hannah rose quickly, opened the window, speaking to some one outside, who replied. Eunice knew the voice to be that of John Laurence, Hannah's sweetheart, and she remained perfectly still, not disturbing the conversation, which was continued in low tones until the cocks began to crow. She heard the young man say he had enlisted with the company raised in the town of Ashby, and which had stopped for the night two miles from her father's house, so he had obtained leave of absence from his captain, promising to return before sunrise. She heard the tremulous good-bye that her sister gave when her lover left with a "God bless you, Hannah," and she did not tell even her favorite brother John of this midnight farewell.

A week or two later an express came to town on Saturday night and on Sabbath morning the news of the Battle of Bunker Hill went about the congregation. Among the names of the dead was that of John Laurence. Eunice cried all day, but no one saw Hannah shed a tear. Only her young sister noticed how rarely she smiled after this, and that she never again cared for the gay society of which she was before one of the gayest.

Gen. Gage's "four regiments," had failed to "settle the whole business" when John Locke was old enough to enlist and was called to march with his company.

The story of the pantaloons that his sister Eunice made when less than

fifteen years old, has been told and retold so often that it is too thread-bare to be repeated here, even in her own words as I, her youngest granddaughter, used to hear her tell it. The wool was on the backs of the sheep forty-one hours before the garment was finished and worn away by our dearly beloved brother, who gave his life for his country.

In my possession is a letter directed to Miss Sally Fairley, and written by this John Locke. It is dated "Deane Frigate, Boston Harbor, August 20th, 1782." The letter covers three large pages filled with expressions of regard and affection, in the stately and formal fashion of the time. After wishing Miss Sally peace and tranquility of mind and every other pleasure that her inclinations aspired after, while he is exposed to all the dangers that attend the horrors and tumults of war, he speaks joyously of his return to the pleasure of her sweet company and agreeable conversation.

Alas for loving sweetheart and loving sister. The ocean was his grave, and they never met again on earth.

From some verses written by my grandmother a few months later on the death of her brother, I learn that Miss Fairley soon followed him into the silent land.

Brothers and sisters and all their children, two generations, have passed away. But one must feel a living sympathy even yet, with the sisterly sorrow that called so pitifully on the flowers to wither, the birds to forget their songs, the rocks to shed dewdrop tears and the murmuring streams to weep their channels dry for the best of friends, the brother who is dead.

The battle of Bennington was fought a little more than two years after the fight at Lexington, whose 118th Anni-

versary we have just celebrated in historic fashion. John Locke, a lad of sixteen, had already enlisted and was in this battle.

On that August day, my grandfather Stoughton who lived in Western Massachusetts and who had a Lieutenant's commission in the 5th Regiment of Militia, in the County of Hampshire, was going towards his harvest field, when he suddenly stopped.

"Hark! What is that?" he called to a neighbor who was at work in an adjoining field. "The wind is not in the right way for us to hear the Falls. It is cannonading! There is hot work somewhere to the northward. Don't you hear it neighbor?" he cried in quick excitement.

"It must be pretty far off. Not nigh enough to affect us," drawled the neighbor, lazily.

The Lieutenant did not sympathize with this indifference. He ran rapidly to the house and called to his wife to come out and listen. She came to the door with a two months' old baby in her arms and three little ones clinging about her.

"It roars like Turner's Falls," said she, "but it seems to come from the opposite direction."

Later in the day the sound as of a great waterfall grew louder, constant and dull, with an occasional boom of cannon rising above it.

In a few days they knew it was the roar and boom of the battle of Bennington which they had heard on that sultry August day.

Grandfather was encamped with the Greenfield regiment on Bemis Heights when the battle of Saratoga was being fought and won.

To my father, who was not born until twelve years after the close of the war, he used to tell the stories of this

campaign, and my father in his turn told them to his children.

"In those days there was a great deal of game in the woods," my father used to say, "and every man had his hunting gun, powder horn and bullet pouch; but every man's gun was liable to be unlike his neighbor's. So they were obliged to have different sizes of bullets in order to fit. They'd bring them around to the men and each man would fit his own gun.

They manufactured their powder, too, and had to be very careful about wasting it. The regulars were well equipped, but our men were kept very short. At this time each man was allowed all the powder he wanted."

My grandfather used to describe the battle as beginning with the report of a gun; then another report; then faster and faster the firing came till it sounded like the crackling of hemlock boughs in a great fire, then there was a steady roar. The comparison of burning hemlock came naturally to one who had cleared his farm lands from the primeval forest, having bought the ground of the men who had bartered for it with the Indians.

He could see, he said, during the heat of battle, expresses dashing back and forth on horseback almost, as it seemed, with the rapidity of lightning.

A lull came at last, and what that meant the soldiers did not know, waiting in great suspense, until an express came and said Burgoyne had surrendered.

The night that followed the battle was full of horror. The soldiers were lodged in a barn near the battle field, the sick and wounded crowded in among the rest, and the groans and death cries haunted my grandfather as long as he lived.

In a day or two his company was

disbanded, and the Lieutenant began his walk of a hundred miles over Hoosac Mountains to his home in the Connecticut Valley.

We may imagine, though we cannot realize, his emotions as he drew near the household from which he had not heard for so long. The last mile of his road led over a hill, from the top of which he could see, half a mile distant, his gambrel-roofed house, with the tall well-sweep at one side, and a row of Lombardy poplars in front.

But at the first sight his eager joy was turned to sorrow. A funeral train was passing out from his own gateway. Alas! whose? They must have been hoping for his return and looking out the way he should come, for he was seen and recognized at that distance; so, resting the coffin under the shade of the Lombardys, they waited for him.

What anxious foreboding filled his heart as he came on, not knowing of whom he was bereft!

It was the youngest but one of his children, little Timmy, whom death had found out in the sheltered harbor of home, while the soldier escaped unharmed from the battlefield.

Many a time I have heard this story and felt the sad pathos of such a return; but, though it was never dwelt upon by herself or the other narrators, I think no less pathetic was the part of the mother, who bore alone the care and grief as she saw her boy die and dressed him for the burial.

Thus all over our land—during the seven slow years of struggle—went on the unseen heroism and costly sacrifices of mothers and of sisters, that no less than the marches and the battles helped to procure for us the proud right to be “Daughters of the Revolution.”

MRS. HENRY L. PRATT.

STATE MEETING, NEW JERSEY.

At the request of the Regent, Miss Adeline W. Torrey, Mrs. L. DeB. Gallison, Historian, prepared and read the following paper, at a meeting held at the residence of Mrs. Allen, South Orange, N. J. :

How little do we at this day in our comfortable homes, surrounded by luxury, and accustomed to regard as ordinary necessities things that one hundred years ago were not compassed in the wildest dreams of our Revolutionary mothers; realize or appreciate the privations that they sustained for the cause of liberty.

It is customary to argue that they were influenced largely by the thought of the priceless boon they were to leave to their posterity, but I cannot but believe that it was the enthusiasm of the living present that enabled them to keep up such a dauntless courage for so many years.

We must consider that luxuries to them were few. The country was new and sparsely settled, the people poor, and the giving up of what seems to us, and would actually be a trifle, represented to them a vast deal more.

With the great growth of the country and the consequent immense influx of foreigners of every degree, it is of great importance that the principles of true Americanism should be kept alive, and how can this be done so well or so thoroughly as by the American Mothers.

Into the receptive minds of their children they can pour the tale of valorous deeds of their ancestors, arousing in them a true and honest pride of ancestry, not a false idea that they are superior to all others by reason of illustrious birth, but that to them has descended by inheritance a solemn duty to perform with voice,

vote and act the inalienable rights of free American citizens.

No one, even the most casual thinker can be blind to the great dangers that beset the government of this country, anarchy, socialism, church-craft, atheism—all are working with insidious schemes to undermine the first principles of the Constitution.

It is our plain duty, then, as American women, as descendants of those who periled their lives and fortunes to found this great republic, as "Daughters of the Revolution," and as mothers, to keep alive by every means in our power the patriotic feelings that inspired our ancestors.

To this end the "Daughters of the Revolution" should not rest satisfied with founding among themselves a mutual admiration society, nor with exerting such home influence as may be convenient. They should by every proper means work to increase the membership and make it a power in the land.

New Jersey is rich in Revolutionary history—it was one of the great battle grounds. There must be *hundreds* of descendants of patriots in this vicinity who could easily be induced to join did they but realize the great importance of keeping alive the spirit of *Americanism*.

I am ready to do my part—are you ready to do yours? Let us all resolve here to-day that the New Jersey Society shall become a power in the land and a bulwark of Americanism that shall stand as long as the eternal hills.

KATE B. GALLISON.

Mrs. Gallison has nobly kept this promise by the work she has done and is doing in New England, and New Jersey is taking foremost rank in the state organizations. [ED.]

HUGUENOT CHAPTER.

On the evening of April 26th the Huguenot Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution gave a dance and loan exhibition of rare relics at the Manor House—Pelham Manor. The Club House was beautifully decorated with flags and festoons of blue and buff. One of the small rooms opening from the main hall and stage was set apart for the collection, which was unique. We mention a few of the exhibits only: Shakspeare, one hundred and thirty years old; a bible, one hundred years; coins of rare value and one of prehistoric age; a watch brought over by the Huguenots, rare laces and embroideries, beautiful fans, one being one hundred and fifty years old, besides many other articles equally interesting. A number of very fine ivory miniatures were especially attractive. Verily, Westchester County is rich in Revolutionary relics as well as love and veneration for its beloved ones who fought so well for liberty, home and country. The festivities were opened with a promenade to the music of the Star-Spangled Banner, played by the band. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour, a German following the supper. The favors bore the spirit of the Daughters in patriotism.

MRS. W. R. PITT, D. R.

TROY CHAPTER.

JUNE 1st, 1893.

The month of February, 1893, found two members of the Daughters of the Revolution in Troy, N. Y. I believe I was the first member and Mrs. James Morrison the second, but very soon Mrs. Morrison's three daughters joined.

About this time I was appointed Regent of Troy. We have had no for-

mal meetings, only chats on the street corners and in social gatherings. It was ever in my mind, and as I met my friends, I would present the subject for their consideration, and was surprised to find such a pleasant reception of the subject. Many would declare they were sure they had no record; when investigation would show by the Revolutionary rolls that they had. The truth is our great-grandfathers were more modest than their descendants, and also they did not realize the grandeur of the work done. Militia service, oftentimes, was not spoken of to their grandchildren, and yet some of these services were at Lexington and Bennington and to protect the Hudson, while the regular tooops were sent against Burgoyne "for which" (last service) "they received the thanks of Gen. Washington." *We realize how important these services were.*

We have had no formal organization. Several, though much interested, have declined office, and so with Mrs. Wm. Augustus Thompson, Vice-Regent, Mrs. Charles S. Francis, Treasurer, and Mrs. John Don, Registrar; we separate for the summer, not to formally meet until the Autumn.

Several ladies are making out their papers; and several others are trying to find their records, and will join if successful. I propose to give a list of members, with the names of their Revolutionary ancestors.

1. Mrs. Charles L. Alden, great-great-granddaughter of Dr. Lewis Sweeting of Mansfield, Mass. Private in Lexington Alarm, on Committee of Public Safety and Representative, and great-granddaughter of Nathaniel Sweeting of Mansfield, Mass. Private in Lexington Alarm and during the war, serving as sergeant, corporal and

Lieutenant—and great-granddaughter of George Langford, Northampton, Mass. Private, sergeant and corporal, serving during the War—and great-great-granddaughter of Daniel Weekes, Huntington, L. I., and Dutchess Co., N. Y., also Westchester County militia, N. Y., and great-granddaughter of Capt. Silas Weekes of Dutchess Co., N. Y., who served in New York Militia, private and captain.

2. Mrs. James Morrison and her daughters.

3. Mrs. A. G. Curtis.

4. Mrs. John Don.

5. Mrs. Thos. Collwell. Mrs. Morrison is granddaughter of Lieut. Asa Maxson of Westerly, R. I., in Rhode Island troops, and great-granddaughter of David Maxson, Deputy in 1782-3, and granddaughter of Capt. Robert Collins of Sandown, New Hampshire, was in the battle of Saratoga. He was in Lt. Col. Welch's Regiment, under Brigadier General Whipple. Captain of a company of New Hampshire Militia.

6. Mrs. Harry M. Alden, great-granddaughter of Nathan Betts of S. Salem, N. Y., served in Westchester County Militia Regiments, New York.

7. Mrs. S. Alexander Orr, great-great-granddaughter of Dr. Benjamin Gale, of Kellingworth, Conn. Served three times in Connecticut Militia, private, Lexington Alarm, Tryon's invasion, and Captain, New Haven Alarm, and great-granddaughter of Captain and Colonel Samuel Gale, of Killingworth, Conn., who was in Lexington Alarm, eight months around Boston. Service in Rhode Island and Tryon's invasion, Conn. Militia and Continental Troops.

8. Mrs. Wm. A. Thompson, great-great-granddaughter of General Wm. Floyd, Major-General Suffolk Co. Mili-

tia, and signer of the Declaration of Independence ; great-great-granddaughter of Hendrick Rutgers, of New York, a Revolutionary patriot ; died 1779 ; and great-granddaughter of Surgeon Ebenezer Crosby, of Washington's Life Guards ; and great-granddaughter of Surgeon Mathias Burnet Miller, of Colonel David Sunderland's Regiment, of New York State Militia, and member of New York Provincial Congress ; and great-granddaughter of Colonel Stephen J. Schuyler, of 6th Regiment, Albany County Militia, New York.

9. Mrs. Helen Thompson, of Lansingburg, N. Y. (mother of Professor D. T. Thompson, R.P.I., Troy, N. Y.), great-granddaughter of Nathaniel French, of New Hampshire. He served in New Hampshire Militia.

10. Mrs. Charles S. Francis, great-great-granddaughter of Captain Azariah Lyman, of Westhampton, Mass., who marched on the alarm of the 17th of August, 1777, in Captain Jonathan Waile's company and Colonel Dicken-son's regiment.

11. Mrs. John Knox, great-great-granddaughter of General Wm. Floyd, Major-General of Suffolk Co. Militia, a Revolutionary patriot, signer of Declaration of Independence.

These eleven members, besides two from other cities, drawn into the fold by their affiliations with Trojans, former residents of the place.

Mrs. Dr. Walter Rae, of Jersey City, great-great-granddaughter of John Hicks, a Revolutionary patriot, of Cambridge, Mass, killed in the Battle of Lexington.

Mrs. Henry Taft, of New York, great-great-granddaughter of Colonel John Spofford, of Timmouth, Vt., who was at the taking of Ticonderoga and Crown Point (receiving the sword of the com-

mander at Crown Point) and the Battle of Bennington.

Several of the members are looking for records of services of other ancestors, and these will appear later.

MARY LANGFORD TAYLOR ALDEN,

Regent of Troy Chapter, D. R.

COLONIAL CHAPTER.

This large and flourishing chapter makes no formal report for this issue, except that the membership is steadily on the increase. The meetings held regularly each month at the house of the Regent, Mrs. A. Steers, are well attended and interesting, there being no lack of refreshment for both body and intellect.

A NEW CHAPTER IN NEW YORK CITY.

A second chapter has been organized in this city. The officers are: Mrs. Chas. Francis Roe, Regent ; Mrs. Henry W. Taft, Secretary ; Mrs. M. B. Ludin, Treasurer. This Chapter has already quite a large membership, and every prospect of a healthy and vigorous growth.

NATIONAL CELEBRATION.

The two celebrations particularly observed by the whole National Society are, the Battle of Lexington, and Evacuation of New York—the first and last scenes of the War of the Revolution. It is desired that the whole society unite in these two celebrations and not arrange for separate chapter celebrations, thereby detracting from the National in which all are alike interested.

It is hoped that every Daughter of the Revolution, wherever she may be, did, on the Fourth of July, display the American flag combined with our buff and blue, also read the Declaration of Independence.

NOTES AND INFORMATION.

DROWNED WHILE BATHING.

Mrs. Robert J. Davidson, an earnest and patriotic member of the D. R. Society, one who is always ready to lend a helping hand to its work and its needs, has been given a heavy cross to bear. Her son, a bright lad of thirteen, rushed in one day, boy-like, to get permission to go bathing; that being granted, he gave his devoted mother a hearty kiss and embrace in return for the sought for "Yes"—and she never again saw him alive. Every mother and every "Daughter" will deeply sympathize with this afflicted sister.

GENERAL AND NATIONAL SOCIETY.

TERMS SYNONYMOUS.

The National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution is the General Society, the Society that is *general* everywhere, all over the United States of America, and wherever else descendants of patriotic Americans may be; every woman whose lineage in direct line from Revolutionary Patriot has been proved, and who is admitted to membership, is a member of the National Society, and as long as she conforms to the rules of the Society, will remain so. State Societies are for the convenience of the members of the National Society *in the State*, and Chapters are formed under the State government, conforming to the National laws, for the purpose of social intercourse, and to band us together more securely by making us into a great

sisterhood of families (chapters and States) under one motherhood (the National Executive Council). Therefore, be it understood that every member is primarily and always a national member. She joins a chapter or as many chapters as she pleases, for the social or intellectual advantages they may offer, and all report to and are in harmony with the Executive Board of the National Society, therefore there is no need or occasion for a club house or society headquarters except in the place where the Executive Committee of the National holds its meetings. The Chapters are supposed to keep their membership within the limits of a drawing room gathering, and when one chapter has attained that, another can be formed in the same place. Whenever it is desirable to hold a State meeting to commemorate some event of State rather than National importance, some historic building contiguous to the spot should be selected for the purpose. But for the dignity of the Society, there should be a meeting place for the National Executive Board, which is also the meeting place and the property of the whole Society. The rooms, 64 Madison Avenue, are the first start towards such a conclusion, which we trust will eventuate in a Society Building that every member in the land will be proud to feel that she has an interest in and is part owner of. Where our National library and

museum will be, and all our Society belongings and national treasures, such as manuscript rolls, relics of "the times that tried men's" (and women's) "souls" can be garnered and kept in safety, where we can have convenient rooms for every need of a great society, for meeting, for rest and for refreshment. With such a tangible object to work for, one that will strike an echoing chord in every sensible woman's heart, we may feel that a broad path lies before us, and hope that patriotism and generosity may combine to make the accomplishment not too distant.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

PLEASE send contributions, genealogical reports, etc., etc., without waiting to be reminded, and in good time—three or four weeks in advance of the quarterly issue.

Please write as legibly as possible, and only on one side of the sheet of paper.

Please correct the manuscript before sending it to make sure that the names, dates and facts are quite correct and properly placed. If contributors will bear this in mind they will greatly aid the management, saving them time, expense and labor.

Books, magazines and publications desiring review or notice may be sent to the address of this magazine, 64 Madison avenue.

SUBSCRIPTION CLUBS. For each five yearly subscriptions to the Magazine of the Daughters of the Revolution, an extra subscription will be mailed to the sender free of charge.

With our next issue we shall open our household department. Receipts, information and suggestions are requested.

Questions will be answered and addresses given if required.

(Clipping from the N. Y. Sun.)

"A DISCONSOLATE DAUGHTER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.

I have been interested in reading in the newspapers about the woes and troubles of the "S. A. R."

The "Sons" have a bed of roses compared with the "Daughters," dear Mr. Editor.

We poor D. A. R.'s do not even know each other by name. All the privileges we enjoy are to pay our initiation fees and dues, and receive circulars asking us to subscribe to "teas" and "readings," and excursions to Chicago for our officers, and all such lovely things.

And then we get, through the mails, "reports," telling us what perfectly lovely times our officers had in Chicago and Albany and at all the big hotels, "representing" us! And what they wore at the receptions to the Infanta and the Duke, and how Mr. Depew made them a lovely speech, and how Mr. McDowell suggested a lot more nice things to do next year, that would make it necessary for our officers to visit San Francisco or Europe or China then, and call on Queen Victoria or that lovely William II., or the dear Empress. All just to "represent" us! Just think of it, dear Mr. Editor! Just think of all the "reports" we will have to read when they all get home!

They do say there are over 2,000 of us, and that we pay over \$7,000 every year to our President, Director-

General and Associate Director-General in charge, and Honorable Treasurer-General and all the other kind ladies whose titles end in a hyphen and a General! But these ladies all live in Washington and represent us, and isn't it just sweet in them to do so much, just for us? But if only they would take a little of our money and represent us in a nice book, giving a list of all our names (the way the S. A. R.'s do), and where we all live and how we happen to be D. A. R.'s (our pedigrees, of course, is what I mean), wouldn't that be real nice?

FANNY D. REEVES.

Point Sewell, N. J., June 4th.

A criticism on the above cut from a Rochester, N. Y., newspaper reads as follows:

"This amusing little note "writ sarcastic," is likely to be heard from. Sarcasm is something neither the Sons nor Daughters of the American Revolu-

tion can endure, and this, coming from one of their own number, will undoubtedly fill many of the latter with wrath and grief and will plant suspicion in the minds of others. It will probably cause many heart-burnings and spoil many a cup of Revolutionary tea. It *has long been intimated* that the *D. A. R.* is *managed by* a ring and is run in the *interest of a few*, and it is evident that such is the opinion of the *Sun's* correspondent. Her suggestion that the order print a "nice book" containing the names of the members, so that they can at least tell "who's who," seems to be eminently proper. That would be of more importance to them than to be "represented" at the Infanta's receptions or at Queen Victoria's "drawing-rooms."

The above having been sent to us from several sources, we give it for the benefit of those of our readers who may not have chanced to see it.

LOCAL CELEBRATIONS.—Each State Regent is requested to send a list of important Revolutionary events pertaining the State of which she is Regent, to the President of the Society, D. R., Mrs. Edward P. Steers, 2076 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PRESENTATION.—The Regent of Massachusetts kindly presented to the Society Library, "The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law," by Harriette R. Shattuck, President of the Boston political class. This is a valuable and helpful little volume; it should grace the table of every society and club room. It is published by Lee and Shepard, Boston.



SONS OF THE REVOLUTION

NEW YORK, June 1st, 1893.

DEAR SIR :

Owing to the strike among the quarrymen, the work on the Pedestal of the Nathan Hale Statue has been delayed some two months, and the contractors state that they will be

unable to complete the Pedestal before August 1st, consequently the dedication will not take place until Evacuation Day.

JAMES MORTIMER MONTGOMERY,

Secretary.

BANQUET TO THE OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

A banquet was given at the Hotel Logerot by the Sons of the Revolution in honor of the officers of the French fleet. It was well attended and in every way a success. Speeches were

made by Mr. Tallmadge (President of the Society), Chief Engineer Allen, Rear Admiral de Libran, Major Henry Chauncey, John C. Tomlinson and Geo. Clinton Genet.

NOTES AND INFORMATION.

A circular issued by the Ohio Society Sons of the American Revolution, calling upon members to push that organization, and advising "that the full name of the applicant is very desirable," also "applications should be sworn to whenever it is convenient," caused so much dissatisfaction at the evident facility with which membership can be obtained in a society that should be above any suspicion of care-

less management, that many of its members concluded to ally themselves with the elder and more conservative organization "Sons of the Revolution."

A meeting of such members was held in the Director's Room of the Board of Trade, Columbus, Ohio, on May 2d, and an Ohio Society Sons of the Revolution incorporated. On May 9th last, another meeting was held at the Burnet House, Cincinnati, when

the society was regularly organized, with thirty-one members, and the following officers were elected to serve during the first year :

President, Gen'l Jephtha Garrard, Cincinnati ; Vice-President, Geo. Ettweed Pomeroy, Toledo ; Secretary, Achilles Henry Pugh, Cincinnati ; Treasurer, Ralph Peters, Cincinnati ; Historian, Gustavus Scott Franklin, M. D., Chillicothe ; Registrar, John Marshall Newton, Cincinnati ; Board of Managers, Edward Lowell Anderson, Chairman, Cincinnati ; Christopher C. Waite, Columbus, Ohio ; Robt. Nelson McConnell, Upper Sandusky, Ohio ; John Nelson Eldridge, Columbus, Ohio ; William Carson, M.D., Cincinnati ; Joseph E. Boylan, M.D., Cincinnati.

Since organizing a large number of

applications have been received, and the society is now in a very flourishing condition.

The Sons of the Revolution now have a membership of three thousand, having added largely to their lists in the California, Minnesota, Ohio, and other Western societies. New York State Society now has (June 15th) one thousand three hundred and fifty-five members with many to be elected at next meeting. However, with S. R. it is a question of quality not quantity, and no one can be admitted except through proof from official State or National documents. The qualification of histories and family tradition is valueless in the eyes of S. R. committees.

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY.

[The following letter came too late to take its place in the account of Massachusetts' Celebration.]

BOSTON, June 20th, 1893.

MRS. LOUIS B. GALLISON.

Dear Madame: I am directed by Pres. Chase, to thank "The Daughters of the Revolution," through you, for the handsome floral tribute, so kindly sent by them on June 16th.

Respectfully Yours,

HENRY DEXTER WARNER, *Sec'y Mass. Society.*

"THE NEW AMSTERDAM GAZETTE"

Publishes the official proceedings of the following Societies :

CINCINNATI,

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION,

ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY,

HOLLAND SOCIETY,

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION,

SOCIETY OF 1812,

AND THE

SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS.

Address MORRIS COSTER, office 17-19 Broadway, New York ; A. G. MACANDREW, 44 Broad Street, New York.

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OCTOBER, 1893.

No. 4.



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OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION



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JEWELERS

to the

GENERAL SOCIETY

of the



DAUGHTERS

of the

REVOLUTION.

DESIGNERS AND MAKERS
of the

SOCIETY SEAL, BADGES AND STATIONERY.

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AN ORATION

PRONOUNCED BEFORE

THE SOCIETY OF BLACK FRIARS, AT THEIR ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, ON MONDAY, THE 11TH OF NOVEMBER, 1793.

BY **SAMUEL LATHAM MITCHELL, M.D., F. R. S. E.**

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AND OF BOTANY IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE, MEMBER OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL
SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA, ONE OF THE FOREIGN ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF
ARTS AND SCIENCES AT CAPE-FRANCOIS, FELLOW OF THE MEDICAL AND NATURAL
HISTORY SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH, SECRETARY OF THE AGRICULTURAL
SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, &C., &C.

(Published at the request of the Society.)

—Such form he (Tully) deem'd
Too pure for mortal eyes ; or only meet
For some Atlantic Isle, where Plato's thought
Might fondly brood o'er visionary bliss ;
Whose white cliff's glitter to ideal suns,
The haunts of GENII ; yes, Atlantic waves
Kiss that Elysian shore. POLWHELE.

NEW YORK :

Printed by Friar M'LEAN, No. 41, Hanover Square,
1793.

[Copied by permission of Mr. Samuel Torrey from an old book in his library.]

IN FRIARY.

WEDNESDAY, November 13th, 1793.

On motion, **RESOLVED,**

THAT the Thanks of the Society be presented to Brother *Samuel L. Mitchell*, for the excellent Oration delivered by him to the Friary at the last Anniversary Festival ; and that a Committee, consisting of three Members, be appointed to communicate the said resolution to Brother *Mitchell*, and to request a Manuscript of the same for Publication.

Chancellor *Clark*, Cardinal *Hughes*, and Friar *De Lancey* were appointed a Committee to carry the above Resolution into effect.

On motion, **RESOLVED,**

That two Hundred Copies of Brother *S. L. Mitchell's* Oration be printed, at the Expense of the Society, for the Use of the Members of the Friary who may apply for the same.

Extract from the Minutes.

ROBERT COCKS, Jun. Sec'y.

FELLOW CITIZENS! FRIENDS! BROTHERS!

After your Secretary had informed me of the Society's wish that I should deliver them an Anniversary Address, my mind was influenced on the occasion with such sentiments as my obligation to the institution, and my regard for its members, would naturally inspire. Willing to contribute as far as I could anything that might promote the reputation, interest or pleasure of the Society, I resolved to accept the invitation; fearing too, lest, perhaps, if I declined, my conduct might be construed into lukewarmness or neglect, and hoping by an acceptance to add somewhat to the festivity of the day. I determined, however, not only to comply literally with your polite and respectful request, but anxiously strove to find some theme with which I hoped you would be entertained.

A crowd of ideas occupied my brain, all of which rushed hastily into my memory, and each with winning importunity solicited a preference. They seemed to be roused from the state of torpor in which for a considerable time they had laid, and excited to life and activity, displayed to my mental eye-sight their fairest and most graceful forms. The message so conveyed to me from the Secretary, had, it seems, knocked so loud at the outer-door of the senses, as to awaken almost every member of the slumbering family within. The news operated upon them in such a powerful manner that some time elapsed before that, with all my authority, I could compose them to order. And even after the smaller ones were brought to silence and had withdrawn, there remained in my presence several of the greater ones, who severally exercised all their filial fondness to gain my decision in their favor: "they said they had understood I was going abroad that day to assist in the celebration of an anniversary festival," and entreated me with pressing assiduities, to take them all with me; for "they were perfectly satisfied they should not only be welcomed but be highly caressed by the COMPLAISANT "FRIARS."

After I had paused and considered

for a few minutes on the subject, I looked up and beheld them all equipped for a visit, and each gaily arrayed in her proper attire.

First *Agriculture* approached, having a straw bonnet on her head and a sickle in her hand. She offered to say much on soils and tillage; about grain and grass; concerning hedging and ditching; she had a good deal to discourse on industry and economy; could impart the true doctrines of watering and manuring; and had calculated the comparative expense of labour by horses and oxen; she had, besides, shorn lambs on the first year, and made experiments with Gypsum; and if these solid topics did not please, could alter her tone and matter, and warm the imagination of her hearers with pastoral tales, sweet as the Idylls of Gesner, or melt the soul to softness as she told the story of Maria, Lavinia, or the Shepherdess of the Alps. I observed to her that these things were all proper and agreeable, but that they would please the society of Farmers better, and if she would consent to stay at home this time, when I went to visit them I would certainly take her along.

Next came *Literature*, bearing a curious scroll, and having her temples decked with a garland of laurel. She had a strong desire to tell you how words and arbitrary sounds come to express IDEAS, and how these ideas could be fixed and fastened as it were by CHARACTERISTICAL SYMBOLS. She wanted to relate how the painted copy of the original gave place to HIEROGLYPHIC, and how from this, by the intervention of verbal and syllabic writing, the invention of the ALPHABET was effected. She would have dwelt on the powers of LANGUAGE and SPEECH, and descanted on the wonders of LOGIC and RHETORIC. You would have been told of the orations made by DEMOSTHENES against the arbitrary encroachments of PHILIP of MACEDON upon ATHENIAN LIBERTY, and been made almost to hear the thundering voice of GRACCHUS in favor of the AGRARIAN LAW, which made the ROMAN FORUM to shake.

You would have been informed that thereby History prints in ever-during characters the events of Time, giving to Virtue the tribute of generous Praise, and marking Vice with the brand of Infamy. You would have heard also something concerning the Sages, the Saints and the Heroes of other times, whose characters having undergone the ordeal of Inquiry, are established as unfading as the crown of Merit, and as durable as the page of History. Here would the vicissitudes of Life have been depicted, when you might have seen Marius, the quondam consul of ROME, after all his successes, sitting at last in banishment on the Ruins of that CARTHAGE he had destroyed; Bellisarius, the vanquisher of the Goths, his influence, his property gone, degraded to a beggar, and supplicating the passengers, "*Date obolum Bellifario*;" Pompey the Great, and considering the time in which he lived, the virtuous, after the defeat of his band of patriots at PHARSALIA, flying for protection unto the King of Egypt, and observing to his wife a little before his assassination, "He who goes to the court of a tyrant commences his slave, how free soever he might be when he entered." She was going on, when I told her these things, however just and instructive, were better adapted to ACADEMIC EXERCISE, and promised if she would be quiet on this occasion, I would make her my constant CLASSIC COMPANION.

Then came up *REPUBLICANISM*. She brought with her an imitation of a regal crown, which she disdainfully threw down, in an inverted posture, and placing her foot upon it, said, "The bauble ought to be kept there until tottering Monarchy should be laid as low." Her desire to be with you this day was urged not so much by persuasive address as by the IMPORTANCE OF THE TRUTHS she had to communicate, *for she wanted to proclaim aloud to you the JUSTICE OF GOD in creating all men equal; the unalienable rights of liberty, life and happiness which he has implanted in men; and the means of securing and preserving these rights by laws and governments, in-*

stituted by the GOVERNED, for their own benefit and protection; that all power appertains to the people, and is inherent there until delegated to their representatives; that these representatives are answerable to their constituents for their conduct, and when wicked or corrupt may be removed from their offices with disgrace; that forms of government, when found not conducive to the ends of their institution, may be changed or abolished as the people please; who may new-model the OLD one, or make a New one, according to their SOVEREIGN PLEASURE; that laws wisely pre-established, and not the arbitrary will of man, should govern; that these laws be interpreted by a set of men different from those who enact them, and be carried into effect by a class distinct from both, so that the LEGISLATIVE, JUDICIARY, and EXECUTIVE departments of government clash and interfere as little as possible; that representation be equal and free—the trial by jury be inviolably preserved—excessive bail be guarded against—cruel punishments unknown—salaries of public officers moderate, and taxes consequently light. "It was true the greatest aggregate amount of happiness was experienced in REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENTS, and the FEDERAL CONSTITUTION of AMERICA was an astonishing specimen of political sagacity; it was not less true, HEREDITARY SUCCESSION, which delivered over kingdoms and their subjects from one master to another, from a knave of this generation to an idiot of the next, was a monstrous absurdity; and the only rational system was to let the virtue and discernment of the citizens manifest itself in WELL REGULATED ELECTIONS; that NOBILITY and TITULAR CONSEQUENCE deserved to be derided, the excellence of blood being a chimera, and the appellation of King but a NICKNAME."

It was intended to have stated to you her origin and forms in the COMMONWEALTHS of GREECE, and how she effected the AMPHYCTIONIC and ACHAEAN ASSOCIATIONS; how next she became a resident of LATIUM, and tarried for some time among the ROMANS, until the avarice of some, the ambition of others, and the corruption of all, determined her

to depart ; how then, after abiding in these polished societies, she fled to woods and mountains, and dwelt among the people who subsisted upon acorns and berries of the field ; how she grew into repute in SWITZERLAND, presided in the councils of their Cantons, and laboured, though without the desired effect, to establish an HELVETIC LEAGUE ; how for a while she influenced the CORTES of SPAIN to resist the iniquitous exactions and arbitrary encroachments of its monarchs ; how she struggled and succeeded in establishing somewhat of her favourite system in the UNITED NETHERLANDS ; how in GREAT BRITAIN she toiled and toiled to gain converts, while a corrupt and overbearing government disputed each point, and strove to baffle every effort ; how she loosened the bonds of vassalage in Ireland, and gave play a little to democratic energy, only (if report say true) to endure the sight of oppression screwing them home the tighter ! how powerfully she instigated the Sons of Columbia to assert their rights, and since the glorious object is attained, their mutual affection is as near and close as the strongest attraction can make it, and so delightful, that the imagination of

a lover cannot paint it as it is ; how, with worse than brutal violence, she was expelled by ruffian-handed power from Poland and forced to leave, reluctantly leave, the generous, the good Stanislaus exposed to tyrannical injustice ; how, lastly, she reared her standard in FRANCE, confounding in one general wreck POLITICAL, ECCLESIASTICAL, and FEUDAL OPPRESSION ; where, though assailed with all the fury of despotic prowess, she fights with unequalled bravery the Battles of Liberty, and supports, with unconquerable enthusiasm, the Rights of Man. Behold where actions more heroic than those celebrated at Marathon and Plataea, are renewed at this eventful period. There, as bleeding Despotism lies gasping for breath, and ready to expire her last, the gazing spectator is ready to cry out in a pious ejaculation, "Sword of God, *what a blow thou hast struck!*" As she was proceeding in such a strain, I was obliged to interpose, and observe however interesting these things might be, I presumed they were so well understood already by the Society I had to address, that it was needless to mention them.

(To be continued.)

FROM AN OLD SCRAP-BOOK, 1765.

I FOUND, on looking over an old box of books and papers belonging to dead and gone generations, one volume in manuscript, filled with extracts and verses that seemed to particularly please the owner of the book. The date in this book is 1765. I copy a few. The spelling in some parts is "ye ancient style," and the long S in writing makes it sometimes rather difficult to decipher. The ink is faded, the pages ragged and brown with age, the hand that copied the verses and quaint sayings is long, long ago dust. The cover of the book is sheep-skin. To a lover of the antique it is, however, a treasure.

On the fly leaf, among other things, is found :

"A flea has smaller fleas that on him
prey ;
And these have smaller still to bite
'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*."

And further on :—

"If I am asked which is the best religion I answer : That which brings forth the best fruits."

"If we do not act voluntarily there can be no virtue in the action."

"Cries Celia to a Reverend Dean,
 'What reason can be given
 Since marriage is a Holy thing,
 That there is none in Heaven?'
 'There are no women,' he replied.
 She quick returns the jest,
 'Women there are, but I'm afraid
 They cannot find a Priest.'"

These verses are labelled :—

"A true copy of some verses found
 among the papers of the late Rev. Mr.
 Henry Abbot, of Gloucester, in answer
 to a dunning letter sent to him by Mr.
 Tart of Birmingshire :—

Good now Mr. Tart,
 I pray why so smart?
 Your bill I did not refuse;
 But when it was brought
 I complained of a fault
 Which was, that I wanted the screws.

The d—l a bit
 Did I see Mr. Pit,
 James Carpenter brought me the
 bill;
 And if Pit wrote to you
 What in fact was not true,
 You must own he did very ill.

Vulcanian youth!
 This brings you the truth,
 And with it I hope satisfaction—
 You know not the man,
 If you think that I can
 Be guilty such pitiful action.

Perform but your bargain,
 There's an end to all jargon;
 Your bill shall be paid to content;
 If you, or your brother, either, think
 Any other, you'll think what never
 was meant.

Mr. Tart's reply :—

Most Rev. debtor
 I received your letter,
 And immediately wrote for to know
 What should be the reason
 You'd not in due season
 The screws which I sent long ago.

It's my pleasure and will,
 All that's just to fulfill :

You shall have what's your due to a
 mite :
 For I would not be thought
 For more than you've bought
 To screw a man out of his right.

And if my epistle
 Was rough as a thistle
 Pray, pardon it, reverend sir!
 For I thought your delay
 In not sending my pay
 Very much stood in need of a spur.

Then be not offended
 At what I intended,
 For although your muse is so bright,
 Yet Vulcan you'll find,
 If he halts is not blind,
 But has prudence to look for his
 right.

Bright son of Apollo,
 Your maxim I follow,
 To ask and give each man his due;
 For this I declare
 Is nothing but fair,
 With Mohammetan, Christian or Jew.

Pray pardon my verse
 If it is not so terse
 As those numbers your muse can
 impart;
 I live by my hammer
 And you by your grammar,
 So adieu, for your friend
 THOMAS TART."

EPIGRAM.

" 'With Silvia,' said a noble Lord,
 'Few other girls can vie,
 She never spoke an idle word
 Nor ever told a lie.
 If what is here affirmed for fact
 Be disbelieved by some,
 Tell them, whenever they object,
 The harmless thing was dumb.'"

EPITAPHS.

"Here rests my spouse, no pair thro
 life
 So equal lived as we did;
 Alike we shar'd perpetual strife,
 Nor knew I rest 'till she did."

On a zealous locksmith lately dead.
 "A zealous locksmith died of late
 Who soon arrived at Heaven's gate,

When mute he stood and would not
knock,
Because he meant to pick the lock."

On an Irishman who died in Newgate when
under sentence of death.—(By an Irishman).

"Here lies poor Teague, pray tell his
wife
That Death, his friend, has sav'd his
life."

A RECEIPT TO CAUSE LOVE.

"Two or three Dears and two or three
Sweets,
Two or three balls and two or three
treats,
Two or three serenades given at the
doore,
Two or three vows how much you
adore,
Two or three messages sent in a day,
Two or three times leading out to the
play,
Two or three soft things said by the
way;
Two or three tickets sent two or three
times,

Two or three billet doux all writ in
rhymes,
Two or three months keeping strict to
these rules,
Can never faile making two or three
fooles."

The following will answer for a
closing extract:—

"Luke, on his dying bed, embrac'd his
wife,
And begged one favor: 'Swear, my
dearest Life,
Swear, if you love me, never more to
wed,
Nor take a second husband to your
bed.'
Anne dropt a tear, 'You know, my
dear,' says she,
'Your least desires have still been
laws to me,
But from this oath, I beg you'd me ex-
cuse,
For I'm already promis'd to John
Huse.'"

PEGGY W.

MOLLIE PITCHER.

ROMANCE has given us a graceful,
beautiful creature, who, with a
sudden inspiration that amounted
to almost a halo of glory about her
head, stepped valiantly to the place of
cannoneer made vacant by the sudden
death of her husband, and forgetting
her womanly instincts and throwing
aside her natural refinement in her en-
thusiasm and love for her country, did
wonderful service in the grand cause of
Liberty.

Fact, devoid of all flourishes, gives
us the true Mollie Pitcher. Her maiden
name was Mollie Ludwig, and her
parents were Germans, who resided in
Trenton, N. J., where they carried on
a dairy.

Mollie Ludwig at an early age went
to live as a domestic in the family of
General William Irvine in Carlisle, Pa.,
on a farm afterwards owned by Commo-
dore O'Brine. While in their employ
she became acquainted with and was

married to John W. Hayes, a barber
by trade.

At the beginning of the War of the
Revolution John W. Hayes entered the
army, acting as assistant cannoneer or
artilleryman. Mollie followed her
husband to the war, and was given the
charge of a mess, her fare and lodgings
being the same as the soldiers'.

Mollie first comes to notice after the
battle of Trenton, Dec. 27th, 1776. She
missed a man from the mess under her
charge. His comrades said he was
dead, but Mollie evidently preferred
the evidence of her own eyes. At any
rate, she, with her mother, went to the
battlefield and began to search for the
missing man by turning over the dead
bodies. Finding him she sought with
a faint glimmer of life left in him, with
the assistance of her mother she carried
him to Trenton where she cared for him
faithfully for many days until health
was restored.

In recognition of her care and kindness, the recovered soldier sent her money and a box of groceries and dress goods.

Early in the battle of Monmouth, June 28th, 1778, while attending to his duties, carrying ammunition and supplies to the cannoneer, John Hayes (Mollie's husband), was struck by a British ball, stunned and rendered insensible. Mollie was with him at the battle, actively engaged in carrying water to the soldiers. Hence her name from "Mollie with the pitcher" contracted to "Mollie Pitcher" or "Moll Pitcher."

Soon after Hayes fell his piece was ordered to be removed. Mollie, hearing the order, immediately took her husband's place, and in a most fearless and intrepid manner discharged his duty in such a way that Congress acknowledged her services by giving her half pay for life.

Mollie and her husband, so say her descendants, came back after the war to Carlisle, Pa., to reside; a son, John Hayes, Jr., having been born to them at Trenton, N. J.

After John Hayes' death, Mollie, was married to Sergeant McCauley, an old comrade of her former husband.

Mollie Pitcher was all her life a hard working woman, very muscular and energetic. After the death of her second husband, she kept house for Richard Miles, a cooper and auctioneer. His son, Wesley Miles, now lives at Williamsport, Pa.

In speaking of her, a soldier who was

in the battle of Monmouth, said: "You cannot conceive of a coarser or more uncouth looking female than she was; rather stout, face, arms, neck and legs red. She had on at the time but two garments, a shift (as it was then called) and a red flannel petticoat; the latter she held up with both hands to catch the ammunition as it was tossed to her to carry to the cannoneer."

She died January 22d, 1832, aged seventy-eight years. A monument was erected to her memory by the citizens of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, July 4th, 1876, in the Carlisle cemetery, —where she lies at rest in the same grave with her first husband, John Hayes.

According to information from the Hon. J. B. Linn, former Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, "Mollie Pitcher" drew a pension for her services commencing February 21st, 1822, and ending January 1st, 1832.

An unsexed woman is never a pleasant topic to read or write about, and while giving the facts in this case it is my strong desire to paint broadly, as in justice, Mollie Pitcher's intrepid daring, patriotism and bravery. All honor to her for her valiant service, and all honor to her comrades in war. The patriotic anger which belched forth from the glistening barrels of the guns at Monmouth resounds through all time and rouses us to a fresh appreciation of the liberty we now enjoy.

K. B. G.

NEW JERSEY.

A Centennial Hymn—By Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.

Ye Thirteen Stars of Light,
Hung in our stormy night
Of blood and war,
Still through uncounted years
Burn on, undying spheres!
Shine far, amid thy peers,
New Jersey's Star.

'Twas on thy central field,
Sure victory first was sealed;
Here turned war's tide;
Ever live Trenton's name!
Princeton's and Monmouth's fame,
Written in words of flame,
Deathless abide.

For us our God has wrought;
 For us thy heroes fought,
 So are we free!
 Third on the ringing roll,
 Thy hand endorsed the Scroll—
 Pledge of a nation's soul
 To Liberty!

Our Century's vast increase
 Rounds its full orb in peace;
 To God be praise;
 Increase in every part,
 Trade in each port and mart,
 Our learning and our art,
 Be His always!

From elemental strife,
 From our great Nation's life,
 Deep, restless, broad;
 Blend Thou a mighty chord,
 Of myriad music, Lord,
 Ascending in one word :—
 That word be God.

Master of man and states,
 Builder, whose will creates
 Nations and powers!
 The pillars Thou dost place,
 With lily-work of grace
 Crown Thou; that all the praise
 Thine be, not ours.

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

206 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON.
 July 12th, 1893.

MRS. EDWARD P. STEERS,
 President "Daughters of the Revolution,"
 64 Madison Ave., New York
 City.

DEAR MADAM :—Thinking that the enclosed clipping, giving an account of Lydia (Warren) Barnard, a heroine of the Revolution, might be of interest to you and the Society, I have taken the liberty of sending it. It has been very carefully written, the different family traditions compared, and the whole corroborated from various sources with the intention of making the "article" as nearly historically correct as possible to do at this late day.

The only point I have not proved is the statement that "she had five brothers in the Battle of Bunker Hill." But, as from the family genealogy, she had eight brothers old enough to fight; that the musket which the oldest carried is still in existence, with its barrel dented, and its breech so hacked from the sword cuts of a British officer at said battle that it had to be repaired; that another brother was wounded there by a piece of shell, and being in command ordered the youngest one to go across the neck, under the fire of the British vessel; and lastly, that the two youngest are named as soldiers of the Revolution in

Bends' History of Watertown; the presumption is very strong that they were there at Bunker Hill. Pardon me for trespassing upon your time.

I am, very respectfully,

WILL. B. DORMAN.
Society Sons of the Revolution.

SHE CAPTURED A REDCOAT.

DEED OF ONE OF THE WARREN GIRLS,
 APRIL 19th, 1775.

A TROOPER COMING BACK FROM CONCORD AND LEXINGTON WAS PULLED FROM HIS HORSE BY HER AND HANDED OVER TO HER NEIGHBORS FOR SAFE-KEEPING—A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

Lydia Warren, born in Watertown, Jan. 7th, 1745, was one of fourteen children of Phinehas and Grace (Hastings) Warren, and of the fifth generation of descendants of John Warren and Margaret, his wife, who arrived from England in 1630, and settled at Watertown.

She was a woman of strong personality and powerful physique, and evidently one to whom people instinctively turned in any emergency.

Her narrative of the capture by herself of a British regular on the memorable 19th of April, 1775, as related in after years to her relatives, (of whom the writer's mother was one, and living

with her some years), is substantially as follows :

It was a warm, sunny day. All the able-bodied men were away, as the object of the movement of the British troops was well understood. Her husband, David Barnard, was out as a "minute man."

She saw the sunlight flash on the arms and equipments of Pitcairn's men as they passed on their way to Lexington and Concord. [The writer was at first disposed to doubt the historical accuracy of this statement, but has since been assured that a detachment of the British did pass through Watertown that day.] Her house was off the main road, and the latter part of the day some of her neighbors came running, crying out, "Mrs. Barnard! There is a Redcoat coming." This was the usual term for the British regulars.

She ran out to the main street, and there, halted in the midst of a group of women and old men, was a British soldier on horseback, who was inquiring his way to Boston. It seemed to be the impression, from the fact that he was mounted, that he was a messenger, sent either with a report or for re-enforcements. It was stated that he was slightly wounded, but how or where is not known.

In common with others whose friends or relatives had responded to the "alarm," Mrs. Barnard had felt great anxiety, which increased as the day wore on, and

RUMORS OF THE FIGHTING drifted back, until the feeling of suspense became almost unbearable. The sight of the hated red coat of one of the authors, presumably, of all this trouble, was more than her Yankee and Warren blood could bear.

Stepping through the group she grasped the horse's bridle with one hand and ordered the soldier to dismount; he not obeying, to pull him from the saddle with the other was but the work of a moment. Shaking him vigorously, "You villian!" she exclaimed, "how do I know but what you have been killing some of my folks?" He protested that he had not fired a shot.

"Let me see your cartridge box," said she, and opening it found several missing. At this she shook him still more violently, and, her anger increasing, she grasped his sword in such a threatening manner that his fears overcame him, and falling down on his knees he begged for his life. "Begged like a trooper," said she, in relating it. She was somewhat noted for her terse and apt expressions through life; and some of her remarks at this time, as quoted in after years, were better suited to that occasion than to repeat now.

She finally gave her prisoner in charge of those whom the affair attracted to the scene, and he was taken to the tavern for safekeeping. The horse she turned loose in a pasture some distance back of her house. The saddle she threw on the potato heap in her cellar. The horse was afterward returned to his owner, "one Stedman," of Cambridge. The British pickets as they came along in the morning found the horse left by his rider, who had been sent out with the "alarm." The prisoner was subsequently exchanged for one of our men.

David Barnard, her husband, died during the revolution; and she married secondly Hon. Aaron Wood, of Boxford, a justice of the peace and quorum, a member of the General Court when it sat at Watertown and elsewhere, one of the Governor's councillors, etc. Mr. Wood died in 1791, and his widow married Benjamin Spofford, of Boxford, she being his second wife. She survived her last husband.

SHE DIED IN HER 95TH YEAR.

In alluding to the affair of the 19th of April in later years, she was wont to say "that she never saw a man that she thought she could not have handled." She belonged to a musical family and possessed an uncommon taste in ballad singing. Her local repute was such that a Watertown man, when she was about to set up housekeeping, offered to make all her wooden ware, which was no inconsiderable item in those days, and take his pay in her singing, working evenings at her home, with the understanding that she was to sing different songs each night. This offer

was accepted and the bargain fulfilled to the letter. Her last years were spent with the family of her nephew, Phineas Barnes, and in the house now owned and occupied by Benjamin S. Barnes, in Boxford.

It may not be amiss to state that whatever doubt might be entertained of the prowess or courage of a woman to capture a soldier under the circumstances, it can be said that no one who was personally acquainted with the heroine in later years ever had the slightest scepticism as to her case.

The writer feels that he is not mis-

stating when saying that, as a rule, the Warren blood, wherever found, has been a synonym for ability, courage and patriotism. It has had representatives in every war since John Warren first trod American soil, from the storming of the Narragansett fort in 1675 to "Bunker Hill" and beyond, five of our heroine's brothers taking part in the latter battle.

WILLIAM BARNES DORMAN.

Boston, April 17th, 1893.

(The heroine of this incident was the great-great-aunt of the writer.—Ed.)

THE BUFF AND BLUE.

By Keith St. John.

DEDICATED TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

When Freedom flung her banners out,
O'er this fair Western land ;
Her sons came forth with lusty shout,
A small, but valiant band.

From Lexington the shot was fired,
Which roused the British wrath ;
And here they came, with zeal inspired,
To sweep us from their path.

Our cause and deeds fair History names
The world's most glorious tale ;
For seven long years our sires and
dames,
Gave proof they could not fail.

The peace they won, which still is ours,
—A sacred institution,—
We honor ; guard with all our powers,
As "Daughters of the Revolution."

Chorus :

Hail, all hail, the Buff and Blue,
We are daughters, staunch and true
To the cause of liberty ;
To glorious "seventy-six."

[The melody of this song is quite spirited.]



ANCESTRY.



"BEAUTIFUL PEGGY WHITE."

SKETCHES COMPILED BY THE HISTORIAN GENERAL.

THE HON. BAILEY BARTLETT.

BAILEY BARTLETT was born in Haverhill, Mass., January 29th, 1750. He was a son of Enoch Bartlett, of Haverhill, whose forefathers were among the earliest settlers of Newburyport, Massachusetts. His maternal ancestors were among the principal inhabitants of Haverhill in 1697.

Bailey Bartlett was the trusted friend of General Washington and a friend and associate of John and Samuel Adams, and was a fellow boarder with them at Philadelphia on the 4th of July, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was declared. He has often observed that it was received with great murmuring by the crowd there assembled. He was a member of both branches of the Legislature of Massachusetts, of the State convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, and of the Convention of 1820 to amend the Constitution of Massachusetts.

Governor Hancock appointed him Sheriff of the County of Essex in July, 1789, and he held the office from that date until his decease, a period of about forty years. Gov. Hancock presented him with the commission in person, and stated to him that he did it with peculiar pleasure, as it was the only nomination during his administration that met the unanimous concurrence of his council.

He was married November 21st, 1786, and died September 9th, 1830, in the eighty-first year of his age. His reputation for integrity, honor, urbanity, piety and generous hospitality, as well as for charity to the poor, was early established, and ever maintained by the uniform propriety of his conduct.

Mrs. Bartlett (the "Beautiful Peggy White") was born March 2d, 1766, and died October 13th, 1831. She was distinguished for her great personal beauty as well as for those qualities of

mind and heart which constitute the attractiveness of a refined and lovely matron. The portrait gives a fair idea of her loveliness. It is a family tradition that her admirers said of her, "Her skin was so clear that when she drank a glass of claret it would be plainly visible as it passed down her throat."

Fifteen children blessed this union, the oldest son, Bailey Bartlett, Jr., was the father of the writer. Francis, the youngest son, was the father of Mrs. George W. Roche, State Regent for Maryland.

Mr. Bartlett was older by over sixteen years than his wife. When he was quite a young man he was invited to go into the next house (the residence of Merchant John White), and see a "beautiful baby" in her cradle. He went in and said to the mother, "Bring her up, and when she is old enough I will marry her." This beautiful baby was Peggy White, who afterwards became his wife.

They called Bailey Bartlett the rich bachelor, and wondered what he was going to do with all his money, but Mistress Peggy White and the fifteen Bartletts were well able to dispose of the bachelor's money. His daily ledger account, kept all through his life, gives an accurate idea of what large families cost to bring up in "ye olden time." Mrs. Abby B. Kimball is the only remaining one of the fifteen children. She resides in Haverhill, Mass., at the age of ninety-two years.

Mr. Bartlett's house was the mansion of elegant hospitality. Kind and indulgent almost to a fault to the unfortunate victims of the law, his purse often paid the exactions of the unfeeling creditor rather than imprison the unfortunate debtor. In all cases of difficulty he was firm, fearless and immovable.

George Washington was elected President of the United States the 4th of March, 1789, and was inaugurated on the 30th of the following month.

The peculiar and unsettled state of the public mind and affairs at this period of our political history, together with a desire on the part of General Washington to examine the resources of

the new government and the disposition of the people induced him to make an early tour through New England. Soon after the adjournment of the First Congress he started on the proposed visit.

He journeyed in an open carriage drawn by four horses, accompanied only by his secretary (Mr. Lear), Major Jackson and a single servant, Mr. Lear, on a beautiful white horse. usually rode in advance of the carriage, which was occupied by Washington and Mr. Jackson and driven by the President's private coachman.

The journey was from New York (which he left October 15th, 1789), and continued as far east as the old town (now city) of Portsmouth, N. H. His journey East from Boston lay along the seaboard through Salem, Newburyport and the line of towns from Boston to Maine.

Mr. Bartlett, as Sheriff of Essex County, aided by his deputies, escorted Washington through the county.

General Washington had on at the time a drab surtout, then a fashionable color with the "most respectable gentlemen," and a military hat. He is described as very tall and straight, remarkably dignified in his looks and manners.

Washington entered Haverhill at half-past two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, November 4th, and took up his quarters at Harrod's Tavern. It was an unusually cold day for the season, and, as Washington was chilly and fatigued with his journey, he decided to retire early. The "best bed" had not been used for some time, so the careful hostess concluded it would be prudent to have the bed warmed before her distinguished lodger retired. This remark was overheard by her young daughter, who lost no time in carrying out her good mother's plans for her guest's comfort.

Her adventure is thus narrated by herself, seventy years afterwards:—"As all and everybody were contending for the honor of doing something for that great and good man, I, with others, thought, What can I do? Accordingly I took the warming-pan and rushed into the chamber where sat

in state, in my mother's easy chair, President Washington. As I remember, I was about eleven years old and at that time being very diffident, I was almost frightened to death to think in whose presence I was. I *guess* I did not stop to make the bed very warm, but as I was leaving the chamber he rose from his chair and kissed me. I went below and told of it, and, for years after it was my boast and pride." She remembered that in her confusion and awkwardness she stumbled and fell and thinks that this perhaps was the reason of her receiving the envied kiss.

The President called upon John White and upon Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, and acknowledged his thanks for the attentions shown him by Mr. Bartlett as escort through Essex County.

The children's children remember the old family mansion that was in the family from 1659 to 1853, as it stood out on the street a little in advance of its neighbors, as if its friendly hand was outstretched with a warm welcome to all guests, modestly veiled in a grand vine of woodbine that in summer half covered its face. The vines climbed to the third story, hanging in rich festoons, shielding the "long walk" or piazza where the birds built their nests and the children played hide and seek.

Strange legends hung about the old homestead. Stories told after dark about the red-man—of a mother tomahawked in the garden—of a living babe found beneath the dead mother.

We, in the spirit of the past, raise

the heavy brass knocker, and as its brazen clang resounds through the house we enter a dark and rather gloomy long hall, dimly lighted by oval glasses inserted in the tops of the doors—glasses that might have been some giant's spectacles. The hall, running through the house from front door to garden, is flanked by the large low-studded, high-wainscoted parlor and dining-room, with huge beams at their four corners and across the low ceilings. Bright, cheery rooms were the front ones, with open wood fires, soft-cushioned window seats, flooded by the warm south sunshine.—Sombre and stately the back parlor, with deep arches over the window seats, drab Wilton carpet on the floor with maroon border and medallion center; the sharp-toned spinet and the heavy mahogany furniture added to the stately appearance.

The nursery upstairs, all brightness and sunshine, where the fifteen children had been cared for by the faithful old "nurse Dennis," who for forty years, with loving hands ministered to the wants of the household, her last dying request, which was complied with, being, that she be buried in the family lot, where so many of her loved charges sleep their last sleep.

But all has faded away; the old mansion gives place to a row of brick stores.

Do the dead come back to this earth, and does the patriarch look down upon the bustle and confusion where his lovely, refined and beautiful wife was wont to pray her prayers for peace?

MOSES LONG, A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

MOSSES LONG, second son of Enoch Long, who removed from West Newbury, Mass., to Hopkinton, New Hampshire, was born in West Newbury, Mass., October 15th, 1760, and enlisted as a soldier in the Revolutionary army in a Massachusetts' regiment in the Spring of 1777, being only about sixteen and a half years of age, and served for three

years, leaving the service in 1780. His regiment was first sent to New York State, and stationed for a time at Fort Stanwix.

He was present at the surrender of Burgoyne in the October following and often told the story of this surrender to his children, telling them of the splendid appearance of Burgoyne's men. Grenadiers, none under six

feet of height,—splendidly uniformed, straight and handsome, well equipped, but—they *surrendered* to men illy clad, half starved, in rags, many bare-footed—*Americans*, in whose every breast beat a stout, true, determined patriotic heart, that meant *Freedom* at any odds! The Grenadiers looked down upon the Americans with the greatest contempt and hatred, because they were ununiformed.

Moses Long overheard General Gates in conversation with an under officer soon after the surrender, say: "Let every man sleep on his arms; I have Burgoyne's word, but I won't trust him."

Moses Long passed the terrible Winter at Valley Forge, of which so much has been written and told that it seems impossible to add anything new.

With a few other nearly starved soldiers he was granted permission to go into the neighboring country and see if they could beg something to eat. They called at various fine houses, where they felt almost certain their wants would be supplied, only to receive this answer to their petition for food:—"No, no."

They then separated, and Moses Long called at a small house, a poor hovel, where lived an aged couple. The wife had just prepared the breakfast, a deep soup plate filled with buckwheat cakes and some barley coffee. They urged him to come in and eat. They piled his plate, and he ate until he was ashamed, when the old man said: "Eat, eat, young man, fill every chink in thy belly." He never told this story without his eyes filling with tears.

In June, 1778, he participated in the battle at Monmouth, New Jersey. His regiment, known as the Cape Ann Regiment, was in the division of Gen. Charles Lee, who so seriously incurred the displeasure of Washington by ordering a retreat of his command upon the first outset of the enemy, contrary to his orders to attack and hold his ground until Washington could come up with the rest of his forces. Young Long was a witness of the outburst of wrath and indignation

with which the Father of his Country met Lee, and which is said to be the only known instance in which that great man used profane language.

Mr. Long frequently related the incident to his children and said that Lee fairly cowered beneath the storm of Washington's wrath.

The night after the battle, Mr. Long was one of the sixteen young men chosen from his regiment as Washington's body-guard. They laid rails from the neighboring fences on the ground, filling in with leaves, on which they laid their blankets, and thus made the couch on which General Washington slept during that anxious night. Mr. Long often said: "This was the proudest epoch of my life."

In this battle Mr. Long captured a musket from a Hessian, but the piece was too heavy for the boy, not yet eighteen years of age, so he exchanged it for a "Queen's Arm," which is now in the possession of Dr. S. L. Breckinridge, of Chicago, Illinois, a great-grandson of the captor.

Three years after the young soldier's return home, he was united in marriage with Miss Lucy Harriman, by whom he had thirteen children, the youngest daughter of whom, Caroline Long Bartlett, widow of the late Bailey Bartlett (mother of the writer), is now living at the age of ninety years.

The oldest son, Colonel Stephen Harriman Long, was professor of mathematics, etc., at West Point Military Academy about 1816, and was afterwards sent out by government in command of a scientific exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains. He was the discoverer of Long's Peak, which is named for him, also of what is now known as Pike's Peak, which was originally named James' Peak, after one of the men under his command. He was afterwards appointed Chief of the Corps of Topographical Engineers of the River and Harbor Department.

A younger son, Major George W. Long, a graduate of West Point in 1823, was an engineer, and stationed at different forts in Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, etc.

CAPTAIN JOHN TOLMAN.

JOHN TOLMAN, great-grandfather of Mrs. Charles J. Pickford, D. R., and great-great-grandfather of Mrs. L. J. Brockway, D. R., both of Lynn, Mass., responded to the first call in the days of yore, and was severely wounded at Lexington, April 19th, 1775; as the records say, "he was so entirely shot through the body that the ball was extracted from the opposite side." The healthy, vigorous patriotism which sent him forth to battle for his country's rights at this first call hastened his recovery, and as soon as he was able he again entered the army. He was in the regiment under command of Colonel William Heath, of Needham, Mass., rising from the ranks to be captain in the same regiment.

A quaint letter, written by him on his seventy-fifth birth-day to his son and family, is given below. It abounds in noble sentiments. The parts pertaining only to family matters have been omitted.

*The Old Letter.***"MY SON AND YOUR FAMILY:**

"You now receive my birthday reflections and counsel. As it respects my age I can say as Jacob did to Pharoah, 'Few and evil are the days of my pilgrimage.' I am this day seventy-five years old. . . .

"When I arrived to manhood a new scene opened to my view. My country, oppressed by the strong arm of British tyranny, our liberties at stake, defence was necessary. 'To arms, boys!' was the watch-word, 'defend your rights. Fathers, defend your children. Children defend your parents in their declining years, who defended you in your defenceless days.' What could be more pleasing to ambition than to knock off the shackles of despotism? Freedom and independence was the hobby I mounted, sword in hand; neck or nothing, life or death. I will be one to support my country's rights and gain its independence.

"Lexington was the spot where we were first cal'd to defend our rights by force of arms.

"The company that I belonged to met the British troops in front, fixed as fate. To repel their force we played

the man, or rather we meant to act the soldier, but inexperience operated against us. We were soon convinced of our error. We suffered much in consequence of our inexperience and enthusiasm. The ten-fold force we met bore us away like a mighty torrent. A number killed and wounded, myself amongst the latter drop'd in the field incapable of action, wallowing in our blood. The wound finally proved a seal to my farther prosecuting my first intention. As soon as I was able to shoulder my musket I joined the American army then under the command of General Heath. (My first object was to furnish myself with a Bible, as a monitor, that I might not lose sight of my duty to my God.)

"And afterwards, under the command of General Putnam, General Lovel, General Arnold, General Gates.

"In some instances I was favored with service, that made some amends for my disappointment at Lexington. I was contented with privations if my object could be accomplished.

"After the war clos'd and I became a citizen, flushed with the honor of victory, independence and a free republican government, I soon found the honor of being a soldier and living in a free republican government would not support me, having spent my own interest and receiving Government pay, a thousand of the depreciated bills to one of silver. * * *

"We commit, commend and leave you all in the hands of a merciful God. We remain your most affectionate parents,

"JNO. AND ELIZA TOLMAN.

"Winhal, March 18th, 1828."

The following inscription was copied from the Tolman tombstone in Fairhaven, Vermont:

"The graves of Capt. J. Tolman & Wife.

"John Tolman died May 20, 1835, aged 82 years. Elizabeth Tolman died April 30, 1835, aged 87 years.

"This venerable couple lived together 57 years, the greater part of which time was spent in the service of their Divine Master. During the Revolutionary struggle, as a commanding officer he was indefatigable in his ex-

ertions, and in the memorable battle of Lexington distinguished himself as a fearless defender of his country's

liberty. They were remarkable for their attachment to each other, and died much lamented."

COLONEL JOHN ELY.

IN these sketches, of course, only a meagre account can be given of men, who for brilliancy, worth and patriotism, pages, chapters and books would be inadequate.

To tell the full story of the life of Colonel John Ely is not possible. According to all accounts, he was a thorough "gentleman of the old school," sympathetic, as became his profession, knightly in his bearing, courteous and kind to all, friends or enemies.

He was born in Lyme, Connecticut, in 1737. He settled however, and made his home in Saybrook, marrying, when he was twenty years of age, Sarah Worthington, a celebrated beauty of Connecticut.

He was a descendant of Richard Ely, a Puritan from Plymouth, England, who came to America in 1660 and settled at Lyme. Colonel John Ely became a prominent physician, his great specialty being the treatment of small-pox, then very prevalent. In 1775 he was called the most eminent physician in the country. Wealthy and happy in his home and profession, his loyal patriotism was needed in his country's service; he left all to aid in the Revolution.

He first mustered and commanded a militia company. The next year he combined the duties of major, physician and surgeon. Small-pox breaking out in the Northern Army, he was sent there to exercise his skill in conquering this invasion on our troops. The next year, ranking as colonel, he commanded, at Fort Trumbull, a regiment he had raised and equipped with his own money. To accomplish this, he was obliged to sell one of his farms. After supplying the needs of the soldiers, he brought the remainder of the money, tied in a handkerchief, and poured it into his wife's lap, saying: "Here, Sarah, is all that is left of the Griswold farm." She, with the patriotic spirit of the times, replied with a smile: "It is the price of liberty."

In the Winter, Colonel Ely attempted to cross the Sound and effect a landing on Long Island, but his boat being captured by the British, he was carried to Flatbush, where were already several hundred prisoners. Sickness raging amongst them, he immediately exercised his skill in their welfare, doing all he could to alleviate their dreadful sufferings. The Winter was severe, and the hardship of these times can scarcely be imagined.

Colonel Ely's son, Worthington, then a student at Yale College, resolved to effect his father's release. With the aid of friends he fitted out a vessel, and by capturing a British force earned the right to the exchange of his father. The sick, suffering prisoners, however, unwilling to lose his ministrations, petitioned Congress that Colonel Ely might remain with them, so for three years longer he cared for these Continental prisoners.

It was not until he was utterly broken down in constitution that he was permitted to return home, to find his wife aged by care and anxiety, his wealth gone, debts on every hand; but, infirm as he was, he bravely again resumed his profession, working with a brave heart to retrieve his fortunes. His feeble health and increasing age were against him, and he died in a few years. He is buried at Westport, Connecticut.

General Washington wrote many letters to Colonel Ely acknowledging his services, but Congress permitted him to die in privation. It was not until after his death that his brave acts were fully appreciated. History only can now do honor to so brave a man; and it is in the power of the Daughters of the Revolution to hold up these heroes for the admiration their courage and bravery demands. The pathetic record of Colonel Ely has doubtless many parallels in Colonial times, and to honor these glorious men is part of the work of our patriotic organization.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE CLINTON FAMILY.

By Miss K. J. C. Carville.

The *Clinton* family is of Norman origin. Members of it appear in the history of the Crusades, and their names are prominent in the chronicles of Froissart and Monstrelet.

The immediate ancestor of the branch which settled in the State of New York was a gentleman of fortune and influence during the reign of Charles I. of England. This *William Clinton* espoused the royal side in the civil war, and was an officer in the King's Army. On the failure of that cause he had attained a sufficient degree of eminence as one of its most faithful adherents to be too obnoxious to the victors to hope for safety. He, therefore, took refuge on the continent. Next he went to Scotland with Charles II., and there married *Miss Kennedy*. After the loss of the battle of Worcester he retired with his wife to the North of Ireland for safety, where he died leaving a son, *James*, but two years old. When *James* reached manhood he went to England to recover his patrimonial estate. The estate was withheld on the plea of an act of limitation, and no indemnity was granted to him. It was while in England that he married *Catherine Elizabeth Smith*, a daughter of an officer in the Army of the Parliament.

Charles Clinton, the only son of *James Clinton*, was born in Longford, Ireland, in 1690. He was a dissenter from the Established Church, and in opposition to the ruling powers in Ireland, so resolved to emigrate to British America, and in the year 1729 chartered the vessel "*George and Anne*," of Dublin, to convey him and a number of friends and relatives to Philadelphia, where they proposed forming a colony. They left Ireland on May 20th, 1729, but it was not till October 4th of the same year that they landed on Cape Cod. The voyage had been most disastrous, and a son and daughter of *Mr. Clinton* had died of the hardships incurred.

Mr. Clinton and his friends remained on Cape Cod till the spring of 1731, when they removed to the County of

Ulster, in the province of New York, and formed a flourishing settlement, called Little Britain.

In 1756 he was appointed by the Governor, Sir Charles Hardy, lieutenant colonel of the Second Regiment of militia for the County of Ulster. On March 24th, 1758, he was appointed lieutenant of one of the battalions of the regiment in the province of New York, of which Oliver Delaney was colonel. In this capacity he acted under General Bradstreet at the capture of Fort Frontenac.

Mr. Clinton's wife was *Elizabeth Deniston*. By her he had four sons born in this country :

Alexander, born April 17th, 1732. He was educated at Princeton, New Jersey, and was a practising physician until his death. He died, unmarried, in March, 1757.

Charles, his second son, born July 20th, 1734, died, unmarried, April 30th, 1791. He was also a physician and surgeon in the army. *Colonel Charles Clinton* died at his place in Ulster County, November 19th, 1773, in his 83d year. By his will he made provision for the family grave-yard, that now exists in Little Britain, and directed that his executors should procure a suitable stone to lay over his grave, "whereon I would have the time of my death, my age and my coat of arms cut. I hope," says he, "that they will indulge me in this last piece of vanity."

James Clinton, his third son, was born August 9th, 1736. In common with his brothers, he received an excellent education. The study of the exact sciences was his favorite pursuit, but the predominant inclination of his mind was for a military life. After having held several offices in the provincial troops, he was appointed captain commandant of the four companies in the pay of the province of New York, and shortly after a lieutenant-colonel in the militia in Ulster County. In the French war of 1756 he was a captain under *Bradstreet* at

the capture of Frontenac. After the termination of this war he married *Mary De Witt*, a young lady of great merit, whose family emigrated from Holland. When the American Revolution was on the eve of its commencement, he was appointed by the Continental Congress colonel of the 3d Regiment of New York forces, and after various promotions, a brigadier-general in the service of the United States, and at the war a major-general. For a considerable portion of the war he was stationed at Albany, where he commanded in the northern department. He was afterwards at the siege of Yorktown and capture of Burgoyne, and his brigade had the honor of receiving the colors of the enemy. His last appearance in the army was on the evacuation of the city of New York, where he bid his commander-in-chief a final and affectionate farewell, and retired to his estate. He died on the 22d of December, 1812, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and was interred in the family burying place at Little Britain, Orange County.

George Clinton, vice-president of the United States, was born in Ulster County, N. Y., July 26th, 1739, and was the youngest son of Colonel *Charles Clinton*. In 1768 he was chosen to a seat in the Colonial Assembly, and continued in it, and was one of its most conspicuous members until the Revolution. He was appointed April 22d, 1775, a delegate to the Continental Congress, and took his seat on the 15th of May. On the 4th of July, 1776, he was present at the Declaration of Independence, and assented, with his usual energy, to the measure, but, having been appointed a brigadier-general in the army, was obliged to retire from Congress immediately after his vote was taken, and before the instrument was transcribed for the signature of members, for which reason his name does not appear among the signers. In April, 1777, he was elected both Governor and Lieutenant Governor of New York, and was continued in the former office for eighteen years. In 1801 he was again chosen Governor, and in 1804 advanced to the vice-presidency of the United States,

and continued in that office until his death, which took place at Washington, April 20th, 1812, in the seventy-third year of his age. Early in life he married *Miss Cornelia Tappen*, of Ulster County, and left but one son, whose only son died unmarried, so that the family name has disappeared in this branch of the family. *Governor Clinton*, dying at Washington, was buried in Congressional burying ground.

General James Clinton had four sons: *Alexander*, born 1765, who was drowned in crossing from Pawlus Hook, now Jersey City, in a ferry periagua. *Charles*, the second son, was born in 1767, and was a surgeon. *George*, the youngest was born in 1771.

De Witt Clinton was the third son of *General James Clinton*, and was born at New Windsor. He was primarily educated by the Rev. Mr. Moffatt, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Blooming Grove, and was subsequently removed to the academy at Kingston, in Ulster County, and completed his education at Columbia College, graduating with the highest honors. He studied law with Samuel Jones, one of the most learned jurists of the day, and was admitted to the bar, where, it appears by his Register, he had an excellent business. On the death of his brother *Alexander*, he was appointed private secretary to his uncle, *Governor George Clinton*. In 1796 he married *Maria Franklin*, the daughter of an eminent merchant in New York, of the Quaker persuasion. She was a lady of great beauty and highly accomplished. This union was a most happy one, but was dissolved in 1818 by her death. *Mr. Clinton* held various elective offices: was a member of Assembly, and subsequently of the State Senate and Council of Appointment, and in 1801 was elected a member of the United States Senate. He continued in this situation for two years, when he resigned his office in consequence of his being appointed Mayor of New York. This office he held for several years. He gave an efficient support to the war of 1812, not only by his aid in effecting government loans, and by working with his own hands on the fortifications on Long Island, but also in his

charges to the grand juries, and in his speeches to our victorious naval and military commanders on their glorious victories. In 1817 he was triumphantly elected Governor of the State, which office he held with short interruptions until his death, on February 11th, 1828. His remains rest in Greenwood Cemetery, in a vault beneath a colossal bronze statue erected in honor of his memory by several of the most intelligent and respected men in the City of New York.

While governor he successfully inaugurated the system of internal improvements which has made New York one of the greatest commercial emporiums in the world, and the State of New York the Empire State of the Union. He also identified himself with the great cause of religious freedom—the keystone, and educational and political enlightenment, the cornerstones of a great republic. He was also the friend and advocate of the struggling Fulton, the patron of the accomplished naturalist Wilson, and the generous benefactor of merit and talent whenever it came under his observation.

Charles Alexander, the eldest son of

De Witt Clinton, married *Katharine*, daughter of *Philip Hone*, Mayor of New York. He was a lawyer of eminence and private secretary to his father for several years, and died in 1861.

George W., second son of *De Witt Clinton*, married *Miss Kate Spencer*, of Albany. He died in 1885.

Franklin and De Witt, his third and fourth sons, both died unmarried, as did his two younger daughters, *Julia* and *Maria*; the eldest, *Mary*, married *David S. Jones*, of New York.

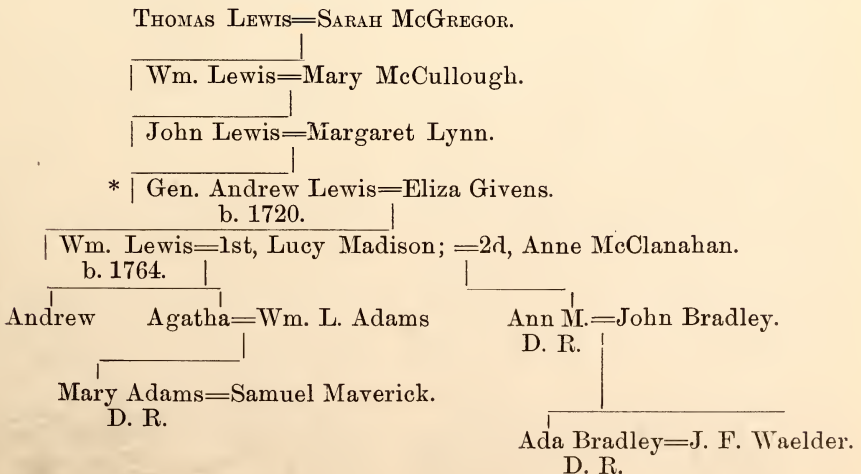
Charles Alexander left at his death no sons but two daughters. The younger, *Augusta*, married *Thomas L. Winthrop*, of Boston, and left at her death a daughter, *Charlott*, now living in England.

Katharine Spencer, his eldest daughter, married *Joseph Marshal Carville*, of New York. Their children were :

Charles Joseph,
De Witt,
Clinton,

Franklin, all of whom died in early childhood, and *Katharine Julia Clinton Carville*, who offers this sketch of a loyal family to your kindly consideration.

DESCENDANTS OF JOHN LEWIS.



JOHN LEWIS married Margaret Lynn, a descendant of Scotch ancestors—the Lynns of Loch Lynn—so famous in Scottish clan legends. He emigrated from the County of Donegal, Province of Ulster, in Ireland, to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1729–30. Here his family joined him, soon after going with him to Lancaster, Penn., where they spent the winter of 1731–32, and in the summer of 1732, removed to the place near Staunton, in the County of Augusta, Virginia, where they settled. He brought up his family, conquered the country from the Indians, and amassed a large fortune. Colonel and Mrs. John Lewis were persons of gentle blood, of education and refinement. In 1745 the County of Augusta was organized, when John Lewis was appointed a magistrate and assisted in the organization of the county. “Patents are still extant by which his Majesty granted to John Lewis a large portion of the fair domain of Western Virginia.”

Amidst the deep shadows of the wilderness he built a stone dwelling, which formed one side of Ft. Lewis. A portion of this old fort, I understand still remains.

Gen. Andrew Lewis, son of John Lewis, was the commander and general of the Virginia troops at the battle of Point Pleasant, Oct. 10th. 1774. The attack on Fort Du Quesne acquired for him the highest reputation for prudence and courage, and he was with Washington July 4th, 1754, at the capitulation of Ft. Necessity.

Washington, in whose regiment Lewis had been a major, formed so high an opinion of his bravery and military skill, that at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, he recommended him to Congress as one of the major generals of the American Army, and when his own commission as commander-in-chief was received, he expressed a wish that the appointment had been given to Gen. Lewis. At his solicitation, Lewis accepted the appointment of brigadier general.

He commanded the Virginia troops when Lord Dunmore was driven from Gwynn's Island, in 1776, and an-

nounced his orders for attacking the enemy by putting a match to the first gun, which was an eighteen pounder. Stuart in his “Historical Memoir” says: “Gen. Andrew Lewis was upwards of six feet high, of uncommon strength and agility, and his form of the most exact symmetry. He had a stern countenance, and was of a reserved and distant deportment, which rendered his presence more awful than engaging.”

Those who have seen the equestrian statue of George Washington, near the Capitol in Richmond, must have observed, among the noble figures placed below and around that of the Father of his Country, one marked with the name of Andrew Lewis, the hero of Point Pleasant. His strikingly majestic form and figure never fail to remind me, when I look at it, of the memorable remark made by the Governor of the colony of New York, when Gen. Lewis was a commissioner on behalf of Virginia, at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, in New York, in 1768, that “the earth seemed to tremble under him as he walked along.”

The will of Andrew Lewis, which is on record in the County Court of Botetourt, dated in 1780, devises to his son, Wm. Lewis, two thousand acres of land lying on Roanoke River. One thousand acres of this land was sold, in 1869, for \$100,000, probably the largest sale of the same quantity of land that was ever made in Virginia. Gen. Lewis died, and was buried in 1781, on an eminence overlooking the beautiful valley of the Roanoke River.

Anne M. Lewis, grand-daughter of Gen. Andrew Lewis, married John Bradley, afterwards a distinguished Texas veteran, and one of the Perote prisoners. He moved from Alabama to Texas in 1840. At the battle of Salade, during Woll's expedition in 1842, he was one of ten prisoners. He was presented to Woll, who, from some cause, was pleased with him and began a conversation: “You are a planter, not a soldier. Why, then, do you leave your family and home to fight Mexicans?” “Because,” answered Bradley, “every true-hearted Texan is a soldier, by nature, trained from childhood to

the use of arms, and every one knows how to fight for his liberty and would fight the devil if he were to invade the country as you have done." When offered his liberty, on condition that he would not again take arms against Mexico, he answered "that if released he would fight on every occasion that offered an opportunity."

He was afterwards released on the intercession of Jackson, and, returning home, died in La Grange, Texas, in 1845. His widow resides in San Antonio, Texas, and is an honored member of the State Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution." Mrs. Ada B. Waelder, their daughter, is also a member of the State Society of D. R. in San Antonio, Texas.

[The references for the account of the Lewis family are from "Stuart's Memoir," "Flowe's Virginia," "John Lewis Peyton's Augusta Co.," and the "Encyclopedia of the New West."]

Wm Lewis, second, married for his first wife Lucy Madison, and from

"Virginia Genealogies" and "Green's Kentucky History" we find that ¹John Madison patented, January 4th, 1653, 600 acres of land in Gloucester Co., Va. This son, ²John, had a son, ³*Ambrose*, who married Frances Taylor. They had ⁴Col. James M., of "Montpellier," the father of President James Madison. ⁵ John Madison, ⁴ brother of Col. James M., married Agatha Stroheer, daughter of Wm. Stroheer, of Stafford Co., Va. John Madison ⁴ was the first Clerk of Augusta Co., Va., and one of the most prominent and influential men in Augusta Co. during the Revolution. His daughter, Lucy Madison, married (first wife) Wm. Lewis, the son of General Andrew Lewis; and their grand-daughter, Mary A. Mave-
rick, is a third member of this family, who is a member of the Daughters of the Revolution in Texas.

MRS. J. TOWNSEND WOODHULL,
State Historian, D. R.

San Antonio, Texas.

ANCESTRAL REGISTER, D. R.

ADAMS, SARAH ROOT (Miss), great-granddaughter of Captain John Leland, of Partridgefield (now Peru), Massachusetts; also :—
great-granddaughter of Eliashib Adams, of Canterbury, Connecticut, Member of the Convention of the State of Connecticut before the Revolution, who was one of those who voted "yea" to resist the unjust demands of the British government.

ALLEN, CAROLINE PERRY (Mrs. William Frederick Allen), great-granddaughter of Quarter-Master Andrew Yorke, of Salem, New Jersey, Second Battalion; also :—

great-great-granddaughter of Captain Andrew Sinnickson, 1st Battalion Salem, and paymaster of lower counties of New Jersey; also :—

great-great-great-granddaughter of Andrew Sinnickson, Sr., who served the Revolutionary cause eminently by

his services and means, and who was proscribed by the British; also :—
great-granddaughter of Thomas Jones, who served in the Continental Army and was a captive in the Jersey prisonship.

BAIRD, ANNIE GRANT (Mrs. William Torrey Baird), great-granddaughter of Major Henry Bradford, of Nashville, Tennessee, of the Virginia Light House, who was also a civil officer in Tennessee, under John Adams; also :—
great-granddaughter of Moses Grant, of Boston, Massachusetts, who assisted in throwing the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. He was an ardent patriot, a member of the Patriotic Corps of Cadets under Colonel John Hancock.

BAIRD, ADELINE TORREY (Miss), great-granddaughter of Lieutenant William Torrey, of Boston, Mass., in the "Con-

gress Own" Regiment of regular troops; also:—
great-great-granddaughter of Quarter-Master John Torrey, "Congress Own" Regiment regular troop.

BARCLAY, ESTHER GREGORY (Mrs. Albert E. Barclay), great-granddaughter of Captain Jabez Gregory, of Norwalk, Connecticut, 9th Connecticut Regiment.

BRADSHAW, ANNA LOUISA (widow of Mr. F. E. Bradshaw, granddaughter of Corporal Thomas Hammond, of Pittsford, Vermont; also:—
granddaughter of Colonel Ichabod Cross, of Mansfield, Connecticut, Colonel of a Vermont Regiment.

BRANT, MARIE PRATT (Mrs. Amos Augustus Brant), granddaughter of Lieutenant William Pratt, of Bristol, Rhode Island, under Colonel Jeremiah Olney, R. I. Regiment, and was one of the original members of the Rhode Island "Society of the Cincinnati," and at the time of his death one of the two original members.

CANNING, JOSEPHINE (Miss), great-grand-daughter of Captain Ebenezer Smith, of New Marlborough, Massachusetts, 13th Massachusetts Continental Line, and one of the first members of the "Society of the Cincinnati."

CHASE, ELLA JAMES (Mrs. Alexander Chase), great-great-granddaughter of Quarter-Master Amos James, of Northlake, Connecticut (now Brooklyn, Ct.,) Fourth Regiment Light Horse, Major Ebenezer Backus, Commander.

CLARK, ANNA MORGAN (Mrs. S. D. Clark), great-granddaughter of Captain James Morgan, 2d Regiment of Middlesex County, New Jersey, Militia; Captain in Colonel Heard's Battalion State troops, New Jersey; also:—
granddaughter of James Morgan, who served through the Revolution and was a prisoner in the New York sugar house; was Brigadier-General when he died; was a member of Congress; also:—
great-great-granddaughter of Andrew Johnstone, of Perth Amboy, member

of the Council of Safety at Perth Amboy; also:—
great-great-granddaughter of Nicholas Evertson, Magistrate during the period of the war and rendered other patriotic service.

CLASS, MARY E. (Mrs. Franklin N. Class), great-granddaughter of Sergeant Dennis Garrison, of Westchester, New York, acting as guide under Colonel Hammond.

CROOK, ANNIE WOLCOTT (Mrs. George Crook), great-great-granddaughter of Sergeant Eliphaz Healey, of Thomasston, Maine.

DAWSON, ANNA ELIZA ELY (widow of General Samuel K. Dawson, U. S. A.), granddaughter of Josiah Ely, of Lyme, Connecticut, a minute man and served in the war under General Putnam; also:—
great-granddaughter of Captain Seth Ely, of Lyme, Connecticut, Captain of Militia, Connecticut Regiment; also:—
great-granddaughter of Captain Abner Lord, who was at the battle of Saratoga and the surrender of Burgoyne; also:—
grand-daughter of Abner Lord, who, but a lad, assisted his father in the above-mentioned battles.

DISBROW, HANNAH LAIRD (Mrs. R. L. Disbrow), great-granddaughter of Robert Laird, of Freehold, New Jersey, private in Lieutenant Barnes Smock's Troop of Light Dragoons; also:—
great-granddaughter of Moses Mount, of Freehold, New Jersey, private in Captain John Walton's Light Dragoons.

DURYEE, FANNY (Miss), great-granddaughter of Abraham Duryee, of Fort Hamilton, Long Island. A member of the First Colonial Council of New York ("The Committee of One Hundred.")

DURYEE, GERTRUDE (Miss), great-granddaughter of Abraham Duryea, of Fort Hamilton, Long Island, a member of the First Colonial Council, of New York.

DURYEE, CARRIE (Miss), great-granddaughter of Abraham Duryee, of Fort

HAMILTON, Long Island, a member of the First Colonial Council of New York.

ENNEVER, MARIETTA TUCKER (Mrs. Thomas C. Ennever, great-great-granddaughter of Captain Isaac Halsey, of Springfield, New Jersey, Morris County Militia, New Jersey, Eastern Battalion.

FULLER, BERTHA DAY (Miss), great-great-granddaughter of Captain Joseph Cutter, of Waterbury, Connecticut, who enlisted at the beginning of the Revolution and served till its close.

GALLISON, KATHARINE BARTLETT (Mrs. Louis De Blois Gallison), granddaughter of Hon. Bailey Bartlett, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, Representative to the General Court from 1781 to 1784 and 1788 to 1789, member of Congress from 1797 to 1801, and was a noted patriot who gave money most liberally to furnish military supplies during the Revolution; also:—granddaughter of Moses Long, of West Newbury, Mass., private in the "Cape Ann Regiment," Massachusetts, under General Lee; served three years.

GALLISON, CARO DE BLOIS (Miss), great-granddaughter of Hon. Bailey Bartlett, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, Representative to the General Court from 1781 to 1784 and 1788 to 1789, member of Congress from 1797 to 1801, and was a noted patriot who gave money most liberally to furnish military supplies during the Revolution; also:—great-granddaughter of Moses Long, of West Newbury, Massachusetts, private in the "Cape Ann Regiment," Massachusetts, under General Lee; served three years.

GRANNIS, ANNIE OSGOOD (Mrs. Charles K. Grannis), great-granddaughter of Samuel Edwards, of Fairfield, Connecticut, private 2d Company, 5th Regiment, Colonel Waterbury, Connecticut.

GRANNIS, ANNIE OSGOOD APPLETON (Miss), great-great-granddaughter of Samuel Edwards, of Fairfield, Connec-

ticut, private 2d Company, 5th Regiment, Colonel Waterbury, Connecticut.

GRANT, ELLA WHITTEMORE (Mrs. George M. Grant), great-granddaughter of Lieutenant William Torrey, of Boston, Massachusetts, of "The Congress Own" Regiment of regular troops.

* HAMILTON, ALICE WILEY (Mrs. Edward P. Hamilton), great-great-granddaughter of Major John Wiley, of New York, N. Y. Major in the Continental Army under General Lamb.

HANNAHS, SUSAN JACKSON (Mrs. Charles H. Hannahs), great-granddaughter of Captain Stephen Jackson, of Far Rockaway, New Jersey, Militia; at the breaking out of the Revolution he was one of the Committee of Safety of Pequannock township; also:—great-granddaughter of Captain Enoch Beach, of Hanover, New Jersey, Militia.

HAWES, AMANDA LUCINDA (Mrs. R. L. Hawes), great-granddaughter of General David Smith, of Plymouth, Connecticut, under General Lafayette; near the close of the war he was brevetted Major-General, and was the President of "The Society of the Cincinnati" in Connecticut.

HODENPYL, MARGARET CARPENTER (Mrs. George H. Hodenpyl), great-granddaughter of Captain Alexander Ranway Thompson, of West Point, New York, under Lieutenant Colonel Commander Stephen Rochefontaine. He was an original member of the "Society of the Cincinnati."

HODGES, HELEN STOWE (Mrs. George Hodges), great-granddaughter of Captain Charles Pond, of Milford, Connecticut, 6th Regiment, Connecticut Line, and an original member of "The Society of the Cincinnati."

HOLBROOK, LAURA PAULINE (widow of Mr. Francis Wayland Holbrook), great-granddaughter of Ensign Lemuel Leach, of Wendell, Massachusetts, Captain Ezekiel Knowlton's Company, Colonel Nickolas Dyke's Regiment, Massachusetts Militia.

* Deceased May 7th, 1893.

HOWARD, JULIA HAMILTON OTIS (Mrs. Neil R. Howard), great-great-granddaughter of General George Doolittle, of Whitestown, New York, enlisted in Captain Joseph Churchill's 8th Company, 3d Battalion, Brigadier-General Woodworth, May 21st, 1776, enlisted in the 6th Connecticut Regiment, of regular line, after the war was the first commissioned General of Militia in Oneida County, New York; also:— great-great-granddaughter of Captain Jeremiah Smith, of Walpole, Massachusetts. He had six sons, four of whom went with him to the war; also:— great-granddaughter of Captain Oliver Smith, of Pelham, Mass., youngest son of Captain Jeremiah Smith.

INNESS, JULIA GOODRICH (Mrs. George Inness, Jr.), great-granddaughter of Hon. Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth, of Windsor, Connecticut. He was one of the principal framers of the Constitution of the United States, and the first appointed Chief Justice.

IRONS, KATHERINE ROGERS (Miss), great-granddaughter of Garret Irons, of Tom's River, New Jersey, private in the Monmouth County, New Jersey, Militia; also:— great-granddaughter of Paul Potter, of Potter's Creek, New Jersey, private in the Monmouth County, New Jersey, Militia.

IRONS, MARY ANNE, (Miss) great-granddaughter of Garret Irons, of Tom's River, New Jersey, private in the Monmouth County, New Jersey, Militia; also:— great-granddaughter of Paul Potter, of Potter's Creek, New Jersey, private in the Monmouth County, New Jersey, Militia.

JENNINGS, MARY RUNYON (Miss), great-great-great-granddaughter of Orderly-Sergeant and Quarter-Master Thomas Ball, of Livingston, New Jersey, under Captain Gillam, Essex County Militia; also:— great-great-granddaughter of Abner Ball, of Livingston, New Jersey, son of Thomas Ball, private in the same company with his father.

JOHNSTON, CAROLINE ELIZABETH (Mrs. Albert E. Johnston), great-great-granddaughter of Rev. Judah Champion, of Litchfield, Connecticut, Chaplain in the Continental Army, ordered to Ticonderoga, served through the war.

KELSEY, ELLA B. (Mrs. Frederick W. Kelsey), great-granddaughter of Andrew Kiff, of Kirtright, New York, Militiaman under Colonel Halliday.

OTIS, JULIA HAMILTON (widow of Mr. Joseph Sanford Otis), great-granddaughter of General George Doolittle, of Whitestown, New York, enlisted in Captain Joseph Churchill's Company, 3d Battalion, Brigadier-General Woodworth, May 21st, 1776, enlisted in the 6th Connecticut Regiment of regular line, after the war was the first commissioned General of Militia in Oneida County, New York.

ROGERS, MARIE POTTER (Miss), granddaughter of Paul Potter, of Potter's Creek, New Jersey, private in the Monmouth County, New Jersey, Militia.

SOUTHWICK, FANNIE CRAWFORD (Miss), great-great-granddaughter of Colonel John Ely, of Lyme, Connecticut, Colonel of a regiment which he raised and equipped himself.

THOMAS, ADA CANNING (Mrs. George C. Thomas), great-granddaughter of Captain Ebenezer Smith, of New Marlborough, Massachusetts, 13th Massachusetts Continental Line, and one of the first members of "The Society of the Cincinnati."

TORREY, ADELINE WHITEMORE (Miss), great-great-great-granddaughter of Captain Samuel Whitemore, of Cambridge, Massachusetts; he was on various important committees at Cambridge and rendered valuable service; he fired upon the British (when 80 years of age) on their retreat to Boston from Lexington; also:— great-granddaughter of Lieutenant William Torrey, of Boston, Massachusetts, in the "Congress Own" Regiment of Regular Troops.

TRIMBLE, LUCY RAYMOND WEEKS (Mrs. James C. Trimble), great-granddaughter of Ebenezer Weeks, of New London, Connecticut, private, responded to the Lexington alarm.

TUCKER, EMMA VIOLA (Miss), great-great-granddaughter of Captain Isaac Halsey, Morris County Militia, New Jersey, Eastern Battalion.

WARD, MARY SNEDEKOR (Mrs. Robert Ward), granddaughter of Isaac Snedekor, of Dutchess County, New York, private under Benedict Arnold at West Point.

WILEY, SARA KING (Miss), great-great-granddaughter of Major John Wiley, of New York, New York, under General Lamb.

A CENTENARIAN'S HAPPY DAY.

FRIENDS GATHER AROUND A WELL-KNOWN WESTCHESTER COUNTY WOMAN ON HER ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

MRS. CYNTHIA FALCONER SMITH, of Greenburg, Westchester County, celebrated her one hundredth birthday yesterday, at the country home of William B. Read, of this city, at Grand View, Rockland County. Mrs. Smith was born in Westchester County on September 3d, 1793. She is a descendant of one of the most distinguished Revolutionary families. Mrs. Smith's great-grandfather was General John Falconer, who was an aide-de-camp of General Washington. General Falconer organized a company at White Plains soon after the outbreak of the American Revolution. Mrs. Smith traces her ancestry back to the sixteenth century. She is a descendant of Admiral de Coligny, the famous French naval officer and Huguenot leader, who was a leader of the Protestant party during the religious excitement of the sixteenth century. The headquarters of the Duke de Lauzun during the American Revolution were in the house of Mrs. Smith's great-grandfather, General Falconer, in Broadway, White Plains.

The family has always been prominent in Methodism in this country, John Falconer having been the founder of Methodism in Westchester County. Many years ago Mrs. Smith was a neighbor of "Polly" Read, upon whose grounds Major Andre was captured.

The celebration of Mrs. Smith's one hundredth birthday yesterday was the occasion of a large family reunion.

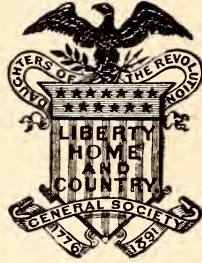
Mrs. Smith herself was in the best of spirits. She entered into the quiet festivities of the occasion with as much feeling and enthusiasm as the younger members of the family who were present. She is in good health. She complained yesterday of only one thing. She said that when some of her nieces visited her at her home in Westchester County last Winter they found her out in the yard feeding the chickens. An especially bumptious rooster flew from a tree and knocked her down. Mrs. Smith still feels the effect of her fall on that day, but otherwise she seemed to be as well as any of those with whom she spent yesterday.

Mrs. Kate Read, at whose home Mrs. Smith celebrated her birthday yesterday, is her grand-niece. Mrs. Smith related many interesting anecdotes of her early days in Westchester County. Among the relatives and friends who were present besides Mrs. and Mrs. Read were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Falconer, Frank Read, Master Brice Falconer, Miss Elizabeth Falconer, Miss Louise Falconer, Miss Essie Scofield, Mr. and Mrs. David Whiting, Mrs. Mary Jane Disbrow, Mr. and Mrs. John Cook and Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Dudley.

About sunset the party broke up. The Rev. Mr. Dutcher, of the Nyack Methodist Church, conducted appropriate services, and those present sang "In the Sweet By-and-Bye," and "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." Mrs. Smith joined heartily in the singing.—*New York Tribune, Sept. 4th, 1893.*

CELEBRATION.

DAUGHTERS OF



THE REVOLUTION.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

115TH ANNIVERSARY.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

THE 28th of June, 1893, is one of the mile-stones in the pathway of the Daughters of the Revolution. The pleasant day, the lovely grounds, the charming hospitality with which we were received at "Roswell Manor," Montclair, N. J., the beautiful home of Mrs. George Inness, Jr., will long be a bright memory in the hearts of the two hundred guests who assembled at her invitation to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Monmouth, fought in 1778.

The guests included the President, Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers; Secretary-General, Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham; Registrar-General, Mrs. Mary C. Martin-Casey; Treasurer-General, Mrs. Chauncy S. Truax of the General Society; New Jersey State Regent, Miss Adeline W. Torrey, and others of her staff, prominent officers of the New York Chapters, officers of the New York Society of the Sons of the Revolution, and many others.

Mrs. George Inness, Jr., as Montclair Chapter Regent, presided.

The exercises were opened by a prayer of invocation by Rev. Alexander Mann, State Chaplain, followed by the singing of the hymn "America." An address of welcome was then given by Rev. Amory H. Bradford, pastor of the Congregational Church of Montclair, who said he had often tested the overflowing hospitality of Roswell Manor

and its charming hostess, and he assured us all of a hearty and cordial welcome within its doors. He was followed by Mr. W. B. Hornblower, who delivered an address on the battle of Monmouth. He received great applause, and evidently intended to earn it, as he prefaced his address with the remark that he had come expecting to speak to Daughters of the Revolution and found not one, but instead grand-daughters, great-grand-daughters and great-great-grand-daughters.

Rev. Dr. Rollin A. Sawyer next followed. A careful perusal of his address, which is printed in full, will well repay the reader.

Miss Sarah King Wiley, Regent of the East Orange Chapter, rose to the occasion, and to the reading of her charming original poem. She read in a truly dramatic manner, and the lovely picture she made as she recited her words of warmth and patriotism will long live in the memories of her hearers.

Mrs. Carl Kloman of the Church of the Ascension, New York, sang some charming selections, one of which was of Paderewski composition. This was an innovation in our usual regime, as heretofore only patriotic songs and hymns have been sung.

Refreshments at five and a social hour followed ere we bade our hostess adieu.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM B. HORNBLOWER TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, JUNE 28TH, 1893.

As a loyal son of New Jersey, I take great pride in the memorials of the Revolutionary conflicts which took place upon the historic and blood-consecrated soil of my native State. As a loyal Son of the Revolution, I am always glad to join in commemorating the valor of our ancestors.

Two things particularly astonish us about the Revolution: First, the patient persistence and perseverance with which our forefathers continued the struggle for so many weary years; second, the ability to cope for so long a time with the overwhelming power of Great Britain in the very zenith of its military and naval glory and prowess.

That terrible winter at Valley Forge would seem to have sapped the very life-blood of the patriot army. All the sufferings that human beings can be subjected to had conspired to destroy the courage and enthusiasm of the American soldiers. It is hard to be brave with an empty stomach and cold feet. The war had already lasted for more than two years and a half without practical result. The British army were in possession of Philadelphia, the American capital of those days, and were being feted and flattered and courted by the Tories of that city, while the Americans were suffering from famine, nakedness and sickness in their wretched winter camp. Yet it was immediately after this winter at Valley Forge that the Americans entered with renewed enthusiasm upon a fresh campaign, and the battle of Monmouth, in June, 1778, was a brilliant onslaught upon the British which only fell short of a great and overwhelming victory by the incompetency or treachery of one of Washington's generals, which drew from him the profane ejaculation which has come down in history and has long since been condoned by his grateful fellow-countrymen. When a treacherous or cowardly officer is turning a victory into a defeat, one must be indeed a captious critic who blames the general-in-chief for a little profan-

ity. Even the Daughters of the Revolution must be a little charitable to the indignant George.

But it was not Washington's momentary profanity, but his sturdy conscience and the sturdy conscience of his troops that won the victory. There was none of the pomp and circumstance of war; none of the glamour and glory of battle. Theirs was a cold, stern, unromantic fight for abstract principle. The seeds of Puritanism were bearing fruit. The spirit which places duty above comfort; which believes that right is right and wrong is wrong, animated that army under the broiling sun of Monmouth on that June day of 1778. And that same spirit sustained them for three more weary years of toil and struggle and suffering and tribulation, till the glorious day of Yorktown, when the proud armies of Great Britain surrendered to the home-spun troops of Yankeedom.

The other feature of the American Revolution, as I have said, that astonishes us is the length of time that we were able to hold out against the enemy. One would have thought that two or three decisive blows would have been struck by an overwhelmingly superior force and the American insurrection would have been crushed. But, fortunately for us, the times were not propitious for such speedy and drastic operations. Distance, difficulty of transportation, the very sparseness of our population, were in our favor. We were mainly a farming people. Our seaports and principal towns could be occupied and still the country could live on. There were no such great nerve centers of the body politic as at present, a blow at which would paralyze the whole political organism. Again the mode of warfare was different.

Mr. Traill, in his life of William III., describing the mode of warfare in the seventeenth century, says: "The business of campaigning was conducted in the leisurely and ceremonious manner

peculiar to the age, and with that strict attention to the limits of the 'season,' which, in our own day, is only bestowed upon the gaieties of London and the sports of the country," and he calls this campaigning a "stately military minuet."

The warfare of the eighteenth century had advanced beyond the period of the "minuet," but it was still a somewhat leisurely performance. Fortunately it is for us, the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, that that brave handful of our sturdy forefathers were not called upon to face the British army and navy in these days of steam and electricity, of ironclads and gatlin guns and breech-loading rifles. Those were the days of sails and smooth-bores—the days when individual courage and individual brains counted. The War of the Revolution was not a contest of mechanics and money, but of mind against mind and soul against soul. Hence it was that our ancestors triumphed under the leadership of the

indomitable Washington, to whom may be applied the words of Browning :

"One who never turned his back, but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we to fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better."

There is a lesson for us in the battle of Monmouth. We of this *fin de siècle* period—the period of agnosticism, of materialism, of indolent luxury, of blase *laissez-faire*—are too much disposed to shrug our shoulders and say, "If the people want misgovernment let them have it; life is too short to remedy the evils of the body politic." We need to drink deep of the fountains of Revolutionary memories; to become imbued with the spirit of our heroic ancestors; to struggle on with patient perseverance; to pluck victory (as did Washington) from the jaws of defeat, to make our Valley Forges stepping-stones to our Monmouths.

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

BY SARA KING WILEY.

In the grasses the cobwebs were hanging,

Frosted white with the fall of the dew,
When we roused from our sleep ere
the sunrise

As the bugles the rippling call blew.

"Drop your knapsacks, men," "form,"
and now "Forward!"

We are off, and the red dust upflies,
Not a breath turns the silver-lined
birch leaves

And the quivering air dazzles our eyes.
Comes a sound, was that thunder that
rumbled?

In the vivid sky blazes the sun.

'Twas the cannon that roared in the
distance

Hasten on for the fight has begun!

As we paused by a church for our
orders

Stood our Chief, as I see him e'en now,
With his hand on his horse's hot forehead

And the dust on his noble white brow.
Then a farmer rushed up to us panting

"Sir, your soldiers are flying, ahead!"

"Silence? this is some coward's invention,

March forward, men," Washington said.

Then we stirred at the cry of the
bugles,

At the sound of the trampling of
feet,

And we felt that to struggle was holy,
And to die for our country was sweet.

Then the blood hammered fast in our
temples

And we burned with the thirst for the
fray,

And our muscles strained hard at our
muskets

As our General spurred, plunging,
away.

Look! who comes? See the troops
there before us;

'Tis our soldiers, and flying, we see,
 Wild, disordered and jaded they meet
 us,
 They retreat, by the orders of Lee.
 On we go, with the haste of dread
 urging,
 To a farm where the broad brook runs
 fast
 And the children at play by the lilacs
 Come out running, to see us march
 past,
 And the sweet thrilling sounds of their
 voices
 Blow across on the flower scented air.
 "O, they're marching right down to the
 willows,
 And they'll ruin our play-house that's
 there!"
 O, you children! our hearts ached to
 hear you.
 Though we knew not that there by
 your wall
 They will dig a deep trench on the
 morrow
 For the men that ere evening shall
 fall.
 Now we looked at the country below us
 Where our soldiers left honor behind
 And were flying like leaves in the
 autumn
 When they whirl in the eddying wind.
 At their head lo, the recreant com-
 mander;
 And our Chief urged his horse's quick
 pace
 And there on the bridge o'er the
 torrent
 Lee and Washington met face to face.
 Such a glance as when Jove shakes
 Olympus
 When he scatters the thunderbolts
 wide.
 Like the flash of a sword from its
 scabbard!

Came his speech: "Sir, what means
 this," he cried!
 Then the orders came rattling like
 hailstones
 And the panic was stayed by his
 hand,
 Fast the batteries form in the forest
 On the heights with the cannon we
 stand.
 From beneath the low boughs of the
 orchard
 Like the angry wasps, Wayne's bullets
 fly
 Till the fierce Colonel Monkton grows
 reckless
 "Drive them out, drive them out!" is
 the cry.
 On the Grenadiers charge with their
 bayonets,
 Ranks of steel like a glittering wall,
 With a crash like the meeting of
 waters
 Comes the answering fire and they
 fall.
 But the heat of the air saps our cour-
 age
 And we faint 'neath the glare of the
 sky,
 To the streaked brook our comrades
 crawl, moaning,
 Like the hurt deer to drink and to
 die.
 Yet he called for a charge, the un-
 daunted,
 And we formed in our battle array
 But the shadows arose from the
 marshes,
 So we waited the coming of day.
 When we looked for our foes on the
 morrow
 As the mist melted off in the sun
 Like the fabled Assyrian army
 They had vanished—and Monmouth
 was won!

ADDRESS BY REV. ROLLIN A. SAWYER, D.D.

We meet to-day under these most
 genial auspices to commemorate an
 event in the heroic history of our com-
 mon country. The fight at Monmouth,
 N. J., on a hot June day, in the year
 1778, was but an incident in a grand
 and, at length, a triumphant struggle,
 out of which a new national life was

given to the world; a life that has, in
 a high sense changed, and, we have
 reason to believe, ennobled the uni-
 versal life of men; for the American
 Revolution, unlike the French Revolu-
 tion, was an uplift to a higher level of
 the civil conditions of the people all
 over the world. It is most becoming,

therefore, to keep it in reverent remembrance, and to study it with a spirit of intensest patriotism and the largest and most enlightened philanthropy.

Let the graver purpose of this observance wait a moment, while we commend the motive and the movers of this memorial service. We must, in frankness and sincerity, salute the womanhood of 1893, in the name of our busy manhood, that it has found a place, in a typical American home, for a delightful hour of reminiscence, high resolve, at once refreshing to our overworked, toilsome spirits, and enlivening, enkindling, recreative to our ideals of citizenship and our convictions of public duty.

A hundred and twenty-five years ago the new American nation was an impulse only, an undefined yearning in the souls of the "Sons of Liberty," the "Liberty boys," as they were styled in the growing hamlets of Boston Bay and the harbor of New York. To-day, the cultured women who are the consummate flowers of our national growth, the crown jewels of our social and our domestic life, have used their leisure for this, among other most noble purposes, to cherish the heroic virtues of our worthy ancestry, and to kindle on our modern hearthstones the holy fire of that ancient devotion to highest duty which made the happy homes of this day possible.

The great unwritten history of the ages is in our homes. Behind and beneath the soldier and the statesman is that magic power which is woman's birthright and her chiefest glory.

The women of the American Revolution wrought in majestic quiet, while the men kept up the trying and protracted conflict. They have given us for our inspiration and guardianship women who appreciate and who hallow their mission.

Daughters of the Revolution, we pay you homage in this exalted sphere; we wait, for this hour, your supreme commands; we pause in the fierce rush for money and the race for coveted place and power, while you remind us of the things worth more than all these, which we are led so

often to forget; we put these precious things of our life once more into your good keeping; we commit to your loyal hearts and true the hidings of our national life and welfare, the nurture of every virtue which distinguishes true citizenship, which equips and establishes beyond peril of default or of overthrow the sons of the American republic.

And we do this, not more from the native loyalty of our hearts to them who represent to us the holy ministry of our dear and now translated mothers, than from that urgent necessity which the exigence of modern life lays upon us. The men of to-day make history faster than they can use it.

Events of transcendent interest and surpassing significance fall along our path like the golden sheaves from the swift steam harvesting machine on the broad wheatfields of the mighty West. We can do little more than brush them aside as we go, lest we tangle up our feet and fall smothered by this outcome of all the ages which now seems tumbling upon us the harvest of a thousand years, gathered every day. We are too busy to pause, and yet we feel the need and the propriety of some sort of sober meditation.

Like the terribly hurried and worried farmer of New England, who went out of his door on the morning of the great meteoric shower of 1830 and came back quick crying to his busy wife: "Take down the Bible, Betsy, and read a chapter, for it seems wicked to work while it is actually raining stars!" so we pause right here and listen to you, women of this age, because it sometimes seems wicked to work right on unthinkingly while the very heavens seem to rain wonders of historic eras and evolutions upon the daily path we make to business or to toil.

That is, we feel the need of this service of commemoration. It eases our consciousness of some neglect to have somebody call us to remember something. For a right use of memory is often of great value. The world's unwisdom to-day is to reap everything and to garner nothing. Business men and business methods, too, seem to transfer the *mot* of Tallyrand: "It is

a bad thing for a diplomat to have a good memory," to their own uses, and make it teach that it is a bad thing for a busy man to take the time for or to tax himself with the duty of remembering. Yet it need not take us long to prove to ourselves, at least, that a citizen is good for little who remembers little.

We shall wreck our lives, ruin our state and wither up every noble sentiment, bring poverty of soul and dearth of principle if we live so fast that we break our hold on the past and make ourselves drunk with the present. The vital nerve of our national life is the line of its noblest and its unique traditions. The foundations of a powerful and uprising nationality are not the flexible and fleeting maxims of present exigency, they are rather the enduring and unwavering principles which pushed the nationality into being.

The star of empire that beckons toward the benign supremacy of this great people in all the earth, is not the *ignis fatuus* of mere millions of money or mere majorities of votes, but the blazing splendor of a nation's heart focussed on the highest aims and lighted up from heaven. Take us away from the fribbles of ease and convenience and temporary successes, long enough to realize our position and read the meaning of our mission in the world. Here in the last years of the mightiest of centuries, when the discoverers of America from the ship of the Vikings and the caravals of Columbus to the latest arrival from distant and dark Siam, have come to look upon us, let us, at least, glance on occasions at ourselves, gathering, as we can, the lesson of our history, sighting the way we go and fixing the trend of our march from the date of our birth-struggle, feeling once more, like a mother's loving touch, the natal spirit of the nation we have come to be.

This service an hour like this is well designed to render. Until we had made this acknowledgement of our debt to them, I could not suffer myself to use the privilege granted me by these honored women to hunt for a patriotic lesson in our memory of the fight at Monmouth.

There are two ways of studying an event of history. One is in detail and close at hand as we study a book or picture. The other is to take a commanding post and study the event, as we have viewed this elegant manor house from the mountain yonder.

It would be a grateful task to find out the forgotten heroes of that stubborn fight, the men that fell and fainted on that weary field, whose mothers missed them ever afterward, on whose quivering lips there hung with the last sigh the name of sister or of sweetheart, left lonelier for his going to the war. That is a part of history we do not much read, partly because its terrible pathos hurts us so, largely because only God's angels witness its vast unfoldings. Yet we owe it to ourselves no less than to them to keep their memory and their personality as far as possible before us. I do not think it a family vanity to hunt up and record the family contributions to our heroic history. It is not mere pride of ancestry, it is a noble wish to enter into the life of him whose name you bear, whose heart-beats struck the measure of your own.

Only to know that he served his country and his age is not enough so long as you may know just how long he served and with what motive and result. I do not make much account of that outcry against associations based on blood relationship to Revolutionary heroes, whether under commission or in the line, as unbecoming and un-American. Because the chief work of every such association must be just this personal study of our heroic age.

The best time for this sort of study is now, because every year's delay renders it more difficult. At this distance of time, too, if descent from these heroes carried any privilege it would be so distributed as not to be very conspicuous. A recent statistician in Georgia has made it appear, with the usual accuracy of figures, that there should be living to-day some 4,870 millions of descendants of men actually in service from 1775 to 1782.

The margin for condensation to our modest 60 millions of actual population

is wide enough to have a strong infusion of Revolutionary heroic blood to the credit of every man, woman and child on the continent to-day. This *reductio ad abundum* is as good a way as any to dispose of the outcry against heroic orders, be they Cincinnati Sons or Daughters of the Revolution.

On the other hand, there is every good reason for the revival and cherishing of family traditions. These links which bind us to the men of the past lie hidden in great measure among the unwritten household traditions that in our new conditions of life are fading away into irrecoverable loss. If we had the roster of the army that was in action at Monmouth we might find names familiar to our family associations, and yet not know how or why, or if at all, they were allied to us. In a few years more the lapses will so widen as to cover the whole. It is time to prevent this onset of forgetfulness. No duty comes better accredited into our public meetings than that one which is wisely made a condition of membership in this association which calls us here to-day. There can be no happier outcome of the newly developed interest in family history than that memory of relationship to Revolutionary heroes. Every family has some traditional history. The old folks in the farm houses that are passing away loved to linger over them. Too many of them are lost already. Whatever serves to revive or to preserve the family treasure of personal history or individual merit is a help to the culture of true citizens of the Commonwealth.

For a patriot must have some patrimony. He who loves his country must have treasure of some sort in that land of his birth or adoption. The possession at once inalienable and controlling is a pure, deep and well-grown love of home and reverence for family spirit, honor and record. It is not so very easy to be a true patriot, because it requires a growth—the growth of generations. When the honorable sentiment of a family line attains some age it begins to increase in value. Even personal piety is improved, beyond our knowledge, by association with ances-

tral piety. We are in need of new recruits to church and state, as we need new vintages year by year, but one who has known the old in use does not put his whole faith in the new wine because "he saith the old is better."

With the tremendous inroads of immigration the national life wrestles right royally as we know, and there are elements in our new gains which will prove, or are capable of being, new values in our civil combination. But we do foolishly when we tell the new voter, freshly made before election, that he is worth as much instantly to the nation as he is to the party whose ballot he forthwith throws for the first time—possibly from a blind purpose or a bad motive.

It may not be the way to conciliate the new to remind them in unkindness and scorn that the old is better. But there is a call to-day for that manly confession of our faith in heredity which proclaims the fact that it takes at least three generations to grow a patriot. Put this as a high standard, something to be attained by every citizen at length in his line of descent. Beyond all let us not abase ourselves to profess to believe that the froth is wine; or that the ferments of our party squabbles are anything more than a possibility of something fairer and stiller and richer to come. The old wine is better. Family traditions of noble service are beyond price. The old plate and the old pictures have a meaning which the later creations in imitation can get only by patiently waiting and honestly deriving. Frankly, I cannot make myself believe that it would improve some people to have their pictures painted by the "old masters," and I have even fancied that some latter day "patriots," so called, would fail to get out of the "Rogues' Gallery" if Capley himself could be lured back into life to paint their portraits. There is a limit to our praises of that which immediately touches us.

Manhood has a value of its own—Brotherhood is the supreme ideal toward which the regeneration of the race by Powers external, looks heedfully and with hope. But yet there is vast significance for the American peo-

ple, for our patriots and our political leaders, in the maxim of the great statesman of Germany—since Beaconsfield there has been none in Europe greater than Bismarck—who puts his iron heel on the pretences of socialism and stamps on it with a word: “The world can never be governed from below.” And that is the truth, notwithstanding that it has been wretchedly governed from the top. When kings are lower than citizens then the citizens should govern. When the citizen becomes kingly he has a right to be a sovereign.

Here we stand just where the ways divide. God help this great people to distinguish the right one. For to build a right to govern on a mere majority in numbers, has the peril of the vilest debasement and the promise of absolute despotism.

If we keep citizenship at the top it must be kept also uppermost in all commanding virtue. Virtues do not always float on the surface. Sometimes they seem to have sunk, like lost treasure to the unsounded depths. There is struggle always in keeping the best in their true place amid the rush of the cheap, the merely meretricious. This is the great endeavor of a State like ours to keep itself from being governed from below. We must keep our governing persons aloft. We must steadily exalt the standards, the ideals of American patriotism and American citizenship.

It would be something worth patient inquiry to know how many of the present voting population of this district descended from the old patriots of this land; how many from real patriots of other lands. But it is worth all the powers of our manhood, and it will tax them, too, to make our voting rulers understand their position and realize the ideal of a prince of popular suffrage.

The world is never rightly governed from below. And the man whose governing principles are low and selfish and short-sighted is not one to wield the powers of a sovereign citizen.

I beg, therefore, to conclude my address with a distant glance at the field of Monmouth, in which we find the type of the American and the *adventi-*

tious citizen, most singularly included and contrasted.

The chief significance to us of that day at Monmouth, as we now study it distantly, to my mind at least, is this: that it disposed of that singularly incongruous figure which had clung to or hovered about our commander-in-chief from his designation by Congress to head the army of freedom.

After eighty years the question of Charles Lee's conduct and motive has been definitely settled. He was a traitor of that low type which is zealous, now for one side and now for the other, but always for himself.

The blast of Washington's indignation when he found him basely retreating with a demoralized division of the army (which Lafayette had led, because Lee at first refused and afterward took it out of the courteous and chivalric Frenchman's hands), the blast of the great citizen soldier's wrath sent him out of the service for a year, and his own bitter spirit took him away to the Shenandoah woods to plot in secret, to consume the small remnants of his manhood in regrets and reprobations and to die alone and unregretted by every one and everything near him except his dogs.

The picture of his end is so pitiful that, even though we now know how thoroughly base he was, we can afford to do him justice; and I would not venture to put him alongside of Washington, even to point a moral contrast, but for the fact that for three years, those first great years of the war, he held his place by the side of Washington in the esteem of many good men, and even retained a certain measure of the esteem and confidence of the great man whom he plotted to ruin and supplant.

He illustrates so aptly a peril of the republic as to make it fit to use the occasion of his final defeat and the country's deliverance from his designs, to set him in the pillory to-day after a hundred and fifteen years, and study him a moment.

He was perhaps the first, but not by any means the last, adventurer who persuaded the Americans to take him at his own estimate of himself.

Lee was an Englishman, of good family—in no way connected with Lee's of Virginia, every one of us is glad to feel—and with the genius of adventure. He learned soldiery in all European armies, and by his own story he knew more than all the great soldiers under whom he served. The burden of his recitals was how badly every campaign was managed and how splendid would have been his conduct of it. He was also a pamphleteer of no mean ability. As a newspaper writer he would have achieved a place to-day; in the last century he took his rank alongside of Thomas Paine as a vindicator of the rights of man, but especially as the denouncer of kings and of the English king in particular, when that served his turn. But unlike Paine, his convictions, though keen at the moment, were fleeting, full of fantastic changes and always subordinate to his inordinate self-love.

His personal vanity was so extreme that it became an infection. Washington was deceived by it. Other men cherished the delusion for years. Congress was expected to give him the first place. Only Washington stood above him at that supreme moment. And only because they were going to service in Massachusetts, where Artemus Ward was supreme with men like Putnam and Heath under him, did Congress put Lee second to Ward, and so really third in command of the American military force of that critical day.

So this adventurer, maddened by being only *third*, but submitting rather than be nothing, waiting his time with resolute baseness in his heart, attached himself to Washington on his journey to Cambridge, divided the honors with him, and told the credulous people all along the way that Washington was a respectable figure head—a “political necessity” they call it now—while he, Charles Lee, was the brains of the war—the guardian and guide of the commander-in-chief.

There is something so picturesque in the presumption of the man; he manifestly had so much faith in himself as to be in a sort sincere in his babbling forever of his virtues, that we are almost blinded to the peril that he

brought with him. Mingling with all ranks freely, and in constant and confidential narratives of his experiences, real and largely imaginary, impressing confiding minds with his worth and his wrongs suffered abroad, and now even here where professional soldiers were so few, in being kept subordinate to men who must always seem to him inferior to himself.

I suppose we shall never duly estimate the danger of one such influence at such a time.

The burden which Washington bore with sublime patience was revealed in the Conway Cabal, but it was made up in secret, again and again, in bundles of lies and insinuations, from the time Lee intrigued to get the chief command till the last day of that protracted and arduous service. There will never come a time in the history of men or governments when the traitor cannot do mischief. But there are times when he can ruin everything, and will unless God in his mercy intervene.

Monmouth was the touchstone of fate for Lee. Nobody knew it but himself. Men trusted him still. But between the upper milestone of righteous wrath and a court-martial, and the nether milestone of his own consciousness of wrong, he fared badly enough to keep him in seclusion ever after.

There is a wilderness in the world for such men to hide in, but somehow it seems more and more difficult to drive them into it. Our American forests are yearly growing smaller; but we wish that there were evidences that the seclusion for all such self-seekers and self-worshippers were still existant among us. For if the forest primeval of the early day were to-day our refuge for every man who thought more of himself than of his country, who used his opportunity to serve his country only to serve his own selfish ends, I fancy that almost any State of our glorious and renovated Union would furnish so many of these exiles that we could truthfully say, “the woods are full of them.”

And if I could paint the field of Monmouth as an allegoric picture, setting these two figures in the centre of it, it might possibly diminish its his-

toric dignity, but it would enhance its moral significance.

When Lee goes off the scene, cursing his fate, calling out to his fellow officers that they must go and learn to run a tobacco plantation on the Potomac in order to become great generals, he thought he was uttering a terrible sarcasm, but he was telling a tremendous truth.

The "tobacco planter," as he bitterly styled the great Virginian:—the "respectable church warden," as he called the general of Massachusetts militia whom Congress did not dare put under him:—were men, who, as technical soldiers, may not have equalled, but who as patriots and warriors towered so far above him, that, it makes us blush to name them at his side.

There is no talent, no smartness, no skill, nay, no record of gallantry that can make the adventurer a companion, but always a contrast, to the true patriot.

The worth of our citizen soldiery of that day and of this day is something forever apart from that of the mere soldier of fortune.—It is the manhood beneath and within the service done, that writes itself into genuine successes.—Nations cannot be built by soldiers without principle, nor preserved by politicians without principle.

The crisis comes, when as Mrs. Howe was inspired to sing: "He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat."—There is always a premonitory judgment hour, and the gehennas of history are lighted up first in men's own bosoms!

But I should put your patience, already too largely taxed, to a needless strain if I pushed the parallel of the patriot hero of our Revolution and the adventurer of Monmouth to any further application.

I stood one day on the dismantled rostrum in the Roman forum of to-day, where Mark Anthony, one historic day, unrolled the bloody mantle of the murdered Cæsar before the excited people of Rome, and by his magnificent appeal created a revolution and crushed a great conspiracy in a breath. It was

the same Anthony that by and by died in the arms of the syren—the serpent of the Nile—Cleopatra.

How we marvel at the power of self-indulgence to debase and to defeat the noblest ambitions, the exalted impulses of the mightiest men. It remains in the possibilities of all ages for men to fall under the spell of that enchantress. The malign forces of the Republic now are the spirits of selfishness and self-indulgence. When once entangled, there is no deliverance for men or nations, except from heaven.

There was one sublime moment in our Civil War, when a tidal wave lifted a New York crowd up to unearthly levels of exalted emotion. A regiment sang the great "Battle Hymn" on the march down Broadway, and at the stanza beginning: "In the beauty of the lillies, Christ was borne across the sea," the great clamor of cheering sweep into the silence, broken only by the stifled sobs of a subduing emotion.

Would that we might bring back such moments on occasions like this, because we so easily fall from the grace of our highest ideals.

I took the hand of the heroic Elliott, of Georgia, as he lay sick in London, and read the legend of his Episcopal ring: "non ministrari sed ministrare," which had been the motto of his life as a soldier and a devoted Bishop of a Texas diocese.

Why should there be any other for the servant of God or for the servant of the state?

I discovered one day the sign of the Altruist Society of Montclair on the rear of some buildings of the principal business street. Is not our altruism too modest? should it not be brought round to the front of our public life? The birth-song of a new era, is the Battle Hymn of them that give life itself for others; and the war-song of this great endeavor to deliver men from bondage—both spiritual and civil—is the even-song of each right royal life.

It is also the morning-song of unceasing progress and unfading glory, both beneath and beyond the stars.

NATIONAL SOCIETY, DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Founder General—Mrs. Flora Adams Darling.

OFFICERS OF THE GENERAL SOCIETY.

President—Mrs. EDWARD PAULET STEERS, 2076 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Vice President—Mrs. LOUISE F. ROWE.

Secretary General—Mrs. D. PHOENIX INGRAHAM, 2052 Madison Ave., New York.

Assistant Secretary—Miss L. V. STEERS.

Treasurer General—Mrs. CHAUNCEY S. TRUAX, 780 Madison Ave., New York.

Registrar General—Mrs. MARY C. MARTIN-CASEY.

Assistant Registrar—Mrs. H. S. BEATTIE.

Historian General—Mrs. LOUIS DE B. GALLISON.

Librarian General—Mrs. LOUISE SCOFIELD DAVIS.

Chaplain General—Rev. GEORGE R. VAN DE WATER, D.D.

Mrs. WILLIAM LEE,

Acting Registrar General for the Society in the State of Massachusetts (New England Records).

Executive Committee, 1893.

Mrs. ABRAHAM STEERS,

Mrs. DE VOLNEY EVERETT,

Mrs. HORATIO C. KING,

Mrs. EDGAR KETCHUM,

Mrs. H. P. MCGOWN, JR.,

Mrs. CHARLES F. ROE,

Miss ADELINE W. TORREY,

Mrs. CHARLES W. DAYTON,

Mrs. HENRY A. WARREN,

Mrs. A. F. RASINES,

Mrs. SMITH ANDERSON,

Mrs. J. HOOD WRIGHT,

Mrs. CHAS. F. STONE,

Mrs. GEORGE INNESS, JR.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The objects of the Society shall be to keep alive among its members and their descendants, and throughout the community, the patriotic spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence; to collect and secure for preservation the manuscript rolls, records, and other documents relating to the war of the American Revolution, and provide a place for their preservation and a fund for their purchase; to encourage historical research in relation to such Revolution, and to publish its results; to promote and assist in the proper celebration of prominent events relating to or connected with the War of the Revolution; to promote social intercourse and the feeling of fellowship among its members; "and provide a home for and furnish assistance to such as may be impoverished when it is in their power to do so."

ELIGIBILITY TO MEMBERSHIP.

Any woman above the age of eighteen years shall be eligible to membership in the "Daughters of the Revolution," who is a *lineal* descendant from an ancestor who as a military or naval or marine officer, soldier, sailor or marine in actual service under the authority of any of the Thirteen Colonies or States, or of the Continental Congress, and remaining always loyal to such authority, or a descendant of one who signed the Declaration of Independence, or of one who as a member of the Continental Congress or of the Congress of any of the Colonies or States, or as an official appointed by or under the authority of any such representative bodies actually assisting in the establishment of American Independence by service rendered during the War of the Revolution, becoming thereby liable to conviction of treason against the Government of

Great Britain, but remaining always loyal to the authority of the Colonies or States, shall be eligible to membership in this Society.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

All such service must be stated in application, accompanied by reference and proof, and each applicant must be endorsed by two members or two persons of acknowledged standing. No person shall endorse an application for membership unless the candidate is known to be worthy, and will, if admitted, be a desirable member.

Applications for membership in the "Daughters of the Revolution" must be made in duplicate upon the blanks issued by the "General Society," subscribed by the applicant, endorsed and acknowledged before a notary.

Applications and proofs shall be submitted to the Investigating Committee, who shall have full power to determine the qualifications of the applicant.

INITIATION FEE AND DUES.

The initiation fee shall be \$1.00, to be sent with the paper of application, *and its payment is a prerequisite of membership.* Each State Society can regulate the annual dues, but when no State Society exists, annual dues of \$2.00 shall be sent to the General Society Office, 64 Madison Avenue, New York City, on or before the first day of January in each year; also \$1.00 annually towards the maintenance of the Assembly Rooms and a fund for a permanent building. The Society is accumulating a fine Library, and the Museum of Relics has become very interesting. A Society building should be erected which will be the property of the whole Society. The Rooms at 64 Madison Avenue is the first step towards this, and are open to members at all times. Officers of the Society are present on Tuesday afternoons from three until five o'clock for the reception of members and applicants for membership.

Life membership in this Society may be had on due application, by the

payment of fifty (\$50) dollars, which shall be in full of all annual dues.

Blanks for bequests and endowments to the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution will be furnished on application.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY-GENERAL.

I beg leave to report that regular meetings of the Executive Committee of the General Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution" have been held during the months of July, August and September, for the transaction of accumulated business. Such meetings were rendered necessary, as over fifty applications for membership have been approved and accepted during these summer months, that are usually devoted entirely to travel and recreation. The Auditing Committee of the General Society have rendered a complete and very favorable report for the past year.

The following officers have been lately appointed: Mrs. Chas. H. Hannahs, as Registrar of the State of New Jersey, in place of Mrs. E. P. Hamilton, deceased; Mrs. Chas. H. Hodenpyl, as Regent of Summit, New Jersey, and Mrs. William Lee, as Registrar of the "New England Records" in Massachusetts. As the celebrated "Revolutionary Rolls" in Boston are in manuscript, personal inspection is required for verification of proof, and the necessity of a Registrar in Massachusetts has been long felt and requested by several Regents. With the above appointment all former delay in passing papers of application referring to the New England Records will be avoided. With the return to town of members and friends very busy times are predicted for the officers, and large additions to the membership are to ensue. Very pleasant meetings are being arranged for the Winter, and the members are to be congratulated on the wonderful growth of the Society, and the kind and ready appreciation of the honorable title, "Daughters of the Revolution."

F. ADELAIDE INGRAHAM,
Secretary-General.

Sept. 14th, 1893.

REPORTS OF REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

MADAM PRESIDENT AND LADIES OF THE
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE :

Our applications for memberships have fallen somewhat, at the approach of Summer, yet not enough to merit complaint, as will be seen from the following list of men who gave their noble services, and oftentimes their lives, that we might be a free people :

Captain Elisha Woodbury, of Stark's Regiment at Bunker Hill.

Corporal Thomas Hammond, a soldier of the Revolution, subsequently a prominent statesman of Vermont.

Ichabod Cross, who was taken prisoner at the Battle of Hubbardtown, Vermont.

Captain John Leland, of Doolittle's Regiment at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Eliashib Adams, a member of Connecticut Convention in 1775.

Again we have the name of Thomas Nelson, Jr., Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Samuel Maverick, of Massachusetts, one of the martyrs of the British prison ships.

Sergeant Eliphez Healey, of Maine.

John Tolman, of Massachusetts, who was severely wounded at the Battle of Lexington, 19th April, 1775.

Sergeant George Doolittle, of Connecticut and New York.

Lemuel Kempton, of Massachusetts.

Captain Isaac Halsey, Captain of Militia in New Jersey.

Garrett Irons, soldier of Monmouth Co., New Jersey.

Mayor Abiel Abbott, whose services were continuous during the Revolution as a soldier and statesman in New Hampshire.

Corporal James Glover, of Pennsylvania.

Respectfully Submitted,

MARY C. MARTIN-CASEY,
Registrar General, D. R.

New York, July 3d, 1893.

MADAME PRESIDENT AND LADIES OF THE
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE :

Our applications for membership for the month of July are the descendants

of the following officers, soldiers and statesmen :

Lieut. Benjamin Stickney served at intervals in the Massachusetts militia from 19th April, 1775, to 1781.

Thomas Stickney, his son, served from 1778 to December, 1781.

Theodore Sedgwick was aide-de-camp to Gen. John Thomas, of Massachusetts, in his expedition to Canada in 1776. Subsequently was actively engaged in procuring supplies for the army. Was member of Congress from 1789 to 1796, and U. S. Senator to 1800, Supreme Court Judge 1802, which office he held until his death.

The service of Samuel Edmonds, of Connecticut, has added two new members to our list.

Lieut. William Eskridge, of Virginia, whose services are recorded from the beginning to the close of the war.

Captain James Williams, of Virginia.

Thomas Lewis, the near-sighted but able statesman of Virginia, who advocated the resolutions of Patrick Henry, was a member of the Conventions of 1775 and 1776, and also of the State Convention that ratified the Federal Constitution.

Capt. Samuel Harris, of Pennsylvania.

Maj. Ebenezer Brattle, of Massachusetts, was captain of one of the Lexington alarm companies from 19th April to December, 1775 ; was in service as captain until 1780, at which time he was promoted to major of Massachusetts Militia.

Maj. John Frey, of New York, was brigade-major from the 9th September, 1776, to 9th September, 1778 ; a delegate to the New York State Convention, 1779 ; member of the N. Y. Assembly, 1782 to 1792 ; State Senator from 1792 to 1802.

The revolutionary records of Lieut. Col. Thaddeus Crane, of Westchester Co., N. Y., and Lieut. Abram Smith, also of Westchester Co., N. Y., have added two new names to our list of descendants, and given to the Society two new members.

Joshua Sears, of Massachusetts, entered the service in 1778 ; in July, 1779, was taken prisoner and carried

to England, where he was kept imprisoned for several years.

Andrew Gardner, a Bombardier, Massachusetts.

Jonathan Parker, New Hampshire.

Robert Thorndike, Maine.

William Prichard served in Kidder's 1st N. H. Regt., Nov., 1777, to Dec., 1779.

Samuel Nevers, of Massachusetts.

Lieut. Andrew Engle, of Pennsylvania, whose record of service is from 16th October, 1776, to January, 1781.

Some of these grand old patriots' and soldiers' names have been mentioned in previous reports, and will be repeated from time to time, now that their descendants are beginning to appreciate all that they did and suffered for the cause they espoused, and are searching for chronicles of individual heroism, exploits and adventures.

Yet how many acts of chivalrous heroism performed by those who suffered and fought in our Revolutionary struggle will be lost to us forever!

Surely, we who are reaping the golden fruits of their achievements should do all in our power to gather together all the fragments of history, and even traditions of our War for Independence, to have them published, that coming generations will read with wonder and reverence. It may soon be too late, for all manuscript records on file in Washington and other cities are now in tatters, worn to rags by constant handling, and it is only a question of a few years when these records of our grand struggle for freedom will be so dilapidated that they will be undecipherable.

These records must be published.

Daughters, here is work for us all.

Respectfully Submitted,

MARY C. MARTIN-CASEY,

Registrar General, D. R.

New York, August 7th, 1893.

MADAM PRESIDENT AND LADIES OF THE
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

While our increase during the month of August was less than for any pre-

vious month of this year we have reason to feel very much encouraged at the good work done by some of our Regents and officers during this somewhat eventful summer. In the interval between June 1st and September 1st, the membership of our Society has been increased by over fifty additions. The new members, like the old, include some of the most distinguished people of the present time, descendants of some of the most distinguished soldiers and statesmen of the past.

Hon. Michael Hillagrass, a statesman of Pennsylvania, whose services were almost continuous from 1765 to 1789.

Lieut. Col. Francis Nichols, of Pennsylvania, who was taken prisoner when with Arnold in Canada, in 1775, remained in captivity until released in 1776, promoted to captain for his services in Arnold's Expedition, subsequently received other promotions, and remained in the army until the close of the war. In 1783 joined the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati.

Lieut. William Nichols, of Pennsylvania.

Lieut. John Ward, of Pennsylvania. His record of service is from June, 1777, to the close of the war. He was also a member of the Society of the Cincinnati.

Captain Samuel Judd served as private in Connecticut during the Revolution, and subsequently received a captain's commission.

David Akin, private in New York militia from 1779 to 1782.

Daniel Weeks, private, New York militia.

Silas Weeks, private, New York militia

Lieut. Jothum Wright, New York and Pennsylvania.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY C. MARTIN-CASEY,

Registrar General, D. R.

New York, Sept. 5th, 1893.

QUARTERLY REPORT, STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

To a school-boy in some other section of the United States New Jersey looks like a small spot of color on the map in his geography. The State, however, has always come nobly to the front. In the time of the Revolution many important battles were fought on her soil, and the bold spirit shown by her patriots still tingles in the veins of her descendants, warlike still, should occasion demand.

The New Jersey branch of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution is steadily increasing, many valuable members being added to its lists—valuable as earnest workers of today,—rich in Revolutionary ancestry.

No regular meetings have been held during the Summer months. This has not meant inaction and absolute rest for the officers, as much good work has been accomplished—work that will show excellent results in the Fall campaign.

The East Orange Chapter, under command of Miss Sara King Wiley as Regent, is by far the largest in the State.

The Montclair Chapter, with Mrs. George Innes, Jr., at the head, is fast following in point of numbers. The Orange and South Orange Chapter promises well with Mrs. William Torrey Baird as Regent.

An enterprising Chapter is that at Tom's River,—“The Huddy Memorial,”—with Miss Kate Irons as Regent, the returns from which show that good work is being done. Several new Chapters will be formed when the Fall work begins. Well may the New Jersey Society be proud of its record and of so many true lineal descendants with such patriotic, loyal blood in keeping with the spirit of the times. May one grand object be the development and nurture of patriotism in the young, that as the days go on strong, healthy citizens, bodily, mentally, loyally, may be ready to fill the public offices of our lovely land. So true our aim that a lineal descent from a patriotic ancestor will be almost a requisite to office. MRS. ROBERT WARD,

State Secretary.

TROY CHAPTER REPORT.

SEACONNET PT., LITTLE COMPTON, R. I.
September 8th, 1893.

TO MRS. D. PHOENIX INGRAHAM :

I write my second report very far from Troy, N. Y., at Seaconnet Pt., R. I., a comparatively unknown country, even though in plain sight of Newport. This is the southeastern point of Rhode Island; stretching out into the Atlantic—nothing between us and the Azores. Twice, certainly, during the Summer, we see the full-rigged sailing vessel, the Jeronica, starting for these islands from Buzzard's Bay on the east. At night we see nine lights, commencing on the east with Hen and Chickens Lightship, Cuttyhunk, around by Gay Head Seaconnet Light to Point Judith Light and Beaver Tail Light.

This point was settled almost entirely by the children of the Pilgrims, and carries out Mrs. Heman's idea of a “stern and rock-bound coast” much more than placid Plymouth Bay. Here, too, in the cemetery we find the oldest child of John and Priscilla Alden, Elizabeth (Alden) Pabodie, “the first white woman born in New England—who died May 31st, 1717, in the 94th year of her age.” Also we find the graves of her children and her grandchildren clustered around her, the Southworths and Pabodies and Seaburys and Simmons.

We find also Col. Benjamin Church and Alice (Southworth) Church, his wife—he of King Philip's war.

There is a quaint charm about the old cemetery. As we come down nearer our own times we find the place very full of old memories of the Revolutionary times. I have not yet heard all the tales there are to be told, but a few come to my mind now. There was hardly a Tory in the place—all were patriotic.

The Rhode Island rolls were not kept by the State, as a rule, but returned to the different captains, and the result is seen; that unless a prominent officer, there is no record of services.

When the British had Newport Island, a signal station was established in the northern part of this town,

communicating with a patriot on the island, on whose farm the British general was stationed. He feigned Toryism and was not suspected, and every morning signaled to the mainland the intended movements of the British.

A British man-of-war blockaded the east passage of Narragansett Bay, or Seacomet Bay. Guard was kept along the coast night and day. One in authority on the Point was Mr. Isaac Bailey, living a mile from here. Word came to him that the British were going to try to land. So he and his wife first buried the silver and valuables in the orchard, and then he took his wife and babe on a pillion and carried them further up the road to a place of safety. He then returned to the Point to fight.

At another time the alarm was given and a number of young boys and men unused to fighting had collected behind a stone wall and out-building with their guns and ammunition. One in authority was a Mr. Springer. When the British were fairly out of their boats, the boys and others took fright. Mr. Springer remonstrated with them, but without effect. He then told them that if they *must* go to leave their guns loaded behind them. This they did, and he was left alone. He placed the guns in a pile and fired one after the other so rapidly, and with such excellent aim, the British concluded there was a large force in the building and it was best to retreat. On reaching the vessel they fired several cannon shot at the house. One of these balls can be seen now, at the house of Mr. James Bailey.

Close by me is an old Bailey homestead, two hundred years old, and during the war two sentinels slept there. It was owned by Mr. Thomas Bailey, a

very patriotic man. One night during some very quiet surf, the British managed to land on the Warren's Point beach, which is directly in front of me as I write; surprised the sentinels; took Thomas Bailey out of his bed; and marched them down to the boats. Upon reaching the shore they asked Bailey: "How many men Washington had in his army." He answered: "If you will tell me the number of the sands on this beach I will tell you the number in Washington's army." The captured were taken to the prison ships and remained about two years.

During my stay here only a few new members have come into the Society in Troy.

Next Summer, I think, we will find many new members here.

Mrs. Charles Cleminshaw, of Troy, has entered the Society through her ancestor, Jonathan Robinson, who served in Col. Frye's regiment, Capt. Farnam's company, during the siege of Boston, and again, in New Hampshire, was captain of a company under Col. Whipple, who went to New York.

Mrs. George H. Freeman, through David Akin, who served repeatedly in New York militia.

Mrs. Harry M. Alden, a supplemental application through John Babcock, of Connecticut, who served in Connecticut militia.

A Daughter of the Revolution is also found in Mrs. Mary Wickes (Prout) Bennett, wife of Alden J. Bennett of Virginia City, Mont., through her great-great-grandfather, Daniel Wickes, and her great-grandfather, Silas Wickes, both serving in the New York militia. Later she will send in the records of other ancestors.

MRS. CHAS. L. ALDEN,
Regent.

As the Historian General is now preparing for publication a complete membership roll of this Society (Daughters of the Revolution), it is requested that members will, with the least possible delay, send names of ancestors, account of services rendered and dates pertaining to the same, for use in this important branch of the work.

The Insignia of the Daughters of the Revolution consists of a badge in gold and blue enamel (the design is a reproduction of the seal), and is furnished to members only; upon payment of \$10.00, accompanied by an order from the Secretary-General—a buff and blue button (price 30 cents) can be obtained upon application to the Treasurer-General.

BOOK REVIEWS.

When an intellectual giant like Mr. Gladstone turns aside from the busy turmoils of politics to read a work of fiction, it is a high compliment to the author of it. When he emphasises the reading by the declaration that he reads the book every year, it is, indeed, the highest praise. Mr. Gladstone is said to have conferred this honor on "*Le Disciple*," of M. Bourget, and says he can forgive him all the other books he has written for this one. M. Bourget expresses himself naturally as delighted with this tribute to his genius, and attaches more value to it for the reason that it is the first book written by him after he renounced agnosticism and recognized the necessity of adopting Christianity as a practical working creed.

This testimony of Mr. Gladstone to the ability of M. Bourget, and the latter's confession that he is a believer in Christianity, adds very much to the interest already felt in the author and his works. He is attracting attention in the world of literature to a greater extent, perhaps, than any writer living. He has many critics. His admirers are enthusiastic. His adverse critics can not accuse him of immorality, for all wrong doing, with M. Bourget, is terribly punished. I know of no work of fiction in which the inevitable and unalterable results of sin are presented with such soul-stirring force as in "*La Terre Promis*." It is marvelous; a powerful sermon to young men. There is probably no writer extant who analyses the senses, passions and weaknesses of man with the skill of M. Bourget. His pictures are not always pleasant to contemplate, but they are truthful, and he does it with the courage of the surgeon who lays open a malignant ulcer to save the life of a patient.

The presence in this country, at this time, of M. Bourget and his wife, their hospitable reception here, and their expressed admiration for America and American institutions, lend particular interest to "*Cosmopolis*," the one of his books best known here. Perhaps because it is one of his most recent. I

do not consider it the best, but believe it to be the only one translated into English. M. Bourget suffers much by translation into another language. It seems like the work of another writer. His style is unique and untranslatable. The authorized version of "*Cosmopolis*," to facilitate its publication, was placed in the hands of two translators. Both have done their work cleverly. One, in his desire to follow closely the text, has rendered it almost literally. The other has made his English very fluent—indeed, it does not read like a translation—yet, neither is M. Bourget. His force, yet delicacy of expression, is indescribable. There are shades of expression which are decidedly idiomatic and peculiar to the writer of "*Cosmopolis*."

Some Americans have taken umbrage at the Americans presented in this book. I do not know why. They are not produced as typical Americans. They simply belong to a class of which there are many, even in America. M. Bourget does not claim that all Americans are like the Maitlands, any more than he claims that all Poles are like Count Gorka, or all Italians like the Countess Steno. There is no thrilling plot, although a duel and suicide enter into it; the book simply portrays the life of a colony of cosmopolites in Rome, covering but a few years. An American artist, his wife and her brother figure prominently in the story. The artist, who is ostensibly studying, and who married his wife to obtain the ease and luxury that would be furnished by her wealth, becomes enamored of the Italian Countess Steno, a beautiful, but soulless woman, which excites the jealousy of his wife, who has negro blood coursing in her veins. The portrayal of the different passions of these persons, the jealousy of Maitland's wife, the passion of the artist, the cunning of the Countess, the indignation of the English wife of the Polish Count on learning of the infidelity of her husband, the grief and despair of the pure and lovely young daughter of the Countess on discovering the true life of her mother, is done

with the skill of a metaphysician who is familiar with the lights and shades of the artist.

The object of the visit of M. and Mme. Bourget to this country is said to be to collect material for a new book. It will be looked for with much interest. Let us hope that some true Americans will be found in this. Described with M. Bourget's art, if he is true to his ideal, we will be proud of them.

Readers of the New York *Daily Recorder* have become familiar with a column on the woman's page, headed "What One Woman Thinks." The short essays under this caption that have appeared at frequent intervals have attracted a host of admirers, and much curiosity has been excited to know the name of the author of them. Their appearance in book form, revealing the name of the author, Mrs. Haryot Holt Cahoon, from the publishing house of Tait, Sons & Co., is the result of the untiring energy, combined with her keen appreciation of the good things of this life, of Miss C. M. Westover, who has edited them with a care and discrimination which betokens her estimate of their merit and affection for her friend, the gifted author.

The essays, seventy-five in number, cover almost every condition of life, from infancy to old age. Every page bristles with wit and humor, and thoughtful, serious reflection is evident throughout the entire book. There is the imprint of a strong personality, which, as revealed through the pages of the book, is charming, and captivates the reader. Mrs. Cahoon is a lover of nature, and, evidently, a close observer of mankind and its ways. The reader who cannot find diversion for every mood is hard to please, indeed. For instance: Where is the boy's mother whose entire nature will not respond to the following, taken from "A Boy." "* * * Old and young alike court his favor, his smiles, his love. His throne is the household shrine, and every knee bows before it. But by and by the strides of time and the energy of young muscles bid that the lace and dimity of babyhood be

laid aside; the rattle and rubber ring, and the spools of thread on which, along with the fingers of the family, he cuts with his teeth, give way to hammers and drums, and he becomes, finally, a creature of pockets, possessions and opinions—a *bona fide* boy. He becomes the receptacle for edibles, a bottomless pit for pie, a buttonless savage, a render of garments, a lover of goats and dogs, and a dispenser of their fragrance, a scoffer at propriety—an incorrigible boy. Does he whistle and war-whoop until your ears ring? Does he bring in mud and dust? Does he accumulate useless things which he regards in the light of treasures? Does he toss things to you, instead of handing them? Does he go on errands and forget to return? Does he drop marbles on the floor—marbles that roll and roll when you sleep, while you pursue them in weariness and despair? What discipline he offers, what opportunities does he provide for your forgiveness, this noisy, warm-hearted, loving boy? Does he slide down the banisters? Does he spill the ink? Does he appropriate every piece of thread to his own use? Does he desire to shelter and feed all the stray dogs and cats? Does he leave tops and wire in your work-basket, and chocolate taffy in your machine drawer? Does he hide his fire-cracker pistol in your jewel case, and sit in the house with his hat on? Does he lose the hammer and kitchen knife, and trade off articles of home value for whistles? Does he tease for a gun, and does he convert the house into a kite shop?

If he does, it's all because he is a boy. Does he climb to the top bough of the apple tree, and tease to go in swimming, and does not your heart follow him, O, ye fond mother? Do you not commit him to the God of the sparrows? And the days of his care-free childhood will long live in your memory, and in after years your heart will send up its anxious prayers for his safety all the more. Some day when you will go to a long-closed drawer and take in your hand a tiny gown, with a drawing-string in the neck—a gown yellow with years—your

tears will fall thick and fast, and your memory will be the only link that binds you to the days when the little garment clothed what you held most dear; and though he be grown to man's estate he will be your dear boy still.

* * * He adjusts himself to all climes and circumstances, and the panorama of life is always interesting. To an observer there would seem to be little for a city boy to do in midsummer, but he knows of a hundred things. He knows another boy who has pigeons, or guinea pigs, or white mice, or he knows where there is a nest of kittens, or he knows how to spear pond lilies over in Central Park, or he knows a dock where a boy can go and fish, or he whittles boats and makes kites or lemonade, or he is on friendly terms with the chief at the engine house. He always has a front seat at a runaway or a fire or a fight, and he has more business on hand than anybody.

* * * As a stay-at-home companion a boy throws a magic light on the eventless life of a quiet neighborhood, which invites incident. Nothing ever happens there. You might sit at any window in any house in the block for half a day at a time and stare into vacancy. But if you let that boy sit in the window for ten minutes, an ambulance will clang past, a horse will run away, some sparrows will have a fight in the street, a hand organ will play, a butterfly will light on the jardiniere, or a pair of humming birds will dart about the window, or a dog living in the house opposite will bring all her puppies into the front door to perform for this one juvenile spectator."

Where is the wife (or husband, for that matter) who will not thoroughly enjoy this, from "The Domestic Hunting Ground?" The far-reaching mind of man has made of him both an inventor and a discoverer. The Northwest passage and the source of the Nile still hold out inducements in the direction of laurels and fame, and man's taste for searching for great things will, even after these mysteries are solved, have other promised triumphs to urge him on. As a discoverer of the small things of life, however, man is not quite a success.

He entertains a vague idea that what he is looking for, even if it is the fire-shovel, ought to be found in the middle of the room. He doesn't say so, but he looks there for it. Have you ever watched a man looking for something—a real, genuine, domestic search for something of his own, "though lost to sight to memory dear?" The hunt he delights in most is the old-fashioned, homespun, Sunday morning search for his last Fall suit, for instance; the same that his wife knows in her heart she traded off months ago for a pair of china dogs; or his last season's "derby," the same she is guiltily conscious of having given to a man for cleaning up the cellar the week before. This is the sort of seek-and-ye-shall-find hunt which a man rejoices in. He goes about it in dead earnest—no lingering, haunting recollection of previous futile efforts lurks in his memory to discourage him and plant despair in his bosom. He hunts a minute or two in silence, and then he begins to whistle, such a mild, soft, felicitous whistle, bearing submission in its vibrations, and an invocation to patience. At first he fingers the clothing gingerly, helplessly, as though he expected his fingers to contain a magnet that would draw the missing suit to his finger-tips and his whistle's call. Next he delivers a dissertation, gratis, on order versus disorder, and then he begins to look in earnest. He builds a mountain of clothing on the floor; he takes things down desperately, vigorously, savagely, revengefully—anon the air grows blue, the whistling ceases, and he mentally resolves to build a house with sacred bachelor's quarters and padlock attachments. He rarely finds the suit and he more rarely gets the house.

Another interesting hunt is the married man's hunt for a shirt with a button off. The family man, with true principle of economy, wishes to wear his linen with discretion, and the shirt, which, perhaps, too old to mend, is of necessity the one he wants. The shirt which has been placed on the top, nearest at hand, and designed for him to wear next, with its alluring, immaculate, highly-polished bosom, offers him

no attraction to the betrayal of his thrifty principles. He wants the one that has lain away the longest. He seeks not in vain, and the air is full of sulphur—and shirts."

These extracts give an idea of Mrs. Cahoon's style, and are selected for that purpose. They are no better reading than will be found from the beginning to the end of the book. A fine picture of Mrs. Cahoon adorns the frontispiece. She is a handsome lady, possessed of charming manners, and is the mother of two sturdy boys, who idolize their mother. Although her duties as editor of the woman's page are very exacting, and demand much time, she presides with dignity over a pretty home and is very proud of the

affection lavished upon her by her husband and boys.

"What One Woman Thinks" is neatly bound in cloth and gilt, and makes an attractive gift book—one a friend will never tire of.

Anne Pratt (Mrs. Pearlless), the distinguished English botanist, who recently died, was the author of many valuable works on plants, exquisitely illustrated by herself, and her chief work, "Flowering Plants and Ferns of Great Britain," has taken rank with the standard botanical works of the world. It is illustrated with colored block-printed plates, and forms an exhaustive history of all British species.

THE Magazine of "The Daughters of the Revolution" commences yearly with the January number and is issued quarterly. Officers and contributors are desired to send their genealogical and society reports, contributions, etc., etc., at least three weeks in advance of publication and without waiting for other notification.

It is unnecessary to mention that the writing must be as legible as possible, and on one side only of the paper, but we do request that the manuscript be carefully examined before sending, to make quite sure that the names, dates and facts are correct and properly placed.

With this issue we open our Household Department, and as it will be under able and experienced management we have no doubt it will be found very useful as well as entertaining.

Questions will be answered and information given appertaining to any branch of this department, and receipts, information and suggestions are requested.

Books, magazines and publications desiring review or notice, and all communications may be sent to the address of this magazine, 64 Madison avenue.

SUBSCRIPTION CLUBS. For each five yearly subscriptions to the Magazine of the Daughters of the Revolution, an extra subscription will be mailed to the sender free of charge. Yearly subscription, \$1.00.

The Magazine of "The Daughters of the Revolution" is of interest to the antiquarian and also the general reader, as it contains authenticated copies of old letters, genealogies, manuscript rolls, parchment deeds, individual accounts of Revolutionary battles and other historical records.

As the official organ of the General Society, each member should subscribe, as it also contains reports from State Societies and chapters and other matters of great importance to members.

Workmen, while digging in Main street, Waltham, Mass., on the morning of April 19th found the tombstone marking the grave of the Rev. Wareham Williams, one of the leading preachers of Colonial days, for which antiquarians have long searched. Williams was best known as one of the children in charge of Hannah Dustan, at the time of the Deerfield massacre, in 1703. He was taken with her by the Indians to Canada.

THE HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT.

THE TOMATO.

The following extract is from a letter written to Mr. Oliver Gerrish, of Portland, Maine, by Mr. Joseph Harrod, a former resident of the same city, who was born April 22d, 1785.

The letter was written in the commencement of the present century :

"The tomato having become a general favorite—indeed, almost universal and indispensable—and the inquiry often made when, where and by whom introduced, I claim the honor for myself, and assert that Portland, Maine, was the first town in the United States where it was planted, and Haverhill, Massachusetts (my native town), as the first place where it was ever made use of as a vegetable.

I was a prisoner of war in Bermuda from 1812 to 1815, arrived in Boston in the summer of latter year, and in May, 1816, removed to Portland, Maine, and took possession of a building owned by John Deering, and occupied by him as a dwelling at the head of Exchange and Middle streets. The street from Middle street to the Court House was then called Court street. At that time there was a fine garden attached to the house and store, of which I took possession in June, 1816.

On the 16th or 17th of that month Mr. Thomas Warren, of the firm of Warren & Hersey, called upon me with two paper parcels, saying, "You have a garden, and here are some martina and tomato seeds, brought home in one of our vessels from Cuba. The tomato is also called 'golden apple' or 'love apple,' and that is all I know about them."

Within an hour of that time I planted the seeds myself. The martina seeds died in the ground. The tomato seeds came up, looking as rough as the potato, instead of a beautiful flower plant as I expected. But when the fruit appeared, resembling potato-balls, they began to attract attention, particularly when they turned a bright scarlet, and my recollection of them is that they were the handsomest fruit I had ever seen, and so thought my friends, who came in crowds to see them.

Capt. Thomas Robinson, Robert Ilsley, Esq. (then post-master), and Capt. John Deering asked permission to take some away merely to exhibit. No one thought of eating them.

The third year I sent a package of the seeds to my father and to the Hon. Bailey Bartlett, Sheriff of the County of Essex, Massachusetts, then residing in Haverhill, and two years from that time I received a letter from Sheriff Bartlett, saying, "Cut up and dressed as you would a cucumber, the tomato makes a very good salad." This letter was destroyed in the great fire in Portland, 1866. When I went to New Orleans in 1829 the tomato was not known as a vegetable. Haverhill, Mass., was undoubtedly the first place in the United States where the tomato was eaten as a vegetable."

TOMATO CREAM SOUP.

1 quart stewed tomatoes to which add one pint water, when this comes to a boil add one teaspoon soda, which will cause it to foam. Strain, add a little butter and bread braided together, salt and 1 quart of milk. When this boils strain into tureen. Serve with toasted bread, cut in small squares.

PICKLED TOMATOES.

Wash and weigh 8 lbs. green tomatoes, chop them small, and pour out the liquid that flows out. Allow 4 lbs. sugar, 2 qts. cider vinegar, and eight onions. Put the vinegar to boil in a porcelain kettle with the sugar, remove the scum that arises, then add the onions, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoonful each of powdered clove and cinnamon, and a grated nutmeg, then set it upon the fire and immediately add the tomatoes. Let them boil only two or three minutes. Put them into covered jars. This is excellent with Boston baked beans, or with cold meats.

BORDEAUX SAUCE.

1 gallon green tomatoes, sliced, 2 gallons chopped cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. large onions, sliced, 1 oz. turmeric, 1 oz. whole allspice, 1 oz. cloves, 1 oz. ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. white mustard seed, $1\frac{3}{4}$ gills salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. sugar, 1

gallon vinegar. Boil all together until tender and done.

CHILI SAUCE.

12 tomatoes good size, 2 onions, 2 green peppers, 2 cups sugar, 1 tablespoon salt, 2 cups vinegar. Cut and slice the tomatoes very fine. Boil until thick. This makes 1 quart.

BANANA PUDDING.

Dissolve the larger half of a box of Cox's gelatine in a small cup of cold water, add 2 small cups of sugar to 1 quart of milk, let it scald on back of range. Take some of the hot milk and thin the gelatine. Strain and stir in the milk. Simmer 10 minutes and pour into a bowl to cool. Beat 5 bananas, broken into pieces, with a fork and stir into the mixture when cool, but not very stiff. Pour into a mould to harden. Serve with whipped cream slightly flavored with vanilla.

This makes two large moulds.

PRUNE PUDDING.

1 pound of prunes washed and soaked in boiling water 20 minutes. Stone and cut into three parts. Beat the whites of 4 eggs to a stiff froth, add 2 large spoonsful sugar. Mix the prunes with this and slightly brown in the oven.

Put on the ice and let it get ice-cold. To be eaten with cream.

In beating the whites of eggs add a small pinch of salt. They will stiffen in half the usual time.

DEVILLED EGGS.

Boil the eggs for fifteen minutes. Cut in halves through the shell with a sharp knife. Take out the egg, beat up with a little mustard, butter, salt and pepper. Then pack back into the half shells, serving in a fancily folded napkin.

GOOD OLD-FASHIONED MOLASSES GINGER-BREAD—REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

1 cup milk, (sour preferred), 1 cup molasses, (2 teaspoons cream-tartar, if the milk is sweet), 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons melted butter, 2 teaspoons ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves, flour and salt.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.

2 cups rye meal, 1 cup graham, 1 cup Indian, 1 cup wheat, 3 cups water,

1 (or $\frac{3}{4}$) cup molasses, 1 teaspoon soda. Steam three hours, bake half an hour.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.

Make a brine strong enough to bear up an egg and pour boiling hot over 600 small cucumbers and 4 green peppers. Let them stand twenty-four hours, take them out, drain thoroughly. Heat sufficient vinegar boiling hot to cover them, and pour over. Let them stand in this vinegar twenty-four hours, then pour off. Prepare fresh vinegar, into which put the following ingredients: one ounce each of whole cloves, cinnamon and allspice, two quarts of brown sugar, half a pint of white mustard seed, four tablespoonsful celery seed, and a piece of alum the size of an egg. Heat this scalding hot and pour over the cucumbers. Cover closely and set away for a few days, when they will be ready for use.

KNICKERBOCKER PICKLE FOR TONGUES AND BEEF.

To every 100 lbs. of meat, 8 lbs. rock salt, 2 ounces brown sugar, 2 ounces saltpetre, 2 ounces soda and 4 gallons soft water. Boil all the ingredients together, removing the scum that arises on the surface, then strain, and when cold pour it upon the meat, which has previously been well packed in a tub or firkin.

CORNSTARCH PUDDING.

1 pint of milk.

3 tablespoonsful of cornstarch.

Sweeten to taste, add a pinch of salt and boil together until stiff. A little grated cocoanut can also be used if desired.

Pour into moulds and set away in cool place. Serve with custard sauce.

CUSTARD FOR SAUCE.

1 cup of milk.

1 egg, beaten with 1 cupful of sugar.

Boil the milk, add the egg and sugar, flavor with vanilla and serve cold.

SNOW PUDDING.

Soak for ten or fifteen minutes $\frac{1}{2}$ box of gelatine in 4 tablespoonsful of cold water, then add

1 pint boiling water.

Stir into this the juice of 2 lemons and 1 cup of sugar, then strain and set aside to cool.

When cool (not stiff), stir in the whites of 3 eggs, well beaten, then pour into moulds and put in cold place.

Serve with plain cream (sweetened according to taste), or with soft custard sauce.

*CREAM PUFFS.

Boil together 1 cup of water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter, stirring in 1 cup full of dry flour while boiling. When cold, add 3 eggs (not beaten).

Drop tablespoonful on buttered tins and bake in quick oven about 20 minutes.

When cold cut in half (raising top crust), and fill with boiled custard, flavored with vanilla.

*(This receipt will make 15 puffs.)

K. C. B.—To clean your lace curtains, they must first be shaken thoroughly to free from dust, then wet in tepid water and rubbed with soap. Next put them into a clean wooden or earthen vessel, cover with soft water, lukewarm, and set all day in the sunshine. Next day take them out and wash through clean suds—do not rub or wring them, but lave up and down. Be sure to have plenty of water, especially for rinsing, for if any soap remains it will rot the lace.

After rinsing thoroughly, hang them smooth on a line to drain—wringing makes creases, besides injuring the mesh—while damp, fold flat and rub into them with the hand thin starch, re-enforced with gum Arabic water. Put a quart of boiling water to the ounce of gum, stir till dissolved. When cold, pour off the clear fluid from the sediment, mix it with twice its own bulk of starch, in which there is neither sugar, spermaceti or wax.

After rubbing in, roll up smooth for three hours, then spread a clean sheet on the carpet and pin the curtains upon it, taking care to stretch them exactly square, and to put a pin into the point of each scallop.

Julia.—To remove ink stains from linen, put the cloth into fresh milk and set it where it will turn sour. The process of souring seems to assist in drawing out the stains.

Rub the spots after soaking twenty-four hours in the milk after it has curdled, just as you would wash any spot in water. Then wash out in water. You will probably find no trace of the spots after the next regular washing.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

IN our last (July) issue the sad duty devolved upon us to relate a drowning incident that was tragic as well as fatal. We rejoice that in the present instance the bravery and presence of mind of a young girl combined to make the result a beautiful and grateful memory instead of—as in the former case—a life-long sorrow and regret. Mrs. Louis De B. Gallison, while bathing in the surf, was caught by the undertow and carried beyond her depth. Her little boys were playing gleefully in the sand, watched over by their elder sister. People were amusing themselves further up on the beach. She alone was in the water, and the pounding breakers drowned her cries. Hope died out of the heart of the mother who could see her happy children about to be bereft of a mother's care

and unfailing love, and she became unconscious. Some intuition drew the daughter's attention to her mother's peril, and without waiting to remove her garments or making other preparations she plunged in to her rescue. Recovering the helpless form she held it until relieved by stronger hands, when an inrolling wave engulfed her slight form and rendered her also unconscious. Both mother and daughter, however, were restored to life. Thank God they were saved, and we still have our friend and sister safely in our midst to continue her untiring work in the Historical Department of the Daughters of the Revolution, work whose value will be known and appreciated by coming generations more even than by those now benefitted by the care and research she gives lavishly and untiringly.

CONDOLENCE.

THROUGH the columns of this organ of the Daughters of the Revolution we desire to express the sympathy of the Society for our Senior State Regent, Mrs. French, of San Antonio, Texas, in her recent bereavement—the death of her husband—the Hon. James H. French, who was suddenly stricken by apoplexy, leaving a large family and numerous friends to mourn an irreparable loss. Words are inadequate to express how deeply we sympathize. Mrs. French's thorough, earnest, and patriotic work has made her known and admired far and wide. In losing this faithful life-friend she has lost her most able coadjutor as well.

ANNA M. STEERS, *President D. R.*

"THE NEW AMSTERDAM GAZETTE" publishes the official proceedings of the following societies: Cincinnati, Sons of the Revolution, St. Nicholas Society, Holland Society, Daughters of the Revolution, Society of 1812, and the Society of Colonial Wars.

Address Morris Coster, office 17-19 Broadway, New York; A. G. MacAndrew, 44 Broad Street, New York.

A parcel of books, as follows: "Matter, Ether and Motion," By A. E. Dolbear, Ph. D. "Pens and Types, Help to those who write, print, etc.," By Benjamin Drew. "New England Breakfast Breads, Luncheon and Tea Biscuits," By Lucy Gray Swift. "Talks on Graphology," By H. L. R. and M. L. R. "Mistakes in Writing English—How to Avoid Them," By Marshall T. Biglow. "Grammar for Common Schools," By B. A. Tweed, A.M. "Third Hand High," By W. N. Murdock. "Joseph Zalmonah," by Edward King. "Not Angels Quite," By F. Nathan Haskell Dole. "Larry," By Amanda M. Douglass, was received from the well-known Publishing House of Lee & Shepard, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., also from J. Selwin Tait & Sons, 31 Union Square North, New York City, as follows: "At The Rising Of The Moon," Frank Mathew. "Americans in Europe," By One Of Them. "Mrs. Clift-Crosby's Niece," Ella Chulds Hurlbut. "Gossip Of The Carribees," William R. H. Trowbridge, Jr. Unfortunately, they came too late for review or more extended notice in this issue, but will receive their just meed in the next. This department (Reviewing) is in able

hands and promises to prove both a feature of the magazine and a benefit to the Society.—Ed.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

BOSTON, Mass., August 10th, 1893.

TO THE MAGAZINE "DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION."

Enclosed you will find a newspaper clipping, which, as it probably appeared in the New York papers as well as in the Boston *Journal*, may be familiar to you. Being myself a descendant of patriots who served their country in its greatest need and helped to make us a free nation, I desire to know if the society that you represent admits even as "Honorary Members" representatives of monarchical governments? My leaning towards the Daughters of the American Revolution, and my intention to become a member of their Society disappeared upon finding they had admitted the Infanta Eulalia as a member. For how can royalty—and especially of Spanish blood—be in sympathy with a Republic? I am too proud of my lineal descent from America's patriots to join either society if the Daughters of the Revolution likewise admit collaterals and aliens.

An early reply will greatly oblige,

Yours very truly,

MARY E. WHITE.

No. The General Society of the Daughters of the Revolution do not elect honorary members. *Lineal* descent from a Patriot who was always loyal to the Colonies or States is the only "open sesame," that will open and roll back on its hinges the gate to this Society. We are proud of the fact that money cannot buy, nor position, however exalted obtain without this proof an entrance here.

The word "American" is misplaced in any society that professes to honor the heroism and deeds of those who defended its Country's Liberty, yet bends the sycophantic knee before members of the blood royal of a despotic power, and with offer of badge and seal craves the privilege to enroll the bearers of high-sounding titles as even honorary members of an American Revolutionary Society, organized to perpetuate the memory of ancestors who died to make America a Republic.—Ed.



SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE year book of the New York Society of the Sons of the Revolution will be issued about December 1st, and will show a membership of over 1,400 in that State alone. It will also contain a list of officers of the various State Societies, and will be embellished with some fifty portraits, reproduction of tablets and the Hale Statue. This valuable compilation will be a mine of wealth to every student of genealogy.

The Sons of the Revolution in their quiet, unostentatious way, without noise or bluster, are growing steadily in the States. A Society of S. R. has been formed in South Carolina under the auspices of the "Cincinnati" Society of that State; also one in Maine. The reports from all the State Societies are most favorable as to work and interest.

SOCIETY OF THE S. R.

The sons of sires who stood for right,
In old Colonial days;
'Twas theirs the need to win the fight,
Our need to give the praise.

As memory turns with backward glance,
We feel our pulses thrill;
The sunlight rays on bayonets dance,
On top of Bunker Hill.

With courage born of heroes' blood,
They met the foe that day;
And stemmed with iron will the flood,
That strove to win the way.

Though backward borne, the victory
ours,
Well won, but Warren fell;
Our soldiers born, those trying hours,
Baptized by screaming shell.

New England laid her trenches down,
And, pointing out the way,
Old England's troops left Boston town,
"Evacuation Day."

How well all fought, bring history
forth,
And scan its pages down;
Of Burgoyne's capture at the North,
The fight at Germantown.

Of Valley Forge, its hardships dire,
And Monmouth, Trenton too;
Wyoming's raid, with Tory ire;
But patriot blood proved true.

The changing years of weal and woe,
Of hope and chilling blast,
Saw Yorktown's sands and conquered
foe,
Our victory at last.

Now white sails gleam along the shore,
On "Peace" the sunbeams shine;
A far-off dream, the battle roar,
On banks of Brandywine.

Americans we, by sea or land,
None shall our birthright sever;
Upborne by might of iron hand,
Our country's flag forever.

WILL. B. DORMAN.

Vol. II.

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BY KIND PERMISSION OF FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

STATUE OF CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE.

Erected in New York City Hall Park, Nov. 25, 1893, by the New York Society of Sons of the Revolution.

(SEE PAGE 50.)

MAGAZINE

OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1894.

No. 1.

A BIT OF BUNTING.

An Evacuation Day Romance—By Emma Mersereau Newton.

“**B**UTTERMILLECK!” rose on the air in a high, hoarse shriek that brought Lena Van Der Bilt to the door of a house facing on the Bowling Green. It was a plain, but substantial wooden building, set back from the street, so as to admit of a broad lawn; but the box-bordering to the flag walk looked neglected, and the trim flower pots had been cut up by the lawless feet of the British soldiers, who were quartered upon Herr Van Der Bilt during the seven years war.

The bold and bitter struggle for freedom is at last over; and with the signing of the treaty in Paris, and the proclamation of a cessation of hostilities in the United States, the disbanding of troops commenced. The loyalist population have been leaving the city for several months past, though New York still remains in possession of the Redcoats, who continue insolent and overbearing to the last degree, despite the fact that Sir Guy Carleton by no means countenances their outrages.

As Lena stepped into the street to get some buttermilk of the respectable burgher who carried that popular beverage about in an old-fashioned round churn on a wheelbarrow, she heard a tumult of voices and coming feet, and made haste to get her blue pitcher filled before the approaching mob got near enough to see her. She had barely reached the high stoop of her father's house, however, before a rabble of negroes, sailors and leather-aproned loyalists came hooting in triumph up

the street, bearing an American flag, which they had torn riotously from the flagstaff of Captain Stewart's vessel.

The Tory mob paused in front of the pedestal from which the leaden image of George III. had been hurled on the receipt of the news of the Declaration of Independence, and vented their spleen by showing every indignity to the Yankee ensign.

Anger flamed fiercely through Lena's breast as she watched them, and her usually mild blue eyes blazed with resentful fire. Her own plump fingers had helped to fashion the very first American flag ever flaunted in the face of a tyrannous foe; and her mind involuntarily reverted to that momentous day in her life, when the great Washington, with a committee of the Continental Congress, had come to order the first emblem of Liberty.

Lena was visiting a relative in Philadelphia, when Congress issued its edict to discard the flag with the cross of St. George and St. Andrew interwoven in the corner; and she had been looking out on Arch Street, from a dormer window in a low gable roofed brick house, which Mrs. Elizabeth Ross occupied as a millinery shop, when the committee came to give the order for the new flag.

Lena who was only twelve then, and curious, as children usually are—a trait that seldom diminishes with added years—ran quickly down the stairs and into the shop to find out what this distinguished visit could mean.

Her relative, Mrs. Ross, had just

laid aside a drab bonnet that she had been fashioning for a stately Quakeress, and was earnestly engaged in conversation with Washington, who insisted, rather strenuously, that the stars should have six points, like those in the arms of his own family, from which the design for the flag was taken.

Mrs. Ross objected on the score that the stars in the firmament had only five; but Washington was not moved to relinquish his idea until she clinched her argument by folding a piece of paper, and, with one turn of the scissors demonstrated the economical advantage of a star that could be made in a single cutting.

The logic of her deft fingers was so convincing that Mrs. Ross carried her point, and Lena, who had learned to sew on samplers and piece bed-quilts, was enlisted to help fashion the first American banner. It was made in a low-ceilinged room over the shop, and with feelings of pride the girl had seen it hoisted in defiance of oppression.

Ever since that day in 1777, when she had gazed at her own handiwork floating triumphantly aloft, she could never look on the symbol of freedom without a thrill of ownership. So when she saw its counterpart

Trampled by desecrating feet
And trailed in the dust of the street,

she clinched her hands in an impotent rage, and cried out an incoherent protest, the fury of indignation carrying her out of herself. "Don't make such a fuss, frau-
lein, or the rascals will notice you," said a young sailor, who, seeing the maiden, had paused at the gate and uttered the friendly warning. Her pent up anger now found vent, and she cried out, "Not make a fuss when *our* flag is being treated like that! Shame on the coward who stands passively looking at such an outrage."

John Van Arsdale's cheek flushed, for not a drop of coward blood coursed through his veins, and he felt the affront so bitterly that he could not resist answering hotly after her own manner, "You will yet repent those words frau-
lein, and ask my pardon as

well." "Not till you replace the tory flag on the battery yonder with the American colors, John," said the girl, entering the house and slamming the door.

Young Van Arsdale did not linger long in the vicinity, but he continued to think of Lena and her unjust words, as he walked moodily up Broadway, past the burned district. It extended on both sides of the highway as far as Barclay Street; and the heaps of blackened ruins had not even been cleared away.

During those years of uncertainty and struggle against the yoke of tyranny; seven such years had sapped the energy and courage of a city so beset, and even the pleasure with which the inhabitants looked forward to the departure of the British, was marred with the contemplation of blighted homes and ruined prospects; but patriotic enthusiasm prevailed, and with a profound sense of gratitude, and an earnest longing, they looked forward to that day in the near future, when the heel of despotism should no longer crush the soil of Liberty.

"I wish I could reeve the flag—trampled on to-day—from the pole in the battery, and prove to Lena the bitter injustice of her accusation," muttered the young man through set teeth, as he stopped at some barracks in the neighborhood of St. Paul's Church. The pavement ended here, and from this point the fields were open to the north in a wide stretch of meadow grass. The October sun shone lonesomely down on a cow grazing on the desolate common.

A month passed, during which Lena's unkind words rankled in young Van Arsdale's mind. The 25th of November, 1783, the day set for the evacuation of New York by the British, dawned upon the expectant city. Commodore Grinnell ordered Lieutenant Glean to raise the American Standard on the staff where the English colors had so long been flying. Our young sailor could not help envying his superior officer the opportunity to distinguish himself, as standing among the soldiers and sailors swarming the Battery, he caught sight of Lena

among the onlooking crowd who were watching, with eager interest, for the hoisting of the flag of freedom. The young fraulein was clad in festive attire as befitted an occasion of so much rejoicing, and the youth could not help noticing how well her blue *persienne* set off the clearness of her blonde complexion, and that she looked fairer than ever in her holiday attire; but he fancied that she averted her head when he gazed in that direction. While his mind was thus occupied, muttered execrations growing louder and louder came from every side; and he became conscious that some difficulty delayed the raising of the flag.

"The dastardly miscreants have broken off the stepping cleats, and slushed the flag staff!" exclaimed a voice in notes of mingled indignation and chagrin.

This mean trick played by the British before leaving the town, roused the ire of the assembled multitude, and everybody was in a tumult of excitement. The fifty ships, constituting the English fleet, were already moving down the Bay, and, before they got out of sight, all were eager to show them that the despicable scheme had not worked. Several ran forward and attempted to climb the staff, but in vain; for, as a complete instance of malice, the tories had not only knocked off the cleats and unreeved the halyards, but had greased the shaft. One after another having fallen back, young Van Arsdale pressed anxiously forward, and found at length his turn to make the trial; the plucky lad made three desperate attempts to reach the top, but each time slipped down ignominiously, for the pole was as slippery as grease could make it.

By this time the multitude were in a commotion, well-worn blue coats and long-stockinged legs with shoes in all stages of dilapidation were seen hurrying towards Goelet's hardware store on Hanover Square, procuring a saw, hatchet, hammer and nails and other necessary tools. Soon busy hands were at work. Lengths were sawed from a board, split into cleats, holes bored in each end of these pieces of wood, and

Van Arsdale hastily filling his pockets with the cleats, nails and a hammer, also tying a halyard round his waist, began another ascent. Lena watched him breathlessly as he mounted higher and higher, nailing cleats on as he went, and clinging like a cat to every fresh point of vantage. The period was one of suspense and passionate interest to the entire assemblage. Would he succeed before the canvas spreading sails disappeared down the harbor? Grim veterans who had faced death in battle, and whose hearts had been steeled and hardened in many campaigns, felt their souls stirred with the most intense anxiety. Stalwart commanders, who had schooled themselves against every betrayal of emotion, clinched their hands until the nails cut into the flesh in their agony of eagerness; while women who had made dry-eyed sacrifices on the altar of their country, nervously wept as they watched the sailor boy striving up the slippery staff, the wind playing riotously with his hair, and his hands numbed and bleeding; but he clung sturdily to the dizzy perch, climbing bit by bit nearer to the top, and as the sound of the hammer grew fainter and fainter a listening silence took possession of the throng. The strange stillness of the multitude seemed only broken by the tack, tack, tack of the hammer. Now he is very near the top; the suspense is painful as he nails on the final cleats and reeves the halyards, and continues while he quickly descends, and with all possible speed and dexterity runs up the American flag! Then amid three thundering cheers and a salute of thirteen guns that voiced down the harbor the final triumph, our colors floated freely forth.

The boy whom Lena had disdainfully flouted was become the hero of the hour, from the plainest citizen up to Washington himself, everyone testified approval—many substantially. But sweeter far than commendation and gifts to the brave young sailor was the sight of Lena holding out welcoming hands, while tears glistened in her blue eyes, and saying, "Forgive me John. I know you to be the best and bravest boy on all Manhattan Island."

"Evacuation Day" is as dear to us on this one hundred and tenth anniversary as on that day that gave it

birth. May it ever be cherished as a blessed memory in this land of the free.

NOVEMBER 25th, 1893.

TO THE EDITOR:

Despite the fact that so many hundred flags wave over our land, few are aware of when, where, or under what circumstances the *American flag* was made; and as the facts are peculiarly fitting for an Evacuation Day Story, I have woven the history into a little romance for the January number of the *MAGAZINE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION*. Hoping it will please, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

E. MERSEREAU NEWTON.

AN ORATION

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF BLACK FRIARS,

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1793.—SAMUEL LATHAM MITCHELL.

(Continued.)

Patriotism presented herself last: sublimely beautiful, she surpassed whatever poetic fiction imagined of the Graces, and cast a look of inexpressible tenderness and benignity upon United America; a tear of joy started from her eye as she beheld and contemplated their prosperity, and sentiments too refined for language to convey, emotions too mighty for vocal utterance, suppressed her speech. As soon as she recovered a little from this scene of transport she seemed to signify I should take up a Small Memorandum which had fallen from her hand, written by she told not whom, and intimated her wish that its contents should be made known to you by my lips to-day.

Receive then, my Brethern, what, in her behalf, I communicate, and indulge me with your friendly attention, as thus commissioned I offer the few sentiments it contains, which, as I learn from the title of the writings, are on the *love of our country*.

If any of you should be asked as a citizen of the world which was your country? you should not like *Anaxagoras* point your finger toward the heavens and say it was there, but answer that the Territory of the Confederate Republic of America was the place which you loved, not through blind attachment to a *natale folum*, not from the whimsical operation of *amor patriæ*, but from the more substantial consideration that under its mild and

equal government there is more of what the rational mind craves, more that enlightened nature longs for and relishes than in any other region of the globe.

They tell you much in English books about fealty, homage and allegiance, and distinguish the latter into *express* and *implied*, *natural* and *local*. It is held that though no *express* engagements have been entered into, yet there is a *virtual* allegiance owing from every subject to his sovereign, antecedently to any express promise; and although the subject never swore faith or allegiance in form: "For as the King, by the very descent of the Crown, is fully invested with all the rights, and bound to all the duties of sovereignty before his coronation, so the subject is bound to his Prince by an intrinsic allegiance, before the superinduction of those outward bonds of oath, homage and fealty, which were only instituted to remind the subject of this, his previous duty, and for the better security of its performance:" (4 Blackstone, pp. 368 and 9), the formal profession or oath of subjection being nothing more than a declaration in words of what was before implied in law. "Natural allegiance, it is alleged, is a debt of gratitude which cannot be forfeited, cancelled or altered by any change of time, place or circumstance, nor by anything but the united concurrence of the Legislature. An Englishman, therefore, who removes to *France* or *China* owes the

same allegiance to the King of England there as at home, and twenty years hence as well as now; for it is a principle (with them) of universal law." (Hal. p. c. 68). "That the natural born subject of one Prince cannot, by any act of his own, no, not by swearing allegiance to another, put off or discharge his natural allegiance to the former." (Ibid.)

From this account of the matter it easily appears the English doctrine of allegiance is the result of a subtle logic reasoning upon feudal principles. It contemplates a tie between Prince and subject, and that, too, necessarily existing, though not expressly agreed upon. However refined the speculations concerning it may be, yet as they are grounded upon principles not recognized in our laws, but exploded by our Constitution, they may be considered as of no efficacy among us, and consequently *not* constituting the Basis of *patriotic attachment*.

The requisites of citizenship in the United States seems to be pretty clearly defined and understood, but it does not appear with equal clearness in all cases, what particular thing or act disfranchises a free man, or deprives a native of his civic rights. An explanation of these points may be expected from our National Legislature; but until this is accomplished shall the *love* of our *country* be suspended? No; without diving to the depths of juridical discussion, or perplexing ourselves with profound political enquiry, we, on a more superficial view of the question, can see causes enough for *patriotic ardour*. A few of these shall be mentioned, in which, *I think*, our country and its people are peculiarly favoured; and other persons think so, too; for some, enamoured of our joyous region, are in haste to remove to it; while at a distance, others view us with same malignant leer as *Satan formerly cast at the blissful pair in Paradise*. (Milton.)

I. Happy indeed is our geographical situation, including great part of the space between the waters of St. Lawrence, Mississippi and the Atlantic! Happier still in being separated by an ocean from the neighbourhood and

debauchery of the eastern world! No foreigner, except in one recent and extraordinary instance, here intermeddles with our internal police and concerns, and we adopt or reject public measures without drawing the horns of aristocracy about our heads. Secluded from the base intrigues of their cabinets and poisonous manners of their courts, we retain our republican urbanity, and transact our affairs in the plain and simple way. We have no subsidies to pay to alien powers, no family compacts to fulfil, no inequality in the balance of power to dread; no ambitious individuals can, on account of a private misunderstanding, order out thousands of innocent persons to decide the dispute in arms; nor can they extort from those who remain at home a considerable share of their well-earned substance to defray the charges. Wars, if undertaken, are of the defensive kind, and never originate from the madness of ambition or the lust of conquest. The bickerings which arise from the contiguity of the provinces of Britain on the north-western, and of Spain at the south-western parts of our territory, indicate plainly their quarrelsome dispositions, and excite emotions of gladness that our connection with them is so small and so remote. It is earnestly hoped all their endeavors to embroil us will prove ineffectual, and that the whole force of our minds be directed to the preservation of internal security and peace. So situated then as to be able, with little interruption, to pursue plans of private and public happiness, ought we not to feel an attachment to this fortunate spot of earth? While resting upon it in safety, we view the distant warfare of Europe as from some unshaken promontory a traveller beholds a storm at sea, what breast is there so perverse, what heart so unfeeling as not to bless itself in being a citizen? Doubtless it must be owned that the singular situation of our country, far away from the turbulent societies of Europe, is of itself a powerful argument in favor of our love to it.

II. In this country you see a strange phenomenon in politics, A People Ruling Themselves! What has been

viewed by many as a speculative vision, or an Utopian dream, is here reduced to actual practice. The rude and tumultuous spirit of Democracy is softened down into the mild and well-ordered temper of a Republic. And the discovery of the safety and ease of transacting public business by representation, has wrought a change in governmental systems, wholly subversive of the *principles* on which *monarchies, oligarchies, and aristocracies* are established. Strange indeed is the reflection, by what tardy advances in some instances the human understanding arrives at truth, how else could it have happened that during so many ages mankind have acquiesced in the notion that "*the greater part* of their species were born with saddles on their backs and bridles in their mouths, and *the few* come into the world equipped with whips, and boots, and spurs, to ride them!" But how gradual soever the progress of truth may be made, its force, when brought into operation, is as irresistible as its nature is immutable, and though stifled in its commencement, and buffeted in its progress, will prevail over its adversaries, and be triumphant at last. We hear of no compact between Prince and subject, or between the superior and his vassal; but all that we know of the matter is, an association voluntarily entered into among the people themselves, and between one community and another. The

power inherent in the people is delegated by them occasionally to such persons as they can trust, who, after their mission is ended, return again to the ordinary level, it being a maxim, *that whatever power is not specially granted away is wholly reserved to the people.* Princely prerogative and hereditary succession, here gives place to legal regulations, and to popular choice. Monarchy, divested of its robes, diadems and thrones, has been publicly exhibited in its naked deformity, so that most beholders conceived disgust at the sight; while Republicanism has improved upon acquaintance, and become the favourite of nearly all who know her. For these blessings ought you to prize a country in which *even babes and sucklings are taught to* lisp with reverence "The Omnipotence of the People!"

III. But these citizens have not only the power to govern themselves, they possess also the Wisdom that true legislation requires. It has been a maxim of tyrants, that the *swinish multitude* are immersed in profound ignorance, and ought to be kept so. They, therefore, put the candle of knowledge under the bushel, and prevent the extensive diffusion of its rays. Some of them go so far as to declare not only the *inability* of the people to rule, but insist upon their *incapacity* to learn.

(To be continued.)



HAIL, VALLEY FORGE.

Words by J. O. K. Robarts.—Tune, America.

All hail to Valley Forge,
 Thy wooded hills and gorge,
 Thrice hallow'd sod!
 'T was here with bloody feet,
 With scarcely food to eat,
 Our fathers did repeat
 Their trust in God.

Went forth both sire and son,
 With noble Washington,
 To dare, to do ;
 With courage did they stride,
 Or bravely forward ride,
 Unflinching side by side,
 So bold and true.

We now our voices raise,
 In swelling notes of praise.
 On this glad day :
 Day when our sturdy sires,
 Quenched here their patriot fires,
 And urged by high desires
 Went on their way ;

And now we reap the good,
 Of that for which they stood
 With life in hand ;
 These wooded hills and dales,
 Of freedom tell the tales,
 Their fame waft friendly gales
 Throughout the land.

Great God, to Thee we cry,
 Unto Thy throne on high,
 In joyous lays !
 For this Centennial hour,
 O, Lord, give us full pow'r,
 To thank Thee for the dower—
 Accept our praise.

VALLEY FORGE.

WRITING these words on the eve of our Day for National Thanksgiving, it is but natural that my heart should be stirred to deep, devout gratitude to God for Valley Forge, and all that is associated with it that pertains to the beginning and perpetuating of our beloved nation. That these lines will be read at the same season of the year when the Continental heroes were encamped at Valley Forge, adds vividness to the narration.

Volumes have been written about the period of the Revolutionary war ; each place and event has had its historian, orator and poet. Around each event of the years of turmoil and strife, before and after the Declaration of Independence, cluster deeds of matchless devotion to the principle of Liberty, as crystals that shine with undimmed brilliancy through subsequent decades ; but none shine more brightly than those enacted at Valley Forge,

because in the darkest period of the struggle for freedom, our noble sires there endured extremities, and suffered agonies seldom equalled, never excelled in the annals of history.

* "To portray the scenes of the Revolution without the encampment at Valley Forge, would be to picture for your vision a beautiful landscape without sky or horizon, or paint in histrionic characters the fall of Jerusalem without a Titus, or the defence of Thermopylae without a Leonidas."

On June 19th, 1878, there was observed the first Centenary Anniversary Celebration of the occupation of Valley Forge by the Continental Army under George Washington. It was the privilege of the writer to be one of the youth in a large chorus recruited from the adjacent towns. National and State officers presided ; history and hallelujah chorus, oration and

* Col. Theo. W. Bean's Historical Address.

oratorio, praise, prayer, psalm, and poetry, National Guards and martial music, artillery booming and cavalry charging, all united to make the occasion impressive and memorable.

Valley Forge is situated on the right bank of the Schuylkill where Valley Creek empties into it, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. Its proximity to Philadelphia doubtless was the reason why Washington chose it as the site of the encampment. Nor can we say that it was determined altogether by choice. Events immediately preceding had much to do with it. A battle had been fought at Brandywine, scarce more than thirty miles distant; the army had been beaten; the Marquis de Lafayette wounded. And then Wayne was surprised and his brigade massacred at Paoli, and this was followed by the unsuccessful blow at Germantown, each point being nearer Philadelphia and relatively nearer Valley Forge. But nevertheless it was well chosen. Here on the hills, with precipitous banks rising from the river and creek, and commanding a view of the land sloping to the Great Valley, the army was safe from surprise, and could also protect the surrounding country and menace the capital now occupied by hostile troops. Entrenchments and redoubts were made for defense and huts hastily hammered together for shelter. The close of 1777 was certainly the darkest period of the revolutionary struggle which the colonies were making to release themselves from the domination of Great Britain. The colonists had commenced the struggle with an enthusiasm that was irresistible, which undoubtedly in part explains the victories at the outset, of green volunteers over the disciplined troops of one of the strongest European powers, and that, too, when the advantage in numbers was not on the side of the inexperienced patriots. Once started on the sanguinary road to freedom, retreat would have been ignominious. There was no disposition to relinquish the struggle, yet we may be sure that doubts must have filled the minds of the continentals after the excitement

of early victories had been dispelled by harassing defeats. The novelty of war had gone and its horrors were becoming terribly familiar. The struggle became one of prolonged endurance, and men began to apprehend the enormous cost at which liberty and independence were to be purchased. At such a juncture Washington and his army came to Valley Forge. He did not come flushed with the triumph of victory, nor did he bring a conquered army with him. "He came not victorious but unconquered. He came in the full impulse of patriotism, as developed on battlefields, not of victory but defeat. Washington and his army entered the winter encampment, cast down but not destroyed, perplexed but not forsaken, hope painted on the clouds and in the darkness the rainbow of promise, threw upon them the light of coming brighter days. Defeat does not always mean disaster and ruin. Lessons of wisdom, prudence and caution are often learned in defeat. Defeat rouses the brave, and spurs them on to duty and triumph."

In my boyhood days I saw a picture entitled "Washington at prayer," and in connection with it was told the story of the Valley Forge encampment and how in the midst of the most distressing circumstances Washington would fortify his soul for longer endurance by going into the woods to pray. How vividly it all came before my mind when I saw the hallowed place and listened to the words: "In yonder wood, away from the excitements and sorrows of the camp, Washington kneeled in humble, earnest prayer to his and our nation's God. In faith he asked, his prayers were heard—a nation saved and free, the answer."

Aside from the divine help which Washington sought, great inspiration must have come to him from the association and assistance of the noble men—not only in title but in fact—who had come from different nations to join, in America, the contest for liberty. What they relinquished when they left their native lands and cast their lot with the struggling colonists few appreciate. They entered as fully into the fellow-

ship of suffering at Valley Forge, as did the humblest private in the ranks. Marquis de Lafayette is perhaps the best known; no name is so closely linked to that of Washington as the young Frenchman who was the Aide, in every sense, of his revered commander. The difficulties he encountered and overcame in his native land, in order to render assistance to the struggling patriots in America, presaged how much he would do and dare after he reached these shores. In 1776, being not yet 20 years of age, while serving as a captain of dragoons, Lafayette heard that the American colonists had declared their independence. He resolved to draw his sword in behalf of the cause of liberty in America, and immediately went to Paris to put his resolve into execution. He found the American representatives in Paris, Franklin, Deane and Lee, and declared to them his intention of going to America. This was at the time when the prospects of the success of the revolution were darker than at any time since the British troops had arrived. New York was in the possession of the enemy, Fort Washington had been captured by them, and the continental army had made their disastrous retreat through New Jersey. The few friends of Lafayette who knew his project endeavored to dissuade him from his seemingly rash undertaking. But he only became the more eager and resolute, and said that the more desperate were the affairs of the Americans, the more necessity was there for giving assistance. He purchased a vessel, had it secretly fitted out and enlisted a company of liberty-loving countrymen to sail with him. After eluding the English and French officers who had become apprised of his designs, and being greatly encouraged by his devotedly attached young wife, he set sail accompanied by eleven officers, among them the German veteran, Baron de Kalb, of whom mention will be made again. After a stormy and tedious voyage they reached the American shores, and at first were taken to be enemies, but when their purpose was made known a hearty welcome was extended them, and they were received

with greatest enthusiasm. "The sensation produced by his appearance in this country," says Mr. Ticknor, "was, of course, much greater than that produced in Europe by his departure. It still stands forth as one of the most prominent and important circumstances in our revolutionary contest; and, as has often been said by one who bore no small part in its trials and success, none but those who were then alive can believe, what an impulse it gave to the hopes of a population almost disheartened by a series of disasters." Congress was in session at Philadelphia, whither Lafayette went and asked that he be permitted to enter the army and serve without pay. Congress passed resolutions expressing its esteem for the value of his example and appreciation of the offer he made. He was commissioned as a major general, Congress evidently surmising that he would not accept the position, but it soon became evident that Lafayette was in intense earnestness, and speedily displayed his entire qualification to command. As stated before, Lafayette was wounded at the battle of Brandywine, which occurred a little while before the army went into encampment at Valley Forge. As soon as his wound healed he was appointed by the board of war to command an expedition to Canada. Lafayette went to Albany, from which point the expedition was to set out, and after waiting three months for the promised force and provisions, the invasion was abandoned, and he was ordered to join the army at Valley Forge. The severest months of winter were past when he rejoined his comrades, but the results of their past sufferings were distressingly apparent and relief did not seem near. From his memoirs we can get the words of Lafayette, descriptive of the men and their condition: "A few of the men wear long linen hunting shirts reaching to the knee, but of the rest no two are dressed alike—not half have shirts, a third are barefoot, many are in rags. The colonels were often reduced to two rations and sometimes even to one. The army frequently remained whole days without provisions. A part of the

army has been without any kind of flesh for a week, and the rest three or four days. Famished for want of food, they were no better off for clothes. The unfortunate soldiers were in want of everything. They had neither coats, hats, shirts nor shoes. Naked and starving in an unusually rigorous winter, they fell sick by hundreds. From want of clothes their feet and legs froze till they became black, and it was often necessary to amputate them."

I have said that Baron De Kalb was one of the companions and fellow-passengers of Lafayette when his vessel set out from France. So deeply was the love of liberty implanted in his heart that, veteran though he was, he did not hesitate to be a subordinate to the young and brilliant Lafayette. Congress also made him a major-general, but, we may believe, in a different spirit, for De Kalb had been a brigadier in the French service. He was active in the engagements near Philadelphia, which took place preceding the encampment at Valley Forge. From anything known to the contrary, De Kalb was at the encampment throughout its terrible length. He may have dissented from the choice of the place for the camp, if he was consulted, since his biographer (Fredk. Kapp) says, "He described the place bitterly as a wilderness." He, however, did not flinch from the self-sacrifice, but bore nobly his part and served nobly in the later campaigns, though at last, just before the long and sanguinary contest was to be ended, he heroically fell, pierced with eleven mortal wounds, in the battle of Camden, S. C., Aug. 16th, 1780.

Still another major-general of foreign birth and noble family must be mentioned with the gallant men at Valley Forge—Baron Steuben. Like his comrade in rank, De Kalb, Steuben had seen service in Europe, and thus brought knowledge and discipline to the raw troops of the Continental Army. Who can tell but that the discipline which Steuben introduced did much to keep those suffering, almost despairing men together as an army. He survived the rigors of the

camp and the battles of the war, and passed happy and peaceful years in enjoyment of the liberties purchased at so great cost.

The Pole, Pulaski, the Frenchmen, Du Portail, Dubryson, Duplessis, and Duponceau, are others of foreign nativity, who came to assist in the struggle for freedom, who, while filling less conspicuous rank, yet deserve grateful and honored remembrance.

Of the native born American officers, "Mad" Anthony Wayne was one most conspicuous for sound judgment and extraordinary courage, as well as head-long courage and fierce fighting.

Muhlenberg was born near the camp ground. After pursuing his education abroad, he became a clergyman in Virginia, and was so occupied there when the war for independence began. He threw aside his priestly robe and put on the buff and blue of the brigadier. "His stalwart form and swarthy face are already as familiar to the enemy as they are to his own men, for the Hessians are said to have cried, 'Hier kommt Teufel Pete!' as they saw him lead a charge at Brandywine."

And here were young men who became famous in the councils of the State, which was here being erected with patience and suffering as the basal work. James Madison, then only a few years out from the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, the author of a political doctrine which has kept the American continent free from the touch of European politics. John Marshall, who laid the foundations of jurisprudence and bequeathed the precious example of a great and upright judge. "Light Horse" Harry Lee, destined to be famous in Senate and Cabinet; Nathaniel Greene, the Quaker blacksmith from Rhode Island, in all great qualities second only to Washington. Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, two youths—both of small stature and lithe, active frame—of same rank and almost equal in age, alike ambitious. "But not even his own aspiring spirit can fortell the splendid rise, the dizzy elevation and the sudden fall of Aaron Burr—nor can the other foresee that the time will

never come when his countrymen will cease to admire the genius and lament the fate of Alexander Hamilton." These and many others whose names we have—would that we knew them all—officers and privates here sealed their devotion to the cause of liberty with their own blood. The diaries of officers and soldiers tell tales of unmitigated suffering and anguish of body and mind. While lying in their huts, we can believe that they often wished for a battle to turn their thoughts from their woeful condition, or that they might shed their blood fighting. Not in the fury and excitement of battle did those patriots give their blood, but step by step over the frozen ice and snow; drop after drop marked the fierce struggle that was waged in their hearts. Pulse-beat growing weaker, but resolution to obtain liberty at highest cost growing stronger. Their condition could not long remain unchanged for the better. Starvation and disease would completely annihilate them unless relief came. Meanwhile, the sagacious Franklin was pleading his country's cause in France. For several years secret negotiations were going on, and in the fall of 1777 became open and distinct, and the representatives of the two nations met. After much doubt and delay, Treaties of Amity, Commerce and Alliance were drawn up and ratified. The Independence of America was declared and made the basis of alliance, and war was at once declared against Great Britain. "And thus illustrious Franklin, the Philadelphia printer, earned the magnificent compliment paid him in the French Academy: "He snatched the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants."

The news of the French Alliance did not reach Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge until eleven o'clock at night of May 4th, 1778. On the 6th, by general orders, the army celebrated the reception of the tidings with appropriate religious services, dress parades, salutes from cannon and musketry, cheers given by the soldiers for the King of France and the American States, and other festivities. "And

all the while," says the English satirist, Thackeray, "Howe left the famous camp of Valley Forge untouched, whilst his great, brave and perfectly appointed army fiddled and gambled and feasted in Philadelphia." On the 18th of June the news was brought to the camp that the British had evacuated Philadelphia. Washington immediately got six brigades in motion—the rest of the army prepared to follow early on the 19th. "The bridge across the Schuylkill was laden with tramping troops. Cannon rumbled rapidly down the road to the river. The scanty baggage was packed, the flag at headquarters taken down, the last brigade descended the river bank, the huts were empty, the breastworks deserted, the army was off for Monmouth, and the hills of Valley Forge were left alone with their glory and their dead."

I am constrained to finish this imperfect sketch of Valley Forge by quoting the thrilling words of the magnificent oration delivered by Henry Armitt Brown, at the Centennial Celebration of the Evacuation of Valley Forge:

"For a century the eyes of struggling nations have turned towards this spot, and lips in every language have blessed the memory of Valley Forge! The tide of battle never ebbed and flowed upon these banks. These hills never trembled beneath the tread of charging squadrons, nor echoed the thunders of contending cannon. The blood that stained this ground did not rush forth in the joyous frenzy of the fight; it fell drop by drop from the heart of a suffering people. They who once encamped here in the snow fought not for conquest, not for power, not for glory, not for their country only, not for themselves alone. They served for Posterity; they suffered for the human race; they bore the cross of all the peoples; they died here that Freedom might be the heritage of all. It was humanity which they defended; it was liberty herself that they had in keeping. * * * Driven by the persecution of centuries from the older world, she had come with Pilgrim and Puritan, Cavalier and Quaker to seek

a shelter in the new. Attacked once more by her old enemies, she had taken her refuge here. Nor she alone. The dream of the Greek, the Hebrew's prophecy, the desire of the Roman, the Italian's prayer, the longing of the German mind, the hope of the French heart, the glory and honor of Old England herself, the yearning of all the centuries, the aspiration of every age, the promise of the Past, the fulfillment of the Future, the seed of the old time, the harvest of the new—all these were with her. And here in the

heart of America they were safe. The last of many struggles was almost won; the best of many centuries was about to break; the time was already come when from these shores the light of a new civilization should flash across the sea; and from this place a voice of triumph make the Old World tremble, when from her chosen refuge in the West the 'spirit of Liberty should go forth to meet the Rising Sun and set the people free!"

W. W. CASSELBERRY.

THE HEROES OF VALLEY FORGE.

Sung by a chorus of 400 voices at Valley Forge Centennial. Words by Rev. Sidney Dyer. Tune, Old Hundred.

Our noble sires, of all bereft,
Save their brave hearts and trust in
God,
Came here with bleeding feet that left
Crimson stains on a hallowed sod.

'Mid pinching want and wintry storm,
Their shelter off the drifting snow,
They kept their love of country warm,
And gathered strength to smite the
foe.

By freedom's altar firm they stood,
And breathed their solemn vows to
Heaven,
That by each drop of priceless blood,
The Tyrant's chains should all be
riven.

Here, too, beneath the snow-clad trees,
When other hearts were nigh despair,
Our Washington, on bended knees,
Looked up to Heav'n in faith and
prayer.

A hundred years of ebbing time
Have gathered here this grand array,
Rehearsing deeds grown more sublime
As generations pass away.

Oh! sacred Fane of Patriot love!
Thrice hallowed ground their blood
made free!
Grant Thou, O Lord, that we may
prove
As true as they to liberty.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LETTER OF CAPTAIN JOHN WILEY.

BY SARA KING WILEY.

MANY are the family traditions which have been handed down concerning the writer of the following letter. Rather musty ones, some of them, telling of a lease on

Trinity Church in New York, which the hero is supposed to have torn or hidden one evening after a joyous supper. This story made a great impression on the mind of the father of

the present writer in his early youth, and having read sundry histories of missing wills he instituted a private search for this almost priceless document in the curious old secretary of the aforesaid John Wiley, which is still in the possession of the family, pierced by a stray bullet from the battle of Springfield. Having wandered through the labyrinthine pigeon-holes of this ancient piece of furniture he came at length upon a beautifully concealed secret drawer. It stuck! Awful moment. With a wildly beating heart he forced it open and (alas, for romance!) he found it empty.

There are, however, other and more credible stories of this same ancestor. Tales of a great country house near Springfield where he kept his hounds and a stud of fine hunters, and to which he came with his friends from New York to spend the sporting season, and there is current another fact relating to him which is easily believed after reading his letter, namely, that he was of a quick and fiery temper. It is said that he remarked at the time of writing it :

"If those Tories harm one hair of Robert Halstead's head, I'll hang the first one I can seize to the nearest tree!" We know, however, from the "Memoir of the Life and Times of General John Lamb," that Captain Wiley was much beloved in spite of his hasty temper, for we find there this record of him :

"Another of his (Gen. Lamb's) tried associates was John Wiley, to whom he offered a Captain's commission, and for some time kept it at his disposal, in hope certain domestic arrangements might be satisfactorily adjusted so as to enable him to accept it. The estimation in which that gentleman was held by his friends was such that many young officers were desirous of serving under him; and Robert Troup wrote to Col. Lamb asking as a particular favor, that he might be assigned to the company of Captain Wiley. This gentleman was distinguished for his patriotism and intrepidity, and was foremost amongst those, who, after the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed in the

city, tore down in open day, the leaden statue of George the Third from its pedestal in the Bowling Green."

There is also, in the papers of the "New York Historical Society" this paragraph, which gives us the summary and the end of the story of the letter :

"In 1781, Doctor Halstead, the brother-in-law of Maj. Wiley, was taken from his residence, at Elizabethtown, by a marauding party of the British, and confined in the city prison, under Cunningham. As soon as Maj. Wiley was made acquainted with this capture, he gave notice to some of the leading friends of the British, in New Jersey, that if his brother was not immediately released, he would retaliate upon them, and send them to the camp as hostages. The threat was effectual, and the prisoners, who had been in close confinement, on bread and water, were liberated."

JOHN WILEY TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

MORRISTOWN, April 7th, 1781, Saturday.

DEAR CHARLES :

This is the second post day that I have attended here in hopes of hearing from you, though without effect. My disappointment as to the last mail has been accounted for ; as by a New York paper (which I saw yesterday at Elizabethtown) I find that poor Montanye is a prisoner there ; but why some one has not been dispatched this week from Fishkill I am at a loss to account for—the uncertainty I am under with respect to the Business you have transacted Eastward renders it Impossible for me to give you the necessary Instructions—I can only say that should you have received the Coffee or any part of it I think you had better not forward it until some teams which I send on with Iron reach New Windsor. They will proceed from this some time next week and on their return will take the Coffee at a lower rate than any other Conveyance purposely employ'd. I would have you make enquiry what Iron will command in solid coin per ton, or what you can get in Bills on France—a Mr. Ketcham, (agent for the French troops) residing at Red Hook, will be

the proper person to apply to—I would rather have half Solid Cash and the rest in Bills, than all Bills, but it would be best to know what he will do on the occasion—and should his offers not answer our Expectations the Iron must be forwarded Eastward where I hear it will sell high.—The quantity I purpose sending will be six tons, four of which goes on within four or five days, the other two within ten days. Pray how does Liquidation notes sell? Can they be procured at ten shillings new money ? (per pound) ; if so (or under) please to engage five or six hundred pounds for me. Write to Mr. Quackenbush on the subject. I would send the money but have not a safe hand to intrust it with. I shall set out in all probability in few days for Fish Kill and would have joined you before but Unfortunately have been prevented by my Brother-in-Law, The Doctor's, being captured by those hellhounds commonly terms Refugees—the Doctor with two more valuable Citizens are now Confined in the Dungeon at New York and are Debar'd the use of pen, ink and paper, fed upon Bread and Water, and are refus'd the Benefit of the Cartel Established by General Washington and the British General with this poor plea ; That, whatever prisoners are taken by the Associates in New York are to be exchanged agreeable to their own mode. I leave you then to guess when we are to expect the Doctor's enlargement—as you know there is a Family dispute between the Hatfields and the Doctor's Connections—I have, however, the consolation to find that all the friends (this way) to Liberty and Independence are at last rous'd—and have obligated themselves to retaliate on our Internal Enemies who are Connections of those Freebooters and plunderers. Maj. Hatfield, John Blanchard, etc., (whose sons lead every party that comes over) are to be taken up in a few days and I have propos'd to take them to Fish Kill as being remote from their families and therefore may be an Inducement to the Villains on the other side the water to offer an Exchange of prisoners. It is somewhat remarkable that although there

are numberless Instances of our prisoners being ill-treated yet not one of our legislatures think proper to interest themselves by making laws of Retaliation. We have about three hundred Subscribers to the agreement we have entered into ; though it has not been lauded about but two days. In our articles we have denounc'd Vengeance against the Lawyers who shall undertake any suit against the promoters of the necessary and just measure.

When I say that I am in hopes that our plan will lead the Refugees to a proposal of our exchange of prisoners, I do not mean for those that are to be put in Fish Kill, but for those which we have taken by force of arms, who were making depredations on this State, and have already been offered for the Whigs I have already mentioned without effect. They (the Hatfields) have publicly declar'd that they would not take twenty British Troops in exchange for each of our poor Captivated friends and I am already of opinion that nothing but the mode we are about to adopt will regain them, and I hope therefore for the sanction of the Fish Kill Whigs in this matter and particularly for that of our good Friend the Col. and the rest of my Brother Sufferers from New York. I wish you could obtain an association to support us in case we should carry this matter into execution.—Capt. Dobbs, will, I am sure, make use of his Influence on the Occasion—and you may relye that none but such persons as have by their words and actions always Injur'd the cause shall be taken to Fish Kill as hostages.

I have not time to recount to you the particular aggravations which attended the capture of the Doctor ; nor the unhappy Situation of my Sister as the Express waits. I shall only add that after you have made the necessary enquiries respecting the Iron and notes, you may either come this way, or wait my meeting you at Fish Kill. I am dear Charles, with Compliments to the Col. and Major Reese and all other friends,

Your kinsman, etc.,

JOHN WILEY.

THE OLDEST DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION.

I MADE a call a few days ago upon Mrs. Caroline Long Bartlett, of Orange, who has just celebrated her ninetieth birthday. She is the youngest daughter of Moses Long, who served as private in the 9th Massachusetts Regiment during the Revolutionary War, so she is a veritable Daughter of the Revolution. Her daughter and granddaughter are also members of the same society, the latter being the youngest member. Thus, in one family are the two extremes—the oldest and the youngest.

Mrs. Bartlett has been confined to the house for over two years, but her mind is as active as of yore, and nothing so delights her as to tell Revolutionary and old time stories. I was telling her about a beautiful new church that was just finished, and this recalled to her mind the church she attended as a child, when stoves were unheard of. "Early in this century," said she, "going to church did not, according to modern ideas, mean a very comfortable morning's entertainment. This was as far back as 1810, and stoves were then not even heard of. Why, dear me, I can remember when a stove was first put into our old meeting house" (she lived in Hopkinton, New Hampshire). "The people were really afraid it would take out all the vitality of the air, that everyone's health would suffer in consequence, and that we should be a sickly community. A church service meant something in those days. I can distinctly remember my father's taking out his watch to time the various exercises. The long prayer would be over an hour in length, and the sermon of Rev. Ethan Smith, who was settled in 1800 and was pastor at Hopkinton for a long, long time, would be an hour and ten minutes. It did not seem to be tedious; we went for instruction. Why, of course, it

was cold. We always carried footstoves to church in the winter. We had a three mile ride to church. Some one had to stay at home to see the stock were properly fed, and to have a nice dinner ready when the family came back. We always took a luncheon with us to eat during the noon hour.

"There were always two services of equal length and an hour's intermission in which luncheons were eaten and gossip exchanged. The clerk of the church was a very good but rather an illiterate man. One of the entries in the church records was to this effect: 'It was voted that we increase the minister's *rats*.' It was always a question whether the parson was quite satisfied with this extra burden or whether he would not have preferred an increase of his *rates*."

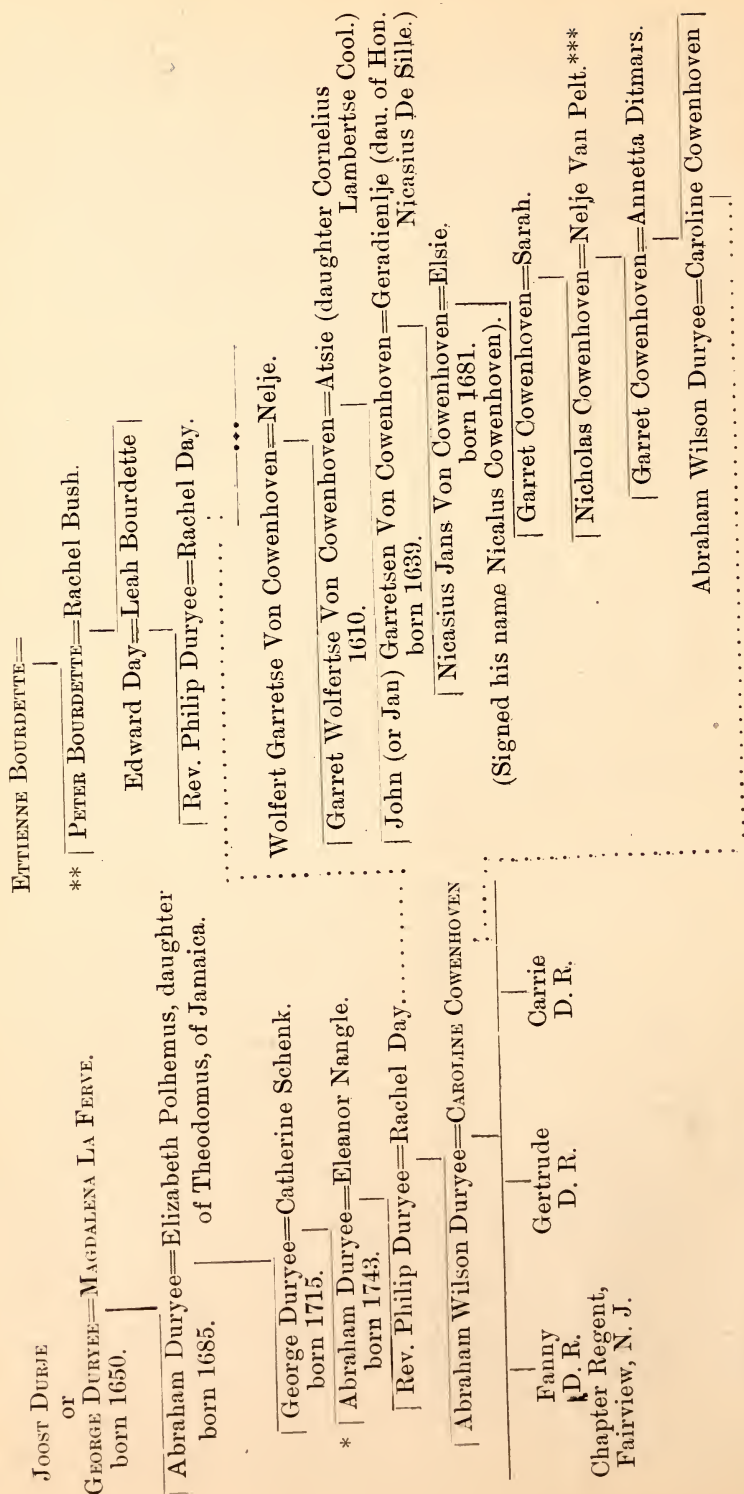
"Judge Harvey had a law-office in Hopkinton Village; later he was made Governor of New Hampshire, in the Jackson times. He was the first one to purchase and have a stove in his place of business. It was a close stove and wood was used in it, as coal then was only looked upon as a mineral specimen."

"One day, after the stove had been in use for some time, Mr. Leach, the Sheriff, called upon the Judge, and he began to speak as if he was really anxious about Judge Harvey's health, all on account of the stove. 'Why,' said he, 'really, while I have been sitting here I have had a dizzy headache come on, and I attribute it all to the effects of that stove.' The Judge let him go on with all his advice and remarks. When he had finished he said: 'Mr. Leach, just place your hand upon that stove.' He did so. There had been no fire in it for two days, so the Judge had the argument on his side and a good story to tell beside."

COWENHOVEN.

BOURDETTE.

DURYEE.



* Abraham Duryee, of the Narrows, Fort Hamilton, was born May 8th, 1743, and died March 24th, 1814. He was a member of the first Colonial Council of New York of fifty-one and sixty. When the city was threatened by the British these two committees united, forming a committee of one hundred for its defense. They were called the "Sons of Liberty."

PETER BOURDETTE.

The American Revolution viewed from an English stand point must have seemed like the insurrection and insubordination of a very small boy in the English family. Thirteen feeble colonies, scattered along more than a thousand miles of sea-coast, daring to resist the colossal power of one of the oldest and strongest monarchies of the world.

The British, however, did not realize what strength and power the idea of freedom imparted to brave hearts in American bosoms.

The colonists were without revenue, without a general government, no navy, hardly enough men to call an army, or the means of keeping an army together, however, with the bravery with which the nation and America was born they banded together as one man, entered the fearful struggle and won the grand cause.

From the time Christopher Columbus braved the perils of the ocean in the crude, unseaworthy ships; to the Pilgrim Fathers settling at Plymouth, to the Revolutionary War, to our own civil war, and to the present day this nation has been one long chronicle of heroism. God in His infinite mercy watched over the feeble colonies knowing this would be a nation of great deeds, brave men, brave women.

Any authentic facts, even the most trivial concerning this eventful struggle for liberty in our national history, possess the most thrilling interest. Each individual history makes a connected whole, as each bead on a string helps make the whole and complete necklace.

Etienne Bourdette, the father of Peter Bourdette, was the son of a French gentleman, a Huguenot, who had left his country many years before the Edict of Nantes. The family settled in one of the West India islands on a plantation. Etienne was sent to New York to obtain an education—this was about eighty years before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War.

Etienne purchased land on the left bank of the Hudson extending from the site of Fort Lee up the river for

quite a distance. He married, raised a family and lived in a stone house with no neighbors nearer than a mile either way. He was possessed of a fine character, was deeply religious, and history pronounces his home one of unbounded hospitality. His land was wild and mountainous; it was, however, exceedingly productive, so there was always an abundance of food for any welcome guest and his horse. If a gentleman he was invited to the family table, if otherwise the ample kitchen supplied his wants, and the servants were as fond of news and entertaining as their master.

From history I quote the following paragraph: "When the lightening would paint its notes upon the thunder cloud, and the storm anthem would throw the grand diapason upon the ear, as it reverberated from the rocky organ of the Palisades, when the last notes would rumble away in the distance of the noble river the old man would bare his aged head and walk forth in the midst of the storm, his daughter who would attempt to detain him always received the same reply: 'Be still, my child, and listen to the voice of God!' Then the hollow murmur of the thunder could be heard in the distance as an accompaniment from God's organ to his fine old sonorous voice, sometimes in French, but oftener in English chanting the Episcopal service. 'We praise Thee, O, God!'"

Peter Bourdette was the youngest son. He was born May 11th (old style), 1735. He had been living with his wife in Hackensack, but after his mother's death he came to the old home to care for his father in his old age, about fifteen years before the war. Upon the death of the father the house and lands became the property of Peter Bourdette.

Peter not only gave the land on which Fort Lee was built, but had his slaves assist in the building.

In September, 1776, General Washington issued his orders to General Mercer to summon all available troops and garrison the fort, in order to hold command of the river in case Colonel Magaw should be obliged to

retreat and cross with the army from Fort Washington, then threatened by the enemy, as General Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, and General Knipphausen's designs on the place were plainly seen.

Early in November hundreds of tents crowned the high grounds that commanded the river, and the American soldiers were in possession of Fort Lee. This must have been between the first and tenth of this month, as it was upon the 13th of November that General Washington first appeared at the farm house.

One evening, shortly after his arrival, Mrs. Bourdette asked the great man (whom all strove to please and honor) what she could do for his comfort, to which he replied: "Make me a hoe-cake, Mrs. Bourdette, and bake it upon a shovel." She made instead some corn-bread, and it was soon placed before him. Washington sent for his hostess and said, "Do tell me how you make this delicious cake. I must take the recipe with me to Virginia."

One son of this family seemed to be especially devoted to Washington, and was sent by him on important missions. One trip was to the city at midnight, when he brought back papers and intelligence of the army that threatened Fort Washington. When the boy was returning from the city with the news for the general the wind prevented his signal from being heard by the sentinel guarding the shore, and supposing him to be an enemy fired upon him, cutting one oar in two pieces. Managing his boat with the remaining one, he accomplished a landing a mile down the river, making his way home on foot. Washington stood by while Mrs. Bourdette ripped the lining of her boy's great-coat, and receiving the papers complimented the lad warmly for his bravery.

The British general resolved upon carrying Fort Washington by storm, and stories of this dreadful carnage of November 16th, 1776, are history. The young son of Peter Bourdette was with Washington on the Palisade rocks inspecting the movements of the enemy, and when the flag was struck handed the glass to the lad, with the

remark, "Look, my boy, look, *all* is over. Alas! my poor country!"

Washington made immediate arrangements to evacuate Fort Lee, which was by no means as strong as Fort Washington.

Cornwallis with six thousand men crossed at Dobb's Ferry, and advanced by a forced march.

It were madness for Washington to attempt a fight at such odds, so the garrison moved off the 18th of November. They were compelled to abandon their cannon and military store.

Mrs. Bourdette and her children fled to the English neighborhood two miles away, to escape the free plunder they knew would follow. Peter Bourdette and his son only remaining to collect, if possible, any property that might be spared—money and valuables having been buried.

Thousands of Hessians and soldiers soon devastated the place.

A barrel of whiskey and one of sugar were rolled out of the cellar and poured into the rain-water cask, standing at the corner of the house, the dairy-room furnished its share and a puncheon of milk punch was made, which they stirred with a rail. When all was prepared, Peter Bourdette was impudently ordered "to drink the King's health," by these wretched hirelings—the Hessians—who were using their shoes as drinking cups. Several British officers were present, and one of them advised Mr. Bourdette to go through with the formality, as the soldiers loudly demanded his acquiescence. Mr. Bourdette, with the hot blood surging to his face, uncovered his head and dipping his hand in the liquor, he bowed to the name he was about to utter, throwing a Frenchman's kiss toward the mountain where he had that morning taken leave of his beloved and great friend, and this is the way he drank to the king, "The health of General Washington! Confusion to King George, and destruction to his hireling Hessians!"

His boldness won the admiration of the officers, and but for their interposition he would have been torn to pieces.

General Kniphausen continued in command of the Fort. But a few days had elapsed, after the family had returned to the stone-house, when they were aroused at midnight by the rude summons of a British officer and several soldiers, who demanded that Peter Bourdette should at once go to the fort, assuring him of a speedy return if he complied with General Kniphausen's request for information. Mr. Bourdette had greatly exasperated the Hessians by his toast. It had now obtained general currency and he seemed a doomed man. He was hurried off to the fort, his family supposing they would never behold him again, certainly not for weeks or months.

He was at once taken before General Kniphausen, who offered him wine and refreshments, and in conversation with him alluded to the trouble he had already undergone, making remarks about the unequal nature of the contest. Mr. Bourdette replied, "When a whole nation were of one mind, and the country as extensive as America, he could scarcely believe it possible to subjugate them without years of sacrifice and expenditure." The general asked him, "If the recent results showed much determination on the part of the Americans." General Kniphausen then drew from his pocket a purse heavy with gold, throwing it upon the table, he assured this staunch man of his protection, and in return he wished some necessary information about the future movements of the American Army, that, as General Washington had so lately been his guest, he must possess more knowledge of the plan of action than any other person; ending with the assurance of his pleasure at possessing his friendship, and in return would supply his immediate pecuniary necessities, pointing to the purse.

The insult to his honor was almost more than Mr. Bourdette could endure, and rising, he walked to the farthest part of the tent, and replied, "Permit me, General Kniphausen to draw this conversation to a close, and, excuse me for the remark that, if you insist upon its further continuance, I cannot

but feel it will be discreditable to us both. I have already been too long here, but what could a man, seized at midnight, surrounded by a helpless family do, but yield to superior forces? I am ready to accompany your soldiers to your prison, for, I suppose, that is to be my fate."

"That is not the way, Mr. Bourdette," replied the general, "I have no such intentions, but you are a bold man thus to trifle with your family. I will return you to them for the present, but cannot always promise to be so lenient."

Mr. Bourdette reached home in safety, welcomed by his family.

Years elapsed, the war came to an end and Americans breathed free air, untainted by English tyranny. Order and plenty again reigned at the old farm-house. The arm-chair in which General Washington sat, the punch-bowl from which he drank were treasured relics and mementoes.

Mrs. Bourdette wrote and wrote again for her friends the now famous recipe for corn-bread—the one General Washington took with him to his Virginia home.

NELJE VAN PELT COWENHOVEN.

Nelje's husband was Nicholas Cowenhoven, a descendant of Wolfert Garretse Von Cowenhoven, who emigrated with his family, in 1630, from Amersfort, in the province of Utrecht in Netherlands. He was employed as early as 1630 as superintendent of farms at Rensselaerwick, afterwards cultivated a farm on Manhattan Island.

The old Cowenhoven homestead is still standing. Many generations of this sterling old family have lived and died under its sheltering roof. It is a long, low house, and bears the marks of antiquity, made in the Colonial style, with a gable in the middle and one at each end; a wide expansive hall runs from front door to back. The house is shaded by immense trees that with uplifted arms praise God for His long continued mercy and goodness.

Many interesting stories and traditions have been handed down of events that have first seen light and life in this old home.

The Hessians, during the Revolutionary War, landed on Long Island, and began their march inland. The father of Nicholas Cowenhoven, Garret Cowenhoven, was then the owner of the home. Nelje's husband Nicholas had died a few months before the battle of Long Island. Garret was too old to serve in the regular army.

Garret harnessed the horse into the wagon and packing it full of household goods, bundled Nelje and her baby into the wagon, and was about to start off when Nelje suddenly deposited the baby in his grandfather's lap. She sprang from the wagon and rushing into the house soon returned with her precious looking-glass, which, in her eyes, was the most valuable article in the house. Taking her baby in one arm, the looking-glass in the other, they started for Flatlands, where the family had friends. The house was left in care of an old slave, who, for the sake of safety, drove all the cattle into the kitchen to keep the Hessians from driving them off.

When the Hessians appeared, they questioned Thomas very closely as to his master's loyalty to George the III.,

but all they could get out of the faithful old fellow was, "My master is Garret Cowenhoven."

The soldiers took possession, using the ample hall as a storeroom for their grain, which was packed to the ceiling on either side, leaving just room enough for a passage-way. When the family returned a few weeks later, nearly everything was gone or destroyed, the cattle had vanished, the scriptural tiling around the parlor fire-place was broken and ruined, and the whole house was in disorder as can easily be imagined.

Nelje brought back her looking-glass and it now hangs in one of the rooms of the old house. Garret Cowenhoven's old Dutch Bible, with brass clasps, bears it company, also some ancient books, among which is a commentary of the Bible, by Dominicus Goltzias, published in 1702, the cover of which is sheep-skin.

Thanks to the thrifty habits of the old Dutch housewives, many valuable relics of a hundred and fifty and two hundred years ago are still in possession of the descendants.

GENERAL GEORGE DOOLITTLE.

THE American family of Doolittle are direct descendants from Sir Archibald Clark, Laird of Doolittle, of County Midlothian, Scotland.

From the Laird of Doolittle traced back to Sir Alamus Clark, of Comrie Castle, County of Perth, Scotland, 1349.

Sir Archibald Clark, of Doolittle, was a Roundhead or Puritan. The tradition is that being a Puritan he would "*do little* for the Church of England," hence, as a kind of mediæval pun, he came to be called "*Doolittle*," a name which his descendants adopted.

The Laird was assistant secretary to James I. His two sons, Archibald or Abraham and John, fled to this country in 1638 or 1640. John settled at Salem, Massachusetts, afterwards going to Lynn. Abraham (or Archibald) settled in Wallingford, Connecticut. Middletown was taken from Wallingford.

Abraham was born in London in 1620, whither his father had followed James I. Sir Archibald was one of the first followers of John Knox, appointed by him over the living of St. Botolph's in London.

Abraham Doolittle. B 1620, d 1690.

Samuel Doolittle. B 1665, d 1714.

Samuel Doolittle. B 1691.

Samuel Doolittle. B 1720, d 1778.

(Gen.) George Doolittle. B 1759, d 1825.

General George was the fourth son of Samuel Doolittle and his wife, Eliza Hubbard. General George married Grace Wetmore.

In response to General Washington's first call for reinforcements in 1776, George Doolittle enlisted into the army in the 8th Company, Captain Joseph Churchill, 3d Battalion, Brigadier-General James Woodworth commanding.

He served in and about New York and Long Island, being captured by

the British in the retreat the 15th of September, 1776. He enlisted when only seventeen years of age.

His regiment was one of the seven regiments sent to help Washington, serving for six months, commanded by Colonel Belden, stationed at Peekskill, under General McDougall. This was in the year 1777.

The family of Doolittle was well represented among the Revolutionary patriots, as three of his brothers—Samuel, Ephraim and Joel—did all in their power by force of arms to aid the cause of Liberty. The youngest son, Stephen, of this patriotic family only remaining at home, being too young to enlist, having been born in 1772.

May 1st, 1778, George again enlisted in the 6th Connecticut Regiment of the Connecticut Regular Line Continental Army, in Captain Humphrey's Company, Colonel John Meigs, raised to serve through the war.

The term "Continental Army"

means soliders who engaged for three years' service, or for the war.

He was with the main army under General Washington at White Plains, wintered at Reading, 1778-79. During 1779 served on the east side of the Hudson River in General Heath's wing. He participated in the engagement at Stony Point July 15th, 1779. George Doolittle was made corporal October 1st, 1780; adjutant January 1st, 1783.

After peace was declared he was made the first commissioned officer of militia in Oneida County, New York State, where he settled in Whitesboro or Whitestown, marrying Grace Wetmore, the daughter of Captain Amos Wetmore.

Captain Wetmore served through the war in Colonel Comferts Regiment.

Two descendants of General George Doolittle are Daughters of the Revolution and members of the New Jersey Society—Mrs. Julia E. H. Otis, great-granddaughter, and Mrs. Julia H. O. Howard, great-great-granddaughter.

CAPTAIN ISAAC HALSEY.

JOSEPH HALSEY=ANNA ARMSTRONG.

| Isaac Halsey=Sarah Smith.

| David Briant=Mary Halsey. |

| John Terry Woodruff=Elizabeth Briant.

Cummings Hatfield Tucker=Mary Alice Woodruff |

| Marietta Tucker=Thomas C. Ennever.
D. R.

Emma Viola Tucker.
D. R.

Captain Isaac Halsey enlisted in the winter of 1776, for one year, under Captain Samuel Potter, in the command of Colonel Elias Dayton, and marched to the frontier of Canada (see notice of Capt., page 354, and of the regiment, pages 21 and 22, in the "Officers and Men of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War." On Halsey's return from his Northern campaign, he joined a militia company, commanded by Capt. Brookfield, where

his duty was to be on "Call" in emergencies, and to serve alternate months as guard on the lines, patrolling, etc., to prevent the enemy's foraging parties from plundering or otherwise molesting the inhabitants. He was in the battle at Connecticut Farms (June 6th, 1780), and the expedition of Lord Sterling, who crossed on the ice to Staten Island. (This was the midnight march in January, 1780, when, 1,500 troops crossed over on the ice through

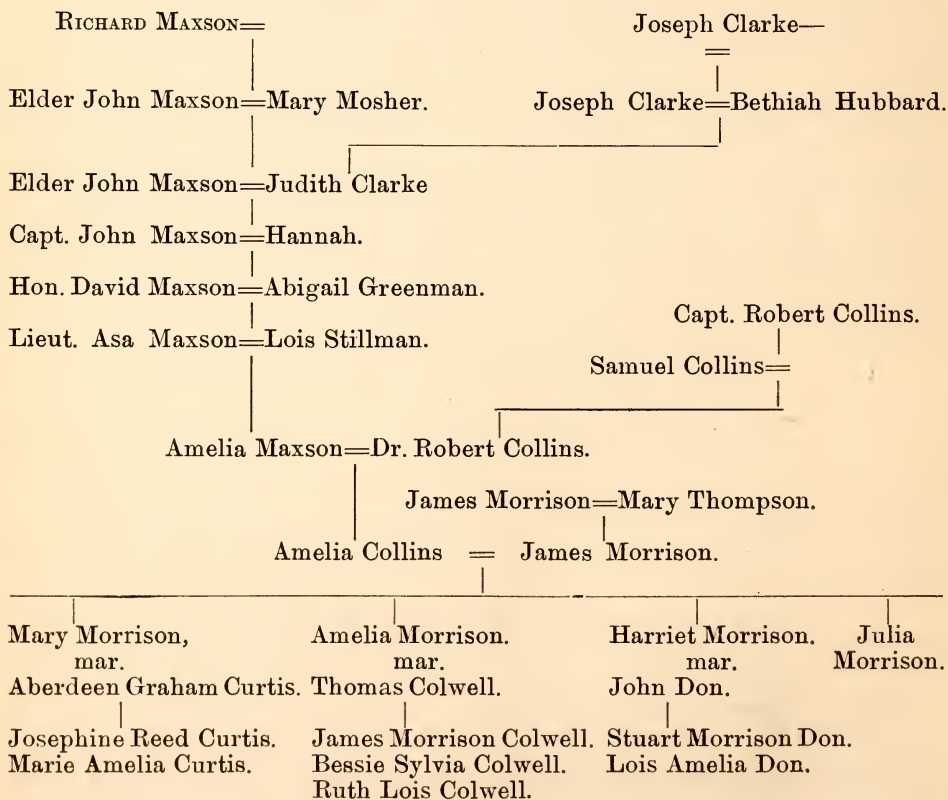
three feet of snow to capture a fort.

In the forepart of 1780, he joined a militia troop of cavalry of Light Horse and rode (as a witness described it), "a handsome brown horse." The company was commanded successively by Captain Christopher Marsh (appointed 1777), Samuel Meeker and Obadiah Meeker, and con-

tinued to the close of the war. He (Halsey) was at one time captain.

Morris Crane, residing in Morris County, testified that in the war he was living with Joseph Halsey, the father of Isaac, and at the battle of Springfield, June 23d, 1780, the troops left a wagon with ammunition at the house over which he (Crane) was one of the guard.

MAXSON GENEALOGY.



We find Richard¹ Maxson first in Boston, where he was admitted to the church, Oct. 2d, 1634. In 1638 he was in Portsmouth, R. I. "He and others were admitted as inhabitants of the island of Aquidneck, having submitted themselves to the government that is or shall be established."

i. RICHARD MAXSON b—. d.—
mar. — and had

*2 i. JOHN² MAXSON (Richard¹) born 1639 in Portsmouth, R. I., died in Westerly, R. I., Dec. 17th, 1720. He married Mary Mosher, dau. of 1st Hugh Mosher. She was born 1641, died in Westerly, Feb. 2d, 1718. John Maxson was freeman, Westerly, R. I., Oct. 29th, 1668, Deputy 1670—

86-90-1705. In 1687 Overseer of the Poor; and this same year, with another, was chosen to present a petition to Sir Edmund Andros for a town charter. He was on the Grand Jury 1687-88. He had a grant of land of 50 acres in 1692. In 1702, Mar. 4th, he was one of the proprietors of Newport. Sept. 20th, 1708, made "Elder Seventh Day Baptist." "Our beloved brother, John Maxson, Sr., was ordained to the office of an Elder to the Congregation in and about Westerly."

Children:

* 3 i. JOHN³ MAXSON, born 1667.

4 ii. DOROTHY³ MAXSON, born in Westerly, R. I., d —, married Jan. 5th, 1692. Joseph Clarke, son of Joseph and Bethia (Hubbard) Clarke, born April 4th, 1670, died 1718. They had —. Freegift, 1694, July 4th, Dorothy 1696, May 28th. Experience 1699, July 6th, Joseph.

5 iii. JOSEPH³ MAXSON, born 1672, died 1750, Sept. mar. Tacy Burdick, b. — d. 1747, dau. of Robert and Ruth (Hubbard) Burdick. They had Joseph, 1692, Mar. 10th. John—Tacy—Mary—Judith Ruth—Elizabeth.

6 iv. MARY³ MAXSON b. —, d. 1721. Married Daniel Lewis, son of John Lewis, b. —, d. 1718. They had—John, Jonathan, Mary, Dorcas, Daniel, Hannah.

7 v. JONATHAN³ MAXSON, born 1680, d. 1732, Nov. 20th. Married 1707, May 1st, Content Rogers, dau. of Jonathan and Naomi (Burdick) Rogers, b. —. d. 1732. They had—Jonathan Jan. 16th, 1708, Content Jan. 28th, 1710, Joseph Jan. 4th, 1712, John Mar. 2d, 1714, Naomi May 6th, 1714, Samuel July 20th, 1718, Caleb Nov. 1st, 1721, Mary Nov. 20th, 1723.

8 vi. HANNAH³ MAXSON, b. —, d. 1752. Married Hubbard Burdick, b. — d. 1758, son of Robert and Ruth (Hubbard) Burdick. They had—Hubbard, Nathan, John, Ezekial.

* 3 JOHN³ MAXSON (John², Richard¹.) born 1667, died 1748, July. He married Jan. 19th, 1688, Judith Clarke, daughter of Joseph and Bethiah (Hubbard) Clarke. She was born 1667, Oct. 12th, and d. —. In 1712, Aug. 21st, ordained as Deacon of Seventh Day Baptist Church. Freeman 1716. Ordained as Elder July 5th, 1719. Administration on his estate to Capt. John Maxson, his son.

They had

9 i. JUDITH⁴ MAXSON, born Sept. 23d, 1689.

10 ii. MARY⁴ MAXSON, born Oct. 26th 1691.

11 iii. BETHIAH⁴ MAXSON, born July 31st, 1693.

12 iv. ELIZABETH⁴ MAXSON, born Nov. 7th, 1695.

13 v. HANNAH⁴ MAXSON, born June 13th, 1698.

*14 vi. JOHN⁴ MAXSON, born April 21st, 1701.

15 vii. DOROTHY⁴ MAXSON, born Oct. 20th, 1703.

16 viii. SUSANNA⁴ MAXSON, born Oct. 19th, 1706.

17 ix. JOSEPH⁴ MAXSON, born Dec. —, 1709.

18 x. AVIS⁴ MAXSON, born Dec. 27th, 1712.

*14 JOHN⁴ MAXSON¹ (John³, John², Richard¹), known as "Captain John Maxson," born in Westerly, R. I., April 21st, 1701. He was Captain of Rhode Island Company. He married Hannah —⁵ and had among others

*19 i. DAVID MAXSON.

*19 HON. DAVID⁵ MAXSON (John⁴, John³, John², Richard¹). He was born July 24th, 1729, in Westerly, R. I., and lived there. He was a man of prominence, and was a Dep-

uty from Westerly to the General Assembly of Rhode Island, for the year 1782-83. He married Abigail Greenman, of Westerly, a descendant of the first John Greenman, of Newport.

They had

- 20 i. SILAS⁶ MAXSON, b. —, mar. March 20th, 1771, "Sarah Clarke of Joseph" —.
- *21 ii. ASA⁶ MAXSON, born about 1747.
- 22 iii. PAUL⁶ MAXSON born 1757, married Susanna Stillman "of George", Dec. 22d, 1779, died in Petersburg, July 13th, 1818.
- 23 iv. DAVID⁶ MAXSON, born Aug. 22d, 1766, died Aug. 15th, 1839. Married Sarah Greenman, of William, and had—Wm. Greenman⁷, Sallie⁷, Elizabeth⁷, Abigail⁷, David⁷ Greenman, and Susanna, born 4th April, 1807, in Petersburg, N. Y., died March 6th, 1876. Married Joseph⁸ Langford Greene, son of Joseph⁷ Greene (John⁶, James⁵, John⁴, Richard³, Richard², Richard¹) and Phebe (Langford) Greene. He was born in Berlin, N. Y., Feb. 4th, 1808, and died April 6th, 1886.

They had

PROF. DAVID⁷ MAXSON GREENE, born July 8th, 1832. Married Nancy Maria Skinner, dau. of Judge Calvin Skinner and Mary (Brunson) Skinner.

Albert Sivillien Greene, born Aug. 3d, 1838, George Egbert Greene b. Sept. 12th, 1843, d. March 6th, 1870.

- 24 v. Betsy⁶.
- 25 vi. Chloe⁶.
- 26 vii. Wealthy⁶.
- 27 viii. Sally⁶.
- 28 ix. Ellen⁶.
- 29 x. Abbie⁶.

- *21 ASA⁶ MAXSON (David⁵, John⁴, John³, John², Richard¹), born about 1747, in Westerly, R. I. He died in Adams, N. Y., aged about 92. He served in Rhode Island Militia in 1783, in the 3d Company from Westerly. He drew a pension for his

services and this money was expended in purchasing articles of silver, which were distributed amongst members of his family. After the Revolution he came to New York State and settled in Petersburg and Adams, N. Y. He was a Seventh Day Baptist. He married Lois Stillman, daughter of Joseph Stillman, of Petersburg, N. Y.

They had

- 30 i. ASA⁷ MAXSON, born July 1st, 1776, lived Walworth, Wis.
- 31 ii. HARVEY⁷ MAXSON.
- 32 iii. REBECCA⁷ MAXSON.
- 33 iv. MARY⁷ MAXSON, born July 14th, 1781. Married Edward Whitford.
- 34 v. DAVID⁷ MAXSON, born Sept. 27th, 1788, married Esther Peckham.
- 35 vi. LOIS⁷ MAXSON, born Aug. 18th, 1790, mar. Giles Harvey.
- 36 vii. WEALTHY⁷ MAXSON, married his first wife, Dr. Ebenezer Robinson.
- *37 viii. AMELIA⁷ MAXSON.
- 38 ix. JOSEPH⁷ STILLMAN MAXSON, born Aug. 3d, 1797, died Jan. 23d, 1836. Married Elizabeth Bars.
- 39 x. THANKFULL⁷ MAXSON, married Dr. Ebenezer Robinson as his second wife.
- *37 AMELIA⁷ MAXSON, married Dr. Robert Collins, son of Samuel Collins, and grandson of Capt. Robert Collins, of Sandown, New Hampshire. He was a Capt. in Lt. Col. Joseph Welch's regiment under the command of Brigadier-General Whipple who joined the Northern Army at Saratoga, September, 1777. He was in the battle there.

Dr. Robert Collins and Amelia (Maxson) Collins had

- (1) ELIZABETH, (2) Robert, (3) Maxson.
- * (4) Amelia married James Morrison.
- (5) Charles, Lucas⁽⁶⁾, Emily⁽⁷⁾, Ebenezer⁽⁸⁾, Mary, (9) Samuel.⁽¹⁰⁾

* AMELIA COLLINS, daughter of

Dr. Robert Collins and Amelia Maxson Collins, married James Morrison, son of James and Mary (Thompson) Morrison, of Scotland. He was a large iron manufacturer in Troy, N. Y.; died in 1893.

They had

- i. MARY — Married Aberdeen Graham Curtis, of St. Paul, Minnesota, afterwards of Cohoes, Troy, manufacturer. He was son of John and Josephine (Graham) Curtis, and had Josephine (Reed) Curtis, Marie Amelia Curtis.
- ii. AMELIA—Married Thomas Colwell, manufacturer in Troy, N. Y.

They had James Morrison Colwell, mar. Helen Townsend, of Syracuse, N. Y., Bessie Sylvia Colwell, Ruth Lois Colwell.

- iii. HARRIET—Married John Don, son of John Don and Jessie (Bailey) Don, of Scotland, and had Stuart Morrison Don, Lois Amelia Don.

- iv. JULIA.

The first three daughters are Daughters of the Revolution and Mrs. John Don, Registrar for Troy Chapter.

Compiled by Mrs. Charles L. Alden from Austen's Genealogical Dictionary and from papers in the possession of Prof. D. M. Greene, of Troy, N. Y.

Mrs. Alden also compiled the Schuyler Pedigree that appeared in the July, 1893, number.

CLARKE.

* Joseph⁴ Clarke (Thomas³, Jno², Jno¹), of Bedfordshire, Eng., Newport, Westerly, R. I.; born 1618, Dec. 9th; died 1694, June 1st; married—1642 —; mar. 2d Margaret—, who died 1694. In 1638, at Newport, admitted inhabitant of Aquidneck; freeman 1641; one of the original members of First Baptist Church; Commissioner 1655, 57, 58, 59; Assistant 1658, 63, 64, 65, 78, 79. In 1663 his name appears in charter granted Rhode Island by Charles II. Deputy 1668, 69, 70, 71, 72, 90.

He had :—

* i. Joseph⁵, born 1643, April 2d. d 1727, Jan. 11; married Nov. 16th, 1664, Bethiah Hubbard, dau. of Samuel and Tacy (Cooper) Hubbard. She was born Dec. 19th, 1646; died 1707, April 17th, the mother of all his children. He married, second, Hannah Peckham, widow of Thomas Peckham, and dau. of Wm. Weeden; b—; d—, 1722. He was Town Clerk continuously from 1669 to 1701. He and his family went to Newport for fear of the Indian war, July, 1675; Deputy 1698, 1700–2–4–6–8.

Children:—

- * (1) Judith⁶, born Oct. 12th, 1667; married John Maxson.

- (2) Joseph⁶, b. April 4th, 1670.

- (3) Samuel⁶, b. Sept. 29th, 1672.

- (4) John⁶, b. Aug. 25th, 1675.

- (5) Bethiah⁶, b. April 11th, 1678.

- (6) Mary⁶, b. Dec. 27th, 1680.

- (7) Susanna⁶, b. Aug. 31st, 1683.

- (8) Thomas⁶, b. Mar. 17th, 1686.

- (9) William⁶, b. April 21st, 1688.

- ii. John⁵, d. 1704, April 11th.

- iii. William⁵, d. 1683, Sept. 30th; mar. Hannah⁵ Weeden.

- iv. Joshua⁵, d. 1702; married Alice⁵ Philips.

- v. Thomas⁵, d. 1702, married Elizabeth.

- vi. Susannah⁵.

- vii. Mary⁵, b. 1695; married Tobias Saunders.

- viii. Sarah⁵, b. 1663, Jan. 29th; mar. Thomas Reynolds.

- ix. Carew⁵, mar. 1693, Oct. 11th, Ann Dyer, dau. of Samuel and Ann (Hutchinson) Dyer.

- x. Elizabeth⁵.

Compiled from Austen's Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island, by Mrs. Charles L. Alden.

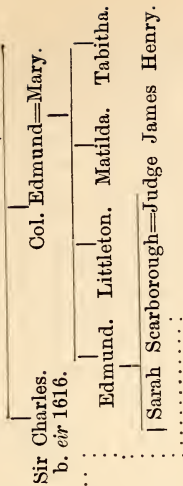
HENRY.

WILLIAMS.

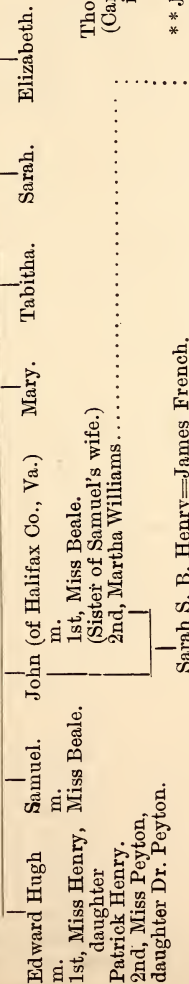
SCARBOROUGH.

FRENCH.

* CAPTAIN EDMUND SCARBOROUGH==HANNAH.



*** Judge James Henry==Sarah Scarborough.
(born 1731.)

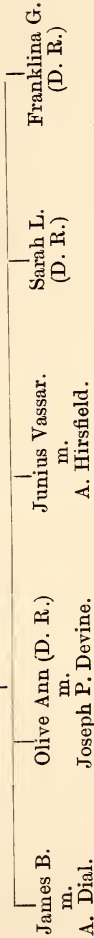


Thomas Lanier==Elizabeth Hicks.
(Came to America 1716.)

** Judge Robert Williams==Sarah Lanier.
(of North Carolina.)

Hon. James H. French==Sarah L. Webb.
(late member Advisory Board, Texas D. R.)
(Regent D. R., Texas.)

Martha Williams==John Henry.



* Captain Edmund Scarborough emigrated to Virginia about 1630—died 1635—Was Justice of Accomac, 1631. Burgess 1629-31 and '32. His eldest son, Sir Charles, was physician to Charles II., James II. and William. His portrait is in Barber Surgeon's Hall, London. Sir Charles' son, Charles, was envoy from Prince George of Denmark to his brother, the King of Denmark, on his accession to the throne. Colonel Edmund Burgess, 1642—1671. Surveyor-General of Virginia from 1655 to his death in 1670-31. He erected the first salt works in the Colony.

** Judge Robert Williams was a son of Nathaniel Williams of Hanover Co., Va., and brother of Colonel Joseph Williams of North Carolina, who married Rebecca Lanier, sister of Robert's wife. Judge Robert Williams settled in Pittsylvania Co., Va.

*** Judge James Henry was of Scotch descent, born 1731, died Dec 9th, 1894. He studied law at the University of Edinburgh, practiced law in Virginia. He was a very wealthy man. He purchased Fleet's Bay, an estate of 1,000 acres in Northumberland Co., of Col. Peter Conway for £10 per acre, or \$33,333 1/3. He was a Burgess from Accomac Co., 1772; Delegate, 1780; member of Continental Congress, 1780-81; was Judge of the Court of Admiralty; appointed Judge of General Court, Dec. 24th, 1788—resigned in 1800.

OBITUARY.

THE HON. JAMES H. FRENCH.

A TRAVELLER'S track upon a chart is surveyed with interest, even where the traveller himself is unknown. And those to whom he is allied by ties of kindred, love or friendship are seldom weary of following the trace of his course from place to place on the earth's surface.

Still more alluring and instructive is even an outline of the career of a man who achieves distinction, and at the last, in the maturity of years, changes his abode to another world without one act in his life that his dearest friends can wish forgotten.

The late Hon. James H. French, of San Antonio, Texas, was endowed in life with rare personal gifts, which gave him distinction in private life.

He was considerate of working men, charitable to the indigent, generous to the unfortunate, and ever ready to contribute from his stores of knowledge to assist others in their pursuits.

In public life, he possessed great administrative and executive ability.

He was elected a member of the Advisory Board Texas State Society Daughters of the Revolution, and was always in sympathy with the Society, ever ready to assist when in his power. The Daughters of the Revolution have lost a warm friend.

The Executive Board of the General Society, hearing of the sad bereavement of Mrs. French, State Regent for Texas, passed a resolution to have the Secretary-General write to our sister a letter of condolence and sympathy.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas,
December, 1893.

At a meeting of the Daughters of the Revolution, held December 6th, 1893, in the City of San Antonio, Tex., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

"Your Committee, to whom was entrusted the mournful duty of expressing their appreciation of the loss they have sustained in the death of James H. French, beg leave to report :

"The Lone Star State Society of the Daughters of the Revolution," have

assembled in Lodge of Sorrow to express their sense of the loss they have suffered in the death of James H. French, who, in the fullness of health, strength and usefulness, was in a moment, as it were, called from his earthly labors, his home and friends to another and a higher sphere. James H. French, himself the descendant of Revolutionary and Historic Fathers, was for forty years a citizen of San Antonio, a gallant and true soldier of the Confederate cause—for ten years Mayor of the City, he discharged its duties with honor and fidelity, and left on the pages of her history enduring monuments of his earnest and intelligent zeal in her advancement and prosperity.

When he passed away, the crowded streets, the closed places of business and the tolling of the bells told the story that a city mourned his loss.

To the Honored Regent of our Society we tender our sympathy and condolence in the loss of her husband, the loved and cherished companion of a long life, and would tenderly suggest that, a well spent life, faithful and honorable in every respect, must serve to chasten the sorrow which now desolates her home.

That a mourning page of the Society's Records be dedicated to the memory of James H. French, a member of the Advisory Board of the Association, whose valuable assistance, counsel and example so much contributed to the success of the Society.

We are also called on to mourn the death of Col. G. W. Fulton, a member of our Advisory Board.

MRS. J. T. WOODHULL,
State Historian.

MRS. E. R. NORTON,
MRS. R. C. NORTON,
MRS. S. D. SCUDDER,
MRS. O. A. WASHINGTON,
MISS FLORA WASHINGTON,
MRS. J. J. STEVENS,
MRS. T. C. FROST,
MRS. A. G. NEILL,
MRS. J. C. CRAWFORD,
MISS ANNIE BEE.

DAUGHTERS OF



THE REVOLUTION.

CELEBRATE THE ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE

EVACUATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH.

IF the last Englishman who left New York one hundred and ten years ago, could by some magic spell have come back to this earth on November twenty-fifth, eighteen hundred and ninety-three, and gazed upon the New York of to-day, I am fain to believe he would have foresworn his ancient allegiance to George III. The air of freedom, brief, though it was to them, must have expanded the moral lungs of every Redcoat, even though they dared not own it.

Evacuation Day, 1893, was, as in 1783, a day of rejoicing. The Daughters of the Revolution congregated in the Hotel Brunswick—many coming from long distances—where they listened to patriotic words and greeted one another with sisterly friendship, just as their sires must have grasped each other's hands in congratulations in the days of long ago.

The Salon of the Hotel Brunswick was gracefully festooned with American flags and "the buff and blue." Rev. George R. Van De Water, Chaplain-General, opened the exercises with prayer in which he embodied stirring words fitting for the occasion. The President, Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers, greeted those present with the following remarks :

Ladies, again, with pleasure and profit to ourselves, we meet to celebrate the date that marks the triumphant finish of the weary, toilsome, but determined march of our ancestors, through the period of the Revolution,—the goal, that one hundred and ten years ago gave to us the motto emblazoned on our seal, "*Liberty, Home and Country.*"—

It is very pleasant for us, the lineal descendants of those unswerving patriots, to assemble at these "mile stones," and clasp hands with a feeling

of kinship toward each other, and of reverence for our grand and great-grand-parents "who with unflinching loyalty helped to achieve American Independence."

I trust that these feelings and sentiments will increase and strengthen with each coming year, and that our descendants may inherit and foster a pride in this *untarnished and well authenticated* birthright that will make them ever keep the lines closely drawn, the stream pure and unsullied, so that every member of this family circle may know herself to be, and be known as, a *true* daughter, not possibly an inter-loper, who with specious reasoning, has stolen an entrance.

Let us ever be true to ourselves, and to our principles, jealously guarding our glorious inheritance!

I now have the honor to introduce to you the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson, who has kindly consented to address us to-day, having had only two days' notice, as the orator whom we expected was obliged to go South on account of ill health.

Most of you, I believe, know Dr. Robinson from his books, if not personally, and we shall lose nothing in the exchange except the fact that his speech being extempore (for lack of time to prepare a written one) cannot be printed, therefore, can only be enjoyed by those who have the good fortune to hear it.

Dr. Robinson's clever and witty oration was followed by the hymn "America," sung by the entire assemblage. The following address was ably rendered by Mrs. William Lee, Regent of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who (as she always is) was a handsome picture to look upon; dramatic and eloquent, a true Daughter of the Revolution.

A RETROSPECT.

Upon receiving the request of the Secretary-General to address "The General Society of the Daughters of the Revolution" upon this occasion, and, when further informed of the array of talented speakers, my impulse was to decline with thanks.

Then recalling what blood flowed in my veins, that I was a "*Daughter of the Revolution*," and, consequently, "must be a *lineal* descendant of Patriots," remembering they knew not fear when engaged in their Country's Cause—and recognizing that the request of a superior officer is always a command, I stand before this brilliant and intellectual assembly obeying orders, though to address so representative an audience of Daughters of the Revolution does, indeed, require courage.

But with Rosalind thought :—(* * * * *

"In my heart

Lie there what hidden women's fears there will)

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside ;

As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances."

Yet, "would that I had a doublet and hose in my disposition!"

Dr. Van De Water, in one of his interesting addresses remarked that, "Singing songs and hymns can minister to Patriotic sentiment ; offering prayers and praises incite to its devotion ; but the study of facts and the elucidation of principles can alone give a solid foundation for any superstructure of patriotic pride."

Thanks to such wise, patriotic and public-spirited gentlemen as himself ; thanks to "the Society of Cincinnati," who began in "the eldest son of the eldest son" to perpetuate the memory of the "Sons of Liberty," and the defenders of their country ; thanks to the "Sons of the Revolution," whose members arrived too late to be "eldest" sons, and, consequently, members of ye Cincinnati, but who felt an equal pride in their forefathers, even though not officers, but the blood and bone, the sinew and strength of their Country ;—thanks to the "Daughters of the Revolution," who had the good fortune—I mean "miss" fortune—to be born daughters instead of sons, and were also equally proud of their ancestors,

—thanks to each and all of these the foundation has not only been solidly laid, but the patriotic superstructure rears itself so proudly and grandly that the time has arrived to begin its ornamentation,—yet strictly in keeping with its colonial style of architecture.

We celebrate the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the day that removed the last of our country's oppressors. A day that awakens in all thoughtful minds gratitude and praise to the Giver of all good, for the *special* gift this day commemorates,—the privilege of breathing the air of freedom. Surely *two* days is even little enough for singing jubilation :—on the twenty-fifth of November, with the citizens of New York—on Thanksgiving Day with the entire Nation.

To-day we come to celebrate a victory and to rejoice in our goodly heritage. It is a gala day. Weave garlands for every shrine ! let music swell ! bring roses ! "pour ye out wine and the songs of gladness !"

As it is "our bounden duty" to obey instructions enunciated by our chaplain, I promise to give you facts ; nor dare I do otherwise, since he is present to judge whether or not he is obeyed. But the learned gentlemen present must provide all the profundity for this occasion, for "*I feel in a holiday mood*," and that "*motley's the only wear*." A motley array of facts will, therefore, be presented, not in a guise that would gratify a Grindgrind, but in a form that, of intermingling, bright and sombre lines, will, I trust, please you most and tire you least.

As "Daughters of the Revolution," we know by heart the story of our forefathers' thralldom. Many times have the accounts of their sufferings made us "to shudder and grow sick at heart ;" or we have closed the book of martyrs that has set pulse and nerves to blazing with a desire to avenge their wrongs.

To-day is one of peace and good will, of friendly greeting ; so upon such themes I will touch but lightly ; nor will any suspect by the manner of

treating them how earnest and sacred is my love of country, how strenuous my desire that it shall be the best, as well as the foremost nation in the world, or the depth of my gratitude to God that I was born an American.

To-day is Manhattan's day—devoted quite as much to reminiscences of New York's growth and honors as to its patriotism. Not quite the same, however, with the day mentioned by the tired old lady, who, sighing, said "she would never find rest until she were dead;" then sighing again, even more profoundly, added, "when snug in my grave, t'will be just my luck to have Gabriel coming and blowing his trumpet," for it will be—"Evacuation Day!"

That the first steamboat was launched on the *Hudson*, is known to the school children, but how many remember that this steamer—the *Clermont*—as also the seven that followed, were built in the port of New York? Robert Fulton did not live to see the last one of the eight completed. When the trial trip of the first was made, with deafening noise and bluster and smoke, as she went puffing along, rocking like a ship at sea, the inhabitants near the shore along the river were lost in wonder, and regarded her as a phenomenon beyond their comprehension. Hitherto, it had required three days or more to go from New York to Albany. Distances now had been obliterated by science; Mother Shipton's prophecies had been fulfilled, "when iron upon the water shall float," all that remained was to be ready for the speedy coming of the end of the world.

Only think of it! Albany could be reached in thirty-two hours! Only about *twice* the time it takes passengers on the Sound steamers from New York to find themselves in *Boston* at the present day.

There is no question as to the efficiency of our American District Service. The messenger boy *will* reach his destination—only give him time enough. There is a subtle fascination in our not knowing just when.

Now, in the early days of New York they knew nothing of this fascinating

uncertainty. What excitement was lacking! The worthy burghers knew almost to the hour that a message from New York to New Haven would take eight, and one to Boston fourteen days to be delivered. It just occurs to me, my authority failed to inform me how soon a reply in return could be expected! It probably depended somewhat on whether the message was a summons to pay a bill or to receive a legacy.

If there are those present who have "dreamed dreams" when they knew themselves wide awake, and could not be convinced they had been sleeping, even when told they had—well—breathed rather loudly, they will understand how little startled I was one day recently to find some one in my study when thinking myself alone. It was one of those perfect autumn days that makes you long to be tramping and to be drinking in long draughts of the life-giving air, yet I had been obliged to remain at my desk busily writing. At last my task was completed, and leaning back in the chair to rest a moment I noticed in the arm chair opposite something that looked like an old fashioned military cloak. Too indolent to give more than a passing thought, I sat unconsciously gazing at it, when, imagine my astonishment to hear a voice saying, "Do not let me interrupt your nap." This piece of impertinence made me fairly indignant, so I angrily exclaimed, "You did *not* catch me napping; but where and who are you?" "I am 'Broadcloth' and yours was probably the reflection of my nap." The pun was so atrocious and from such *broad-cloth* that it calmed my wrath, and looking more closely at the chair from which direction seemed to proceed the voice, I saw nodding at me good naturedly from the cloak a fantastic figure that beggars description.

"Fair mistress," it continued, "I crave your pardon for this intrusion: I am your grandfather's cloak. It is rather hard to be laid on the shelf in one's prime; mine had been an active life for many years, as your grandfather and I had much travel together.

He appreciated my qualities. For restoring me to the light accept my thanks. I was a warm friend to my master and will be to you if well used."

Imagine my delight upon hearing you say: "This cloak by no means has seen its *last days*; a very little alteration will make it quite the style, and as it was my soldier grandfathers's, just what I want as a Daughter of the Revolution."

"Then, when you so carefully removed the stitch from my side which had so long caused me pain, modernized me without any cutting remarks to injure my feelings, and clad me warmly in fur, my gratitude *had* to find vent, so here I am to tell you of old New York and the days of the Revolution.

"What is that? Speak a little louder, ma'am. I'm somewhat hard of hearing. I do not show my age? Thank you. I am well preserved, but the ladies of my day were noted as careful housewives.

"You have no recollection, I suppose, of the time when the colonists entered into an agreement to import no goods from Great Britain, and when to supply the deficiency all kinds of domestic manufacture were encouraged? An association was started in New York, and in a little time fabrics of the coarsest and commonest sort were brought in quantity to market, and although dearer and of an inferior quality these were cheerfully preferred to those procured from England."

"Oh," I eagerly interrupted, "now I know the answer to the conundrum—What *animal* was not eaten by the Americans during the Revolution? People usually say 'I give it up,' or 'rarebit!'"

"Yes, my child, such was the zeal to provide abundantly for these manufacturers that they willingly abstained from eating *lamb*, that there should be no lack of wool. Universally, articles merely for decoration were discarded, the table deprived of luxuries even such as habit had made apparently necessities, and elegances of British make or exportation were laid

aside, so I was carefully wrapped in silk paper and placed away with other unfortunates in a cedar-box. My ears I kept open and heard people say, that not even the tradesmen would use the stamped paper, while professions, the very existence of which depended on the continual use of stamps and stamped paper, threw up their means of subsistence, sooner than employ them. 'Why,' exclaimed one, as though this was the climax, and a rare example of disinterestedness, 'why, even the lawyers!'"

Would such self-abnegation on the part of the legal profession of to-day have occasioned surprise?

"Lieutenant-Governor Colden would have been greatly delighted to have had some of these gentry placed out of harm's way in a summary manner, judging from his letter to His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State:—

"I have the strongest presumption from numerous circumstances to believe that the Lawyers of this Place are the Authors, Promoters and Leaders of the Sedition.

"People in general believe it, and many must with certainty know it. I must add that all the judges have given too much countenance to their proceedings, one of them more than the others. * * * In a former letter I informed the Earl of Halifax of a dangerous association of the Profession of the Law which has subsisted some years. * * * If judges be sent from England with an able Attorney-General and Solicitor-General to make examples of some few, this Colony will remain for many years quiet."

"From this letter it is evident that New York had the first "Bar Association," and at so early a date. Since 1664 until Evacuation Day, 1783," rambled on my quaint visitor, "New York had been with but short intervals in the hands of the English. From its exposed position—accessible by sea and land to the British Navy and troops—New York, unlike Boston, could not rid itself of now *unwelcome* guests, and here, also, Tories gathered to be under the King's protection. New York, of all the thirteen colonies,

stood in a peculiarly isolated political position toward England. The other twelve *owed* allegiance to the crown by right of Royal Charters; the province of New York, on the contrary, came under the rule that governed places acquired by conquest, as the Duke of York had captured it from the Dutch, and thus it consequently held a totally different relation to Great Britain.

"Many and varied had been the causes for the other colonial settlements, but the underlying principle usually had been religious liberty, or to obtain freedom from religious persecutions. Not so with New York. Trade was the primary motive of its first emigrants, who devoted themselves exclusively to traffic with the Indians, for they were of the Holland Fur Company.

"Oliver Wendell Holmes, on being asked when the education of a child should begin, replied: "A hundred years before he is born."

"Communities and commonwealths, like men," says another writer, 'have their childhood, which is the formative period. It is the first permanent settlers who impress themselves and their character on the future.'

"The English had found the Dutch in possession in 1664, and many chose to remain. In the subsequent hundred years, through business relations, friendships, and intermarriages, the Dutch had left the general outline of their character—industry, frugality, and an assiduous perseverance in the means of thriving—to the people of New York.

"The desire to avert the commercial disaster which seemed imminent caused its Assembly to send a *later* petition than did the other Provinces to the King, asking concessions, and claiming still to be his loyal subjects; straining thereby its friendly relations with the other colonial assemblies who were anxious to unite and oppose his authority.

"But, although New York talked moderation to the other provinces, it was by no means slow in punishing aggressions from the mother country, as was evidenced by their reception of the Stamp Act, and at the landing of the tea. There was certainly no lack

of patriotism, with the "Sons of Liberty" constantly on the alert, and here was held the first Congress of the Colonies.

"With the enemy in authority in their midst, they dared to reply to the order that they should send winter clothing for the British soldiery at Boston: 'We will never supply any article for the benefit of men who were sent as enemies to our country.'

"While the 'Sons of Liberty' kept the poorer classes supplied with fugitive sheets on which would be printed seditious extracts, or a topical patriotic song to keep the people informed of what dangers threatened their liberty, the solid men of New York—merchants and tradesman—were similarly supplied through the newspapers.

"A single specimen will suffice. It is an extract from the beginning, and part of the conclusion of an article which appeared September 5th, 1765, in the paper of the 'Sons of Liberty.' The *New York Gazette*—which, by the way, was the first newspaper printed in New York:

"On the 7th of February, 1765, died of a cruel STAMP on her vitals, Lady *N-th Am-can Liberty*. She was descended from the ancient and honorable family of the BULLS. Her father, John Bull, Esq., married her, agreeable to her own desires, to a worthy gentleman of noble blood, tho' of no large Fortune, whose name was *Tolerance*, and gave her in Dower a certain tract of uncultivated Land, which she called after her Name *N-th Am-ca*, which she with her Husband came and took Possession of, with this additional Grant, that she, her children and dependents should enjoy all the Liberties and Immunities of natural-born subjects of him, the said John Bull." The article continues: "Thus died the most amiable of women, the best Wife, the most dutiful Child, and the tenderest Mother. Happy for her Family she has left one Son, who was the Child of her Bosom and her only Hope. Him she often said she prophetically named *I-d-p-d-ce* (Independence), and on him the Hopes of all her disconsolate Servants are placed for relief under their Afflictions, when he shall come of Age."

"In consequence of these movements among the 'Sons of Liberty,' the populace was fully prepared to resort to any extremity which might be necessary to protect the rights of the people; and the Government was so far intimidated that no steps were taken either to stop the circulation of these publications, or to punish their authors."

By this time I was so overcome by the garrulity of my new, old friend, and his familiarity with modern writers, that I sat dumb in open-eyed astonishment. When he looked toward me, after reading the old, torn and yellow scraps of paper he had taken out from his cloak, he saw my amazement.

"You wonder," he said, "to hear me quote Dr. Holmes and others. That is easily explained. For years, while my *days* have been confined to the old Holland Chest in the library, my *nights* have been happily passed in reading. Do not interrupt me again," he added, in the querulous tone of old age, "you put me out."

"I was telling you of New York's last appeal to Great Britain. When this petition shared the fate of previous ones, and was ignored or rejected by the King and Parliament, from the most peaceful, New York became the most refractory city on the continent, and entered heart and soul into the Union with the Colonies. She had been the centre of much that had preceded the Declaration of Independence and was still more of what followed."

The bulk of American prisoners from the thirteen colonies was confined at New York. The horrors of their prisons on land or water no words can adequately depict. The prison ships were 'floating Golgothas.' No record of the names of any of the prisoners in the 'Scorpion,' 'John,' 'Strombolo,' 'Falmouth,' 'Hunter,' 'Prince of Wales,' and 'Transport' can be found, but on the prison ship 'Jersey' alone it is supposed that more men perished than ever died in any other place of confinement on the face of the earth in the same number of years. Yet when those patriots were persistently importuned by the British officers to purchase their freedom and

save their lives by enlisting in the army of the *King*, they exclaimed: 'Give us the prison ship and death, or Washington and Liberty.'

"Your grandfather was confined in the ship 'Jersey,' and how your blood would have boiled when hearing him tell of the misery he and his fellow prisoners endured. Those incarcerated numbered more than were killed in all the battles, both by sea and land. There is no time to tell the story of his escape, but I was with him when, in 1808, the 'Tammany Society,' with great ceremony, interred the bones of his comrades who could not survive the sickness and suffering endured."

"Over twelve thousand patriots perished. More than the Americans had in any engagement of the army excepting Yorktown, equal to the number of inhabitants left in New York at its Evacuation." Here the poor old cloak, as though overcome by its feelings, wrapped its folds closer, sobbed, and left me to continue its retrospection.

Whatever the military manœuvres elsewhere, toward New York during the war all eyes were turned to discern if possible the next movement of friend or foe. Here also may be said the Revolutionary War successfully terminated, for had not Washington while sending his own forces South, concentrated the attention of the British officers upon this point by throwing up entrenchments in New Jersey, thus making a feint to attack New York,—there possibly might not have been the surrender of Cornwallis or the creation of our United States.

In this city, as we know, Washington took leave of his army. Here was he inaugurated first President, and here was located the first Capitol of the United States.

Twenty-four hours would not suffice to recapitulate the notable events that would have made New York famous; to enumerate the honors it has received; or to predict its still more brilliant future. It is rightly named the Empire City! In the time allotted to me necessarily much has to be left unsaid, and we have reviewed only a decade of New York's existence. Mine has been principally a retrospect of its actions in the colonial struggle for

Independence. Enough glory, say you, for any city is compressed in that record? That is true. Enough honor for a city larger than the New York of *to-day* that reaches almost to Yonkers on the north and on the remaining sides refuses to be limited even by the deep waters. A city containing a population that when it goes home to sleep is ferried over to New Jersey, which for their accommodation causes dormitories, or villages and towns to spring up in every road and by-way; is bridged or ferried over to Long Island for the same purpose, or is rushed through the tunnel to find rest through Connecticut, or the smaller towns of New York State, within a radius of fifty miles. All these without counting the cliff dwellers in the many storied apartment houses or those who dwell on the solid ground, or those who burrow beneath it (the latter a city of workers almost as great as that which over-roofs it), who remain within the city *limits*. 1,810,000 inhabitants to-day against 12,000 living here on the first Evacuation Day.

But how many know the extent of this city at the time of its Evacuation.

A line passing from the Hudson River up Murray street across the Park, through Frankfort street to the East River, would include nearly all the compact part of the city, besides many vacant lots and houses. Fort George stood on the North, and barracks for the soldiers on the South end of the Battery. Where now stands the Tombs was then Collect Pond, which was in part surrounded by hills. A line of fortifications extended from the high ground on the East part of the city to Bunker Hill near Grand street, between the Bowery and Broadway, and Westward across Broadway to another eminence.

Fortifications were also erected further West of Broadway near the river on a line with Fourteenth street. All beyond was cleared fields.

Among the many blessings for which New York should be grateful, is that she has the honor to claim as her son through the service he tried to render to her the noble young man to whom the Sons of the Revolution pay tribute

to-day with patriotic fervor, and whose memory they desire to perpetuate. One of the truest heroes evolved by the great struggle for religious and political liberty; one who, though treated with contempt as a rebel, reviled not again, but firmly declined rank, wealth and life to be obtained at the cost of honor; one who died a martyr in his loyalty to his country's cause, and so cared not for the manner of his death, as did Andre, nor how long its agonies might endure, but who, when denied the attendance of a clergyman, jeered at by his executioners, and his farewell letter to his mother torn to atoms before his eyes, expiring said: "I am so satisfied with the cause in which I have engaged that my only regret is that I have not more lives than *one* to offer in its service." The Nation with New York honors Captain Nathan Hale.

It was my intention to take for my subject "Women of the Revolution," but refrained when told that that was the theme chosen by one of New York's famous silver tongued orators, who, if health had permitted, would be with us to-day.

Last year another able speaker while telling us of "Our Revolutionary Ancestors," gave some interesting details concerning the women of that period, and the annals of history preserve the names of many noble women who in those sad years of their nation's perils were not lacking in patriotism or unmindful of their country's welfare; but countless are the *unrecorded* acts of bravery of others who helped to win the fight, though "only as armor-bearers."

Those women who laid their all of love and life a cheerful sacrifice upon the altar of their Country's need, answering as did Jonathan's armor-bearer, "Do all that is in thine heart, turn thee, behold I am with thee according to thine heart," then stood and served faithfully to sustain the faltering ones; inspiring in all fresh courage by predicting light beyond the darkness of present defeat, saying, "It may be that the Lord will work for us; for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few," and then waited for the thrilling battle cry,

to pray "that the Lord save Israel this day!"

Ah, my friends, deeds of valor on the battle field, amid excitement and the roar of cannon, require no more bravery than does the patient, anxious waiting of loving hearts for news from the scene of carnage.

How great our indebtedness to their effectual fervent prayers; to their complete unselfishness, and to their silent deeds of heroism—all of which served to keep and preserve us a Nation—will never be fully known until the Great Field Day and Final Review when the Lord of Hosts shall marshal the faithful and reward them openly with everlasting honors and the royal robes of immortal life.

Then though :—

"Only an armor-bearer yet may they share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear;
For in the conflict to their trust so true
Theirs shall be the *honor* in the Grand Review."

The "Star Spangled Banner" was then sung (every voice joining heartily in the chorus), after which a Benediction pronounced by the Chaplain-General closed the exercises. An informal reception followed. These meetings of the National Society are events to be remembered, when regents, officers and members from the different States and towns gather together to commemorate an event that makes their hearts throb in unison with honest pride and pure patriotism; cordial greetings are exchanged, hand clasps hand in the truest fellowship and good will, for all have the same object and the same retrospect.

The fact that the cloak, of which Mrs. Lee had spoken, was worn by her on this occasion, gives if possible, added interest to her address.

Among the prominent Regents present were Mrs. William Lee, Regent of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; Miss Sarah B. Rogers, State Regent of Connecticut; Miss Adeline W. Torrey, State Regent of New Jersey; Mrs. G. W. Roche, State Regent of Maryland; Mrs. Abraham Steers, Regent of Colonial Chapter, New York City; Mrs. Chas. Francis Roe, Chapter Regent, New York City; Miss Carville, Regent of New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mrs. Wm. Torrey Baird, Regent

of Orange and South Orange, N. J.; Miss Wiley, Regent of East Orange, N. J.; Mrs. George Inness, Jr., Regent of Montclair, N. J.; Mrs. Charles L. Alden, Regent of Troy, N. Y.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The objects of the Society shall be to keep alive among its members and their descendants, and throughout the community, the patriotic spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence; to collect and secure for preservation the manuscript rolls, records, and other documents relating to the war of the American Revolution, and provide a place for their preservation and a fund for their purchase; to encourage historical research in relation to such Revolution, and to publish its results; to promote and assist in the proper celebration of prominent events relating to or connected with the War of the Revolution; to promote social intercourse and the feeling of fellowship among its members; "and provide a home for and furnish assistance to such as may be impoverished when it is in their power to do so."

ELIGIBILITY TO MEMBERSHIP.

Any woman above the age of eighteen years shall be eligible to membership in the "Daughters of the Revolution," who is a *lineal* descendant from an ancestor who as a military or naval or marine officer, soldier, sailor or marine in actual service under the authority of any of the Thirteen Colonies or States, or of the Continental Congress, and remaining always loyal to such authority, or a descendant of one who signed the Declaration of Independence, or of one who as a member of the Continental Congress or of the Congress of any of the Colonies or States, or as an official appointed by or under the authority of any such representative bodies actually assisting in the establishment of American Independence by service rendered during the War of the Revolution, becoming thereby liable to conviction of treason against the Government of Great Britain, but remaining always loyal to the authority of the Colonies or States, shall be eligible to membership in this Society.

GENERAL SOCIETY, DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Founder General—Mrs. Flora Adams Darling.

*

President—MRS. EDWARD PAULET STEERS, 2076 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Vice President—MRS. LOUISE F. ROWE.

Secretary General—MRS. D. PHOENIX INGRAHAM, 2052 Madison Ave., New York.

Assistant Secretary—MISS LUCRETIA V. STEERS.

Treasurer General—MRS. CHAUNCEY S. TRUAX, 780 Madison Ave., New York.

Registrar General—MRS. MARY C. MARTIN-CASEY.

Assistant Registrar—MRS. H. S. BEATTIE.

Historian General—MRS. LOUIS DE B. GALLISON.

Librarian General—MRS. LOUISE SCOFIELD DAVIS.

Chaplain General—REV. GEORGE R. VAN DE WATER, D.D.

MRS. WILLIAM LEE.

Acting Registrar General for the Society in the State of Massachusetts (New England Records).

Executive Committee, 1893.

MRS. ABRAHAM STEERS,

MRS. DE VOLNEY EVERETT,

MRS. HORATIO C. KING,

MRS. EDGAR KETCHUM,

MRS. H. P. MCGOWN, JR.,

MRS. CHARLES F. ROE,

MISS ADELINE W. TORREY,

MRS. CHARLES W. DAYTON,

MRS. HENRY A. WARREN,

MRS. A. F. RASINES,

MRS. SMITH ANDERSON,

MRS. J. HOOD WRIGHT,

MRS. CHAS. F. STONE,

MRS. GEORGE INNESS, JR.

**

GENERAL SOCIETY ROOMS,

64 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

*

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

All such service must be stated in application, accompanied by reference and proof, and each applicant must be endorsed by two members or two persons of acknowledged standing. No person shall endorse an application for membership unless the candidate is known to be worthy, and will, if admitted, be a desirable member.

Applications for membership in the "Daughters of the Revolution" must be made in duplicate upon the blanks issued by the "General Society," subscribed by the applicant, endorsed and acknowledged before a notary.

Applications and proofs shall be submitted to the Investigating Committee, who shall have full power to determine the qualifications of the applicant.

INITIATION FEE AND DUES.

The initiation fee shall be \$1.00, to be sent with the paper of application, *and its payment is a prerequisite of membership.* Each State Society can regulate the annual dues, but when no State Society exists, annual dues of \$2.00 shall be sent to the General Society Office, 64 Madison Avenue, New York City, on or before the first day of January in each year; also \$1.00 annually towards the maintenance of the Assembly Rooms and a fund for a permanent building. The Society is accumulating a fine Library, and the Museum of Relics has become very interesting. A Society building should be erected which will be the property of the whole Society. The Rooms at 64 Madison Avenue is the first step towards this, and are open to members at all times. Officers of the Society

are present on Tuesday afternoons from three until five o'clock for the reception of members and applicants for membership.

Life membership in this Society may be had on due application, by the payment of fifty (\$50) dollars, which shall be in full of all annual dues.

Blanks for bequests and endowments to the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution will be furnished on application.

REPORT OF SECRETARY-GENERAL.

I beg leave to report with pleasure the general satisfaction of the officers in the growth and welfare of the Society, as we look back over the work of the year just closing. The organization of the Society in the different States is going steadily forward, and our membership is increasing beyond our fondest hopes. Letters of congratulation and interest are received constantly, and we are encouraged in every way to pursue the strict lines upon which our Society is founded, and the high standard which we have attained, which is unapproached by any Society for women in the country. Daughters of the Revolution, I ask you, as a Society, to make this coming year a brilliant one in our history. Do not leave the work for others, work for the cause yourself. We all have a personal interest, let us make the future of the Society a personal matter as well.

F. ADELAIDE INGRAHAM,
Secretary-General.

REPORT OF REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

During the quarter ending 1st December, 1893, the descendants of the following named Officers, Statesman and Soldiers of the Revolutionary War have been made members of our Society:

Moses Long, whose services in the 9th Massachusetts, from 1778 to 1780, have given us three generations, beginning with his own daughter, still living at the ripe age of 90; her daughter, and her granddaughter, a bright maid of 18; the oldest and the youngest Daughters of our Society.

John Hicks, minute-man of Cambridge, Mass., who started out at that midnight cry of alarm preceeding the battle of Lexington—that a thousand of the troops of George the Third had gone forth to murder and destroy and that the dawning day must witness bloody carnage. He was shot through the heart while endeavoring to impede their march to Lexington, 19th April, 1775.

William Gould, private in Reading, Massachusetts, Militia.

Capt. Joel White, Connecticut Militia.

Lemuel White, private in Captain Jonathan Rudd's Company in Gen. Sullivan's Rhode Island Expedition, 1778, private in 7th Connecticut, Colonel Herman Swift's Regiment, 1780.

Jonathan Robinson, private, Sea Coast Defence, Penobscot Expedition, Captain Joseph Whipple's Company, December, 1775. Was in service in Captain William Pearson's Company, November, 1776.

Captain Samuel Rawson, who was killed at the massacre of Wyoming Valley, the record of which forms one of the darkest pages of our Revolutionary history.

Lieut. Nathaniel Goodspeed, 4th Regt. N. Y. Militia.

Thomas Marshall, private soldier of Connecticut.

Capt. and Major Samuel Philbrick, New Hampshire. The record shows almost continuous service from 1775 to 1780.

Capt. Richard Waters, whose services are recorded in the Maryland Continental line as 2d Lieut. 1st Maryland, 1st April, 1777; 1st Lieut. 2d May, 1778; Captain, 7th April, 1779; transferred to 3d Maryland, 1st January, 1781, retired 1st January 1783, also recorded as member of the Maryland Cincinnati.

William Scott, a private soldier of the Connecticut Continental line. The record of his service is from 11th May, 1775, to 6th July, 1779.

Ebenezer Burrill, private in Capt. Phineas Bradley's Company of Artillery Guards of Connecticut.

Thomas Banks, enlisted in Sheldon's Dragoons as private, 15th Jan. 1781; served to 1783.

Paul Potter, a private in Monmouth Co. Militia, New Jersey, has given us his daughter, granddaughter and two great-granddaughters.

Ensign Elias Blanchard, who served as private soldier in Connecticut in 1775 and in 1778. He is recorded as Ensign in the Continental Army in Rhode Island.

William Rexford, from Hartford, Conn., who served in the Lexington alarm, April, 1775.

Stephen Cantrell, who, in consideration of his services in the Continental Army in N. C., received 640 acres of land in Tennessee, has given the Society two new members.

Sergeant John Beers, of Connecticut, whose services are recorded from April, 1777, to July, 1781.

Adjutant William Denison of Eliott's Rhode Island State Artillery, from Dec. 1777 to October, 1777.

2d Lieut. Abram Hayatt, whose record of service in the N. Y. Continental line is from 1776 to January, 1781.

Elijah Halcomb, private soldier of Connecticut line, whose services were almost continuous with various changes of Company and Regiment, from May, 1775, to January, 1781.

Maj. Elias Buell, who entered the Continental Army in Connecticut, 20th June, 1776. Subsequently served in the Militia. Continued in service to June, 1778.

Asahel Gay, whose services are recorded as drummer in various companies in Connecticut from the Lexington alarm, 1775, to the close of the war.

Maj. Han Yost Shoemaker, of the 4th Battalion, Tryon County Militia.

James Arser, 2d Lieut., 28th August, 1776, Upper Philipsborough Company, Col. Joseph Drake's Westchester regiment; Captain, 16th June, 1778.

Corporal Eliphalet Smith, who entered the service as private in Capt. Woodbridge's Company, 22d Feb., 1777; was Corporal, 1780. Served to July, 1782.

Lieut.-Col. Samuel Safford who was Major of Col. Seth Warner's Regiment of Green Mountain Boys, 1775; Lieut.-Col. of the same July 5th, 1777. Retired from service Jan. 1781.

Major Benjamin Netherland of the

Virginia Militia, who served at the battle of Blue Licks, Kentucky County, Virginia.

MARY C. MARTIN-CASEY,
Registrar-General, D. R.

NEW JERSEY SOCIETY,

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE FALL MEETING AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

THE New Jersey State Society of the Daughters of the Revolution held their fall meeting Tuesday afternoon, October 31st, at the residence of Mrs. Robert Ward, Raymond Avenue, South Orange. Miss Adeline W. Torrey, State Regent, opened the meeting with the following words of greeting:

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION:

It is with great pleasure that I welcome you after our summer vacation. I sincerely trust that we return entering upon our work with true patriotism, insuring the future success of our New Jersey Society. Heretofore we have been on a friendly platform, our organization being too small to be otherwise.

To-day we start on a new basis, acting as a body of parliamentary women. New Jersey has always been a banner State. Let us march forward, bearing in mind our grand motto, "Liberty, Home and Country."

After Miss Torrey's address the election of officers took place. Mrs. George Hodenpyl, of Summit, was elected State Treasurer. Mrs. Charles H. Hannahs, of Chatham, was elected Registrar, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mrs. Edward P. Hamilton. Mrs. Louis D. Gallison resigned as State Historian to accept the office of Historian of the General Society.

There were present the full staff of New Jersey State Officers, also Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham, Secretary-General, Miss L. V. Steers, Assistant Secretary-General and about one hundred New Jersey members.

It is to be noted that on the list of New Jersey membership are two real daughters of the Revolution, Mrs.

Bailey Bartlett and Mrs. Mary T. Rogers.

The meeting was followed and enlivened by a five o'clock tea, which Mrs. Anna Ely Dawson helped the hostess to dispense, and the guests enjoyed all the more that the quaintly beautiful china and silver were real participants in, instead of lineal descendants from, revolutionary times.

ANNUAL REPORT, NEW JERSEY SOCIETY.

Only one year has passed since the State Regent of New Jersey, Miss Adeline W. Torrey, held her first meeting at South Orange to organize a New Jersey branch of the "Daughters of the Revolution." During this one year Miss Torrey has, through her great executive ability, chosen her executive officers and formed a society numbering, in application, one hundred.

She has organized Chapters in Tom's River, Summit, East Orange, Montclair, Orange and South Orange, and the reports of the Chapter Regents are very encouraging.

Miss Irons, of Tom's River, says, "Huddy Memorial" is taking an active interest in society affairs. This Chapter has one member whose father fought in the Revolution.

Mrs. George H. Hodenpyl, Regent of Summit, increases the list of Daughters by twenty names.

Mrs. Wm. Torrey Baird, Regent of Orange and South Orange, has daily inquiries in regard to the Society, and many applications for admittance.

Miss Sara King Wiley, Regent of East Orange, reports interest increasing, and has appointed Miss Treat as Secretary.

Mrs. George Inness, Jr., Chapter Regent of Montclair, holds monthly social meetings, where the causes and reasons which led to the Revolution are read and discussed, thus strengthening interest in the objects of the Society.

During the year 1893 the battles of Trenton and Princeton were celebrated January 5th, by a reception at the residence of Mrs. Robert Ward, South Orange.

An interesting business meeting was held February 16th at the home of Mrs. A. A. Brant, Tom's River, at which Professor Dillingham gave a most interesting address on "A Tom's River Patriot," and Mrs. Edward P. Steers, President-General, delivered an able address on "The Objects and aims of the Society."

April 5th an enjoyable meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Wm. F. Allen, South Orange, where Mrs. Louis DeB. Gallison read an interesting paper and Miss Gallison read a pamphlet from the "Sons of the Revolution."

Since our last annual report we have had sorrow in our midst, in the death of our estimable associate—our Registrar—Mrs. Edward P. Hamilton. She was executive and wise in her ability, and we cherish the memory of the virtues which adorned her useful life. A special meeting was called to pass resolutions in regard to Mrs. Hamilton's death, and the resolutions were sent to the bereaved family.

June 19th an interesting meeting was held at the residence of Miss Kate Irons, Regent of Tom's River, for the purpose of discussing the feasibility of raising a monument to Captain Huddy, and of becoming a historical Chapter.

June 28th the battle of Monmouth was celebrated in a most charming manner at "Roswell Manor," the home of Mrs. George Inness, Jr. A full account appeared in the October issue of the "MAGAZINE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION."

October 31st a memorable meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Robert Ward, South Orange. Mrs. Charles Hannahs, of Chatham, was elected State Registrar, and Mrs. Geo. H. Hodenpyl, of Summit, first State Treasurer.

A State constitution and by-laws proposed and prepared by Mrs. Louis D. Gallison were read, and an able paper was read by Mrs. Gallison upon Peter Bourdett.

November 7th the executive board met at the residence of Mrs. L. D. Gallison, Oakwood Avenue, Orange, to consider the constitution and make

amendments before presenting the same to the General Society.

Some of us recalled the sentence, "Happy the Nation that has no History," but we were made peaceful by the delicious tea served by Mrs. Gallison from silver that had reflected the form of George Washington.

We have not forgotten to report that while regretting the loss of our State Historian, Mrs. Gallison, we feel complimented that the General Society should have appreciated our New Jersey talent, and selected their Historian-General from our midst.

Our New Jersey branch has a museum of relics, the last gift being a historical plate, date 1775, presented by Mrs. Charles Hannahs. We hope the General Society will allow us to keep these mementos in our own little State. At the end of the year we congratulate our noble President upon the success of her New Jersey subjects; our State Regent upon her executive ability and her bright future prospects, and our associates upon their increasing patriotism.

MARY S. WARD,
State Secretary.

REPORT OF REGENT OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

STATE SOCIETY OFFICE, 10 MILK STREET,
BOSTON, December 8th, 1893.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL SOCIETY DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

MRS. EDWARD PAULET STEERS :

Madam President:—It affords me much gratification that the first report from this State Society should contain such interesting information not alone of importance to itself but to the General Society.

Numerous applications for membership have been made, and quite a number have been accepted, in the few months that Massachusetts has had a Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, while the interest continues steadily to increase. I will not monopolize with details the time and space that can be better occupied by the accompanying extracts from a personal letter received from the office of the Secretary of State (Massachusetts):

"Dear Mrs. Lee :

* * * The revolutionary records of Massachusetts far exceed in quantity and importance those of any other of the original colonies * and the State's collection of muster rolls, pay rolls, etc., form a very important part of the State archives. These rolls form a separate series apart from the archives proper, and are comprised in some sixty large volumes. There are in addition twenty-one volumes of individual pay accounts of the regular Continental regiments. These volumes, containing such valuable records of revolutionary service, have hitherto been only accessible for official proof of service performed by any given individual, by means of old and imperfect indices, to the number of nearly a score, each covering only a special group of volumes, or kind of service, and *all* requiring to be examined if a *complete record* of service was desired. We are happy to state that under the direction of the present Secretary of the Commonwealth, Hon. William M. Olin, who thoroughly appreciates the value of these records, a modern system of indexing has been introduced, and the delay and labor of investigation reduced to a minimum. A card record-index has been prepared covering the whole series of Revolutionary War Archives, with the addition of many scattered records of service not, heretofore accessible, some that has recently come into the possession of the State by purchase.

By the new arrangement each card covers a separate individual reference, and all the facts of service pertaining thereto, so that when all the cards that concern a given name are assembled all the facts regarding the person are immediately available, and this without any need of referring to the original volumes. * * *

Nearly 520,000 cards are already completed. * * * The first use to be made of the record-index is to furnish copy for the proposed publication of the records of Massachusetts† soldiers and sailors during the Revo-

* (Note by S. W. L. Merely because they comprise as well the early records of what was then all New England.)

† (Note, New England.)

lutionary War *which will be entered upon with the new year*, and pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. Pending the the issue of the printed volumes the new record-index will not be available to inquirers, but as the volumes are finished, the cards will be placed in files to remain permanently as an index to the record of service contained in Revolutionary War Archives of Massachusetts. * * * * I am very glad to be of service to you now, and at any time and remain.

Yours respectfully."

The above is indeed good news to those who have had occasion to refer to these original records. Documents, hardly legible through age and much use—or misuse—yellow, defaced and torn. "Your Society and the 'Sons of the Revolution' I notice are thorough in requiring references verified and positive proof; it is an incentive to continue our task, but others come here who are more easily satisfied," was a comment made to me in the Secretary's office.

Hoping this report will be satisfactory not only because the records are to be so much more available, but also because such an impression has been made at the State House of our exactness in accepting to membership only such as can *prove lineal* descent from a patriot. I am, Yours truly,

SARA WHITE-LEE,

Regent of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

REPORT OF COLONIAL CHAPTER.

NEW YORK CITY, December 1st, 1893.

The Colonial Chapter held its first fall meeting on October 11th, 1893. There was a full attendance and the meeting was opened by the following address from the Regent, Mrs. Abraham Steers :

"I am very proud to have the duty of welcoming the members of the Colonial Chapter at this the first meeting after the summer vacation. The career of the Chapter since its organization has been one of gratifying success, and I am sure the prospects for the coming year give earnest of its continuance.

"This success, it seems to me, has

been due fully as much to the harmony that has existed among the members, as to the activity which each one has displayed in carrying on the work of the Chapter.

"I welcome you, therefore, in the name of the common patriotism that binds us together, in the name of the success we have achieved in carrying on our work in the past, and in the name of that greater success which we intend to achieve in the future."

This Chapter—the initial one of the Order—has grown steadily since its formation, and is now one of the largest and most flourishing in the Society.

The meetings are well attended, at each of which many names of new candidates are offered for admission. The Chapter has a Charity Fund of several hundred dollars, which it hopes to increase, to render aid in deserving cases.

In ending my report, it is with pardonable pride, I trust, that I mention the fact that there are members of the Colonial Chapter whose ancestors shed their blood on the fields of Monmouth, Germantown, Cowpens and Kings Mountain. And it behooves each and every one of us to do everything in our power to further the interest of our Society.

HELEN B. READ,
Recording Secretary.

REPORT OF REGENT OF TROY, N. Y.

DECEMBER 9, 1893.

TO MRS. D. PHOENIX INGRAHAM, Secretary-General :

DEAR MADAME—I have only a short report to offer this quarter. The members are late returning home from the various summer resorts, and are busy preparing for the winter. We have had no formal meeting and shall defer it till after the holidays.

I regret exceedingly I have to report the death of Mrs. Helen Thompson, of Lansingburg. She had sent in her application papers, based on Nathaniel French's services, and was preparing others on Aaron Quimby's services in New Hampshire troops.

Miss Clara Wight has applied for membership through Peter Wight, who served in Massachusetts Militia, and also through Ebenezer Kingsbury, of Coventry, Conn.—a Civil Service. We have all had our interest in Nathan Hale reawakened, and I quote from the Wight Genealogy the following: "Rev. Addison Kingsbury, writes of his grandfather (the Ebenezer Kingsbury above), besides other facts, the following: 'Among his children was a daughter, Martha Edgerton Kingsbury, born in 1758, who was betrothed to Captain Nathan Hale, whom the British hanged as a spy.'" I report two new applicants for membership in the Society, who became such through their acquaintance with a Troy member.

Mrs. Henry I. Richmond of Little Compton, R. I., through Thomas Caldwell, who served in the Lexington Alarm from Ipswich.

Also Mrs. Lucien L. Sheddon of Plattsburg, N. Y., through John Alden of Needham, Mass., who served in Col. Nixon's Regiment and Capt. Timothy Whiting's Company.

Mrs. Alden J. Bennett of Virginia City, Montana, has sent in supplemental applications for services rendered by Lieutenant and Private Zophar Wickes, who served in Dutchess County Militia, and also in Massachusetts militia.

Very respectfully,
MARY LANGFORD TAYLOR ALDEN,
(MRS. CHAS. L. ALDEN),
Regent Troy Chapter.

It was with sincere regret that the officers of the General Society of the Daughters of the Revolution realized that the celebration of the Evacuation of New York by the British, arranged by and to be held by them on the afternoon of the anniversary of that momentous event, would prevent their acceptance of the cordial invitation from the Sons of the Revolution to attend their celebration of the same event by the unveiling of the beautiful Nathan Hale Statue in City Hall Park and the attendant ceremonies in the Governor's Room, and wishing to express appreciation of the courtesy shown them as well as honor and re-

spect for the memory of the martyred hero, they sent a wreath of laurel tied with the colors of the society "buff and blue," as fitting tribute.

The following letter of acknowledgment testifies to an unmerited appreciation of the act.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
56 Wall Street, New York,
Nov. 27th, 1893

MRS. ADELAIDE INGRAHAM,
Secretary-General.

My Dear Madam:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your valued favor of the 24th inst. The "Tribute" arrived in good order and was allotted the place of honor in the procession from the City Hall to the Statue, on which it was placed, and it elicited the admiration of all. Pray permit me in the name of the Society to express our sincere appreciation of the kind thought that prompted the gift. Our only regret was that you and your Society were prevented from joining with us in the ceremonies of the day. Believe me

Very sincerely yours,
JAMES MORTIMER MONTGOMERY,
Secretary.

As the Historian-General—in conjunction with the Registrar-General—is now preparing for publication a complete membership roll of this Society (Daughters of the Revolution), it is requested that members will, with the least possible delay, send names of ancestors, account of services rendered and dates pertaining to the same, for use in this important branch of the work.

Regents and members are asked to note the following lines copied from Section 9 of the By-Laws of the Society: Duties of the Historian: "She shall prepare for publication such addresses, essays and papers as the Secretary may be required to publish," and to send all matter for publication—either historical or otherwise—to the Secretary-General.

MRS. D. PHENIX INGRAHAM,
64 Madison Avenue,
New York City.

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES OF THE REVOLUTION.

At the request of the President of our Society, I have compiled the following list of battles and skirmishes of the Revolution. It will be continued from time to time, and include all notable events pertaining to that momentous period. It is for the convenience of the various State Societies and Chapters, to aid them in arranging celebrations to perpetuate the memory of the Revolutionary deeds done in their respective localities, if within the boundaries of the thirteen original States—and for those in other States desiring to keep alive the memories of the heroic deeds in which their ancestors participated.

These battles and skirmishes do not represent victories always, in fact victories were few and far between; but every battle and every skirmish represents in greater or lesser degree a struggle for "Liberty, Home and Country."

There were many dark days in that seven years' struggle—days which lengthened into months, months which seemed to point to despair, and to the utter annihilation of all hope of freedom from the English yoke. Yet those are the days, those the conflicts, which should be venerated by our "Daughters," for they exemplified that American pluck which is at its best when hardest pressed.

The *victories* have been extolled in prose and verse, celebrations, though fitting, cannot add to their glory. The defeats—like the thrice heated furnace that turns out the refined metal—tempered the spirits of our ancestors for the final struggle, and appeal to their descendants for resurrection from that oblivion into which they have fallen.

MARY C. MARTIN CASEY

Registrar-General Daughters of the Revolution.

NEW YORK.

10th May, 1775, Ticonderoga.
12th May, 1775, Crown Point.
22d to 23rd August, 1776, Flatbush,
Long Island.
27th August, 1776, Long Island
(Brooklyn.)

28th August, 1776, Jamaica, Long Island.
16th September, 1776, Harlem Heights-
24th September, 1776, Montrosser's Island.
11th October, 1776, Valcour Island.
13th October, 1776, Lake Champlain.
18th October, 1776, Pelham Manor,
New Rochelle.
21st October, 1776, Mamaronec.
28th October, 1776, White Plains.
8th November, 1776, Mount Washington.
16th November, 1776, Fort Washington.
16th November, 1776, Fort Tryon.
16th November, 1776, Fort George.
16th November, 1776, Harlem Cove
(Manhattanville.)
16th November, 1776, Cock Hill Fort.
17th January, 1777, King's Bridge.
25th January, 1777, West Farms.
16th March, 1777, Ward's House, West
Chester Co.
22d March, 1777, Peekskill.
24th March, 1777, Highlands.
23rd May, 1777, Sag Harbor.
16th June, 1777, Crown Point.
6th July, 1777, Crown Point, evacuated
by the United States Troops.
7th July, 1777, Skenesborough.
8th July, 1777, Fort Anne.
2d August, 1777, Moses Kill.
4th to 22d August, 1777, Fort Schuyler
(Fort Stanwix.)
6th August, 1777, Oriskany.
21st to 22d August, 1777, Staten Island.
18th September, 1777, Lake George.
19th September, 1777, Bemus Heights.
19th September, 1777, Stillwater (Freeman's Farms.)
6th October, 1777, Forts Clinton and
Montgomery.
7th October, 1777, Stillwater.
7th to 17th October, 1777, Saratoga.
13th October, 1777, Esopus.
13th October, 1777, Kingston.
17th October, 1777, Saratoga (Surrender of Burgoyne.)
10th December, 1777, Long Island.
1st June, 1778, Cobleskill.
31st August, 1778, Indian Field and
Bridge.
16th September, 1778, Westchester.

28th September, 1778, Tappan.
 10th November, 1778, Cherry Valley.
 25th December, 1778, Young's House.
 20th April, 1779, Onondagas.
 1st June, 1779, Stony Point (Verplanck's Point.)
 2d July, 1779, Poundridge.
 2d July, 1779, Bedford.
 16th July, 1779, Stony Point.
 22d July, 1779, Minisink.
 5th August, 1779, Morrisania.
 30th August, 1779, Tarrytown.
 5th September, 1779, Lloyd's Neck.
 14th September, 1779, Genesee.
 7th November, 1779, Jeffers's Neck.
 18th January, 1780, East Chester.
 3d February, 1780, Young's House (Four Corners.)
 22d May, 1780, Caughnawaga.
 22d May, 1780, Johnston.
 2d August, 1780, Mohawk Valley (Fort Plain.
 11th October, 1780, Fort George.
 15th October, 1780, Middleburg.
 17th October, 1780, Schoharie.
 19th October, 1780, Fort Keyser (Palatine or Stone Arabia.)
 21st October, 1789, Klock's Field.
 23d October, 1780, Kannassoraga.
 29th October, 1780, German Flats.
 20th January, 1781, Morrisania.
 3d July, 1781, King's Bridge.
 9th July, 1781, Currytown.
 15th July, 1781, Tarrytown.
 22d August, 1781, Warwarsing.
 10th October, 1781, Threadwell's Neck.
 16th October, 1781, Johnson Hall (Johnstown.)
 30th October, 1781, Jerseyfield (West Canada Creek.)
 4th March, 1782, Morrisania.
 25th November, 1783, Evacuation of New York by the British.

NEW JERSEY.

18th November, 1776, Fort Lee.
 1st December, 1776, Brunswick.
 17th December, 1776, Springfield.
 26th December, 1776, Trenton.
 2d January, 1777, Trenton.
 3d January, 1777, Princeton.
 20th January, 1777, Somerset, C. N. (Mills Stone.)
 8th March, 1777, Amboy (Punk Hill).
 13th April, 1777, Boundbrook.
 19th April, 1777, Woodbridge.
 8th May, 1777, Piscataway.

17th June, 1777, Milestone.
 26th June, 1777, Short Hills.
 22d October, 1777, Fort Mercer (Red Bank).
 18th March, 1778, Quintan's Bridge.
 21st March, 1778, Hancock's Bridge.
 8th May, 1778, Bordentown.
 28th June, 1778, Monmouth (Freehold C. H).
 6th October, 1778, Chestnut Creek.
 15th October, 1778, Mincock Island (Egg Harbor).
 27th April, 1779, Middletown.
 18th July, 1779, Jersey City.
 19th August, 1779, Paulus Hook (Weehawken).
 26th October, 1779, Brunswick.
 25th January, 1780, Elizabethtown.
 25th January, 1780, Newark.
 15th April, 1780, New Bridge.
 16th April, 1780, Paramus.
 6th June, 1780, Elizabethtown.
 7th to 23d June, 1780, Connecticut Farms.
 23d June, 1780, Springfield.
 19th July, 1780, Block House, Tom's River (Bergen).
 21st July, 1780, Bull's Ferry.
 26th June, 1781, Rahway Meadow.

CONNECTICUT.

30th September, 1775, Stonington.
 25th to 27th April, 1777, Danbury Raid.
 27th April, 1777, Crompo Hill.
 26th February, 1779, Horseneck.
 26th March, 1779, West Greenwich.
 19th June, 1779, Greenwich.
 5th July, 1779, New Haven.
 8th July, 1779, Fairfield.
 12th July, 1779, Norwalk.
 9th December, 1780, Horseneck.
 1st September, 1781, West Haven.
 6th September, 1781, New London.
 6th September, 1781, Fort Griswold (Groton Hill).

MASSACHUSETTS.

19th April, 1775, Lexington.
 18th April, 1775, Concord.
 5th May, 1775, Martha's Vineyard.
 12th May, 1775, Grape Island.
 27th May, 1775, Noddles Island (East Boston).
 27th May, 1775, Hogg Island.
 17th June, 1775, Bunker Hill (Breed's Hill).

17th June, 1775, to 17th March, 1776,
 Siege of Boston.
 8th July, 1775, Roxbury.
 13th August, 1775, Gloucester.
 9th November, 1775, Phipps' Farm.
 8th January, 1776, Charlestown.

14th February, 1776, Dorchester Neck.
 4th March, 1776, Dorchester Heights.
 8th March, 1776, Nooks Hill.
 17th March, 1776, Boston evacuated by
 the British.

NOTES, QUERIES AND INFORMATION.

THE Magazine of "The Daughters of the Revolution" commences yearly with the January number, and is issued quarterly. Officers and contributors are desired to send their genealogical and society reports, contributions, etc., etc., at least, one month in advance of publication, and without waiting for other notification.

It is unnecessary to mention that the writing must be as legible as possible, and on one side only of the paper, but we do request that the manuscript be carefully examined before sending, to make quite sure that the names, dates and facts are correct and properly placed.

The Magazine of "The Daughters of the Revolution" is the official organ of the General Society. Each member should subscribe, as it contains genealogies, reports from State Societies and Chapters, and other matter of great importance to members.

The management finding it impossible to comply with the request to have in this magazine a "household

department," it being impossible to spare either time or space for such matters, our objects being purely Historical and Revolutionary. We cordially recommend to our patrons, the Ladies' Home Journal for all such information. Address 421-427 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa. Under the head of "Notes, Queries and information," questions upon any subject are always cheerfully and carefully answered.—ED

The Insignia of the Daughters of the Revolution consists of a badge in gold and blue enamel (the design is a reproduction of the seal), and is furnished to members only; upon payment of \$10.00, accompanied by an order from the Secretary-General—a buff and blue button (price 30 cents) can be obtained upon application to the Treasurer-General.

The Ancestral Register begun in the October, 1893, number of this magazine is unavoidably suspended for this (January, 1894,) but will be continued in the next and I trust in each following issue.—HISTORIAN-GENERAL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Edited by MRS. H. S. BEATTIE.

OUR COLONIAL HOMES, by Samuel Adams Drake, accompanied with beautiful illustrations. The author of this book presents to us, with the method of the student of history and the skill of the artistic delineator of character, the homes and sketches of the lives of Americans who were revered for their devotion to their country. Among the persons referred

to are John Hancock, Gov. Craddock, Paul Revere, Edward Everett, John Howard Payne, the Quinceys, Adamses, Minots, Olivers, and others. Among houses described are the ancient church at Hingham, Mass., the Witch House, in Salem, the Wayside Inn, in Sudbury, the Old Indian House at Deerfield, and the Old Stone House at Guilford, Conn. The book is beauti-

fully bound in red cloth, full gilt, illustrated by twenty large half-tone engravings. (Lee & Shepard: Boston.)

THROUGH COLONIAL DOORWAYS, by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, will be especially welcome to the Daughters of the Revolution. It presents in a charming manner society as it existed at the time of the Revolution. Interest in Colonial and Revolutionary times has become a marked feature of to-day. We have been reading so much that is purely historical—records of Congresses, battles, etc.—that the presentation of a work which gives some insight into the social and domestic life of that time is received with great satisfaction. The book is printed on heavy calendar paper and beautifully bound in buff and white cloth, in genuine colonial style. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.: Philadelphia.)

I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS, by Irene A. Jerome. The text of the dozen cardboard pages of this book consists of sentences from Scripture and selections from R. W. Emerson, Helen Hunt Jackson, John A. Chadwick, Paul H. Hayne, Charles Kingsley and others. They all relate to some quality of genuine friendship. The text is engraved in Old English, each page illuminated, in missal style, in gold and color, the designs being variations of the pansy, in the rich coloring of nature. The book is a fine specimen of the skill attained by the artist and printer of the present day. (Lee & Shepard: Boston.)

RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The Ancient Mariner is one of the chef d'œuvres of English poetry, and possesses a peculiar fascination to lovers of the weird and supernatural. This edition of it, with its masterly illustrations by J. Noel Paton, being twenty full page drawings, will serve as a souvenir of intellectual and artistic worth.

PERIWINKLE, by Mrs. Julia C. R. Door. Mrs. Door's beautiful pastoral poem is illustrated by her daughter, Mrs. Zulma DeLacy Steele, with thirty-six charcoal drawings and vignettes, reproduced in half-tones. They

are charming New England landscapes. (Lee & Shepard: Boston.)

FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET, by Curtis Guild. A collection of poems treating of all phases of life from youth to old age. The work is admirably illustrated by wood engravings by Copeland, the conceptions being original, appropriate and thoroughly artistic. (Lee & Shepard: Boston.)

A SPINSTER'S LEAFLETS, wherein is written the history of her door-step baby, a fancy which in time became a fact and changed a life, by Alyn Yates Keith. A simple story of the life of a lonely woman, full of sparkling gems of thought. The quaintness and delicacy of expression is peculiarly fascinating. The illustrations are artistic and entirely in harmony with the text. (Lee & Shepard: Boston.)

THE CURB OF HONOR, by M. Betham Edwards. A story of the Pyrenees that will be appreciated by all who enjoy clean, high-toned fiction. The movement of the plot affords glimpses of the peculiar life of the French-Spanish peasants that is very entertaining. (Anglo-American Publishing Co.: New York.)

GOSSIP OF THE CARRIBEES, by William R. H. Trowbridge, Jr. This very tasteful volume contains sketches of Anglo-West Indian life. The reader is well compensated by information derived as to the habits, life and character of a country of which but little has been written. (Tait, Sons & Co.: New York.)

JOSEPH ZALMONAH, by Edward King. In this story the suffering and privations of the cloak-makers, under the "sweater" system in New York, and the inhumanity of the "sweaters" is depicted with such skill that interest is sustained to the last page of the book. The story is a sad one, full of hunger, dirt and anxiety. A careful reading of it will have a most wholesome effect. (Lee & Shepard: Boston.)

LARRY, by Amanda M. Douglas. This story received a prize of \$2,000 offered by *Youths' Companion* for the best juvenile story submitted for 1893. It will render much encouragement to those interested in charitable work for chil-

dren. The child, by the death of both parents, fell into the hands of the Children's Aid Society of New York, which sent him to a farming community in the West. His loyalty to the lady who adopted him and gave him a liberal education, when his rich relatives, having heard of his good fortune, wish to claim him, is presented in a touching way, and is a powerful illustration of the value of kindness and human sympathy judiciously bestowed. (Lee & Shepard: Boston.)

MRS. CLIFT-CROSBY'S NIECE, by Ella Childs Hurlbut. A story of fashionable life in New York well told. The style is easy and graceful and the tone of the book good, for it presents the pleasures to be derived from, and the temptations to be avoided in fashionable life, in a forcible and attractive manner. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons: New York.)

FACTS AND FICTIONS OF LIFE, by Helen H. Gardener. This is a compilation, in book form, of lectures delivered by Mrs. Gardener before the World's Congress of Representative Women, together with magazine articles written for *The Arena*, *The Forum*, and *Harper's Monthly*. The names of a few of the subjects discussed will illustrate the scope of the book: "Woman as an Annex," "The Moral Responsibility of Woman in Heredity," "Heredity in its Relation to a Double Standard of Morals," "A Day in Court," "Common Sense in Surgery" and the famous article "Sex in Brain" written for the *Popular Science Monthly*, in reply to an article by Dr. Hammond, and which made Mrs. Gardener famous. No true woman can read "Facts and Fictions of Life" without feeling proud of the author. (Charles H. Kerr & Co.: Chicago, Ill.)

NOT ANGELS QUITE, by Nathan Haskell Dole. Under this title the author has produced a novel thoroughly readable and entertaining. The scene is laid in Boston and the story deals with two couples who, though engaged, are unfortunately not congenially mated. In describing the meanderings of these young persons, the reader is amused with glimpses of many of the

social institutions and fads of the Hub. (Lee & Shepard: Boston.)

AMERICANS ABROAD by One of Them. Is one of the most popular books of the season. It is thoroughly American, and is written with a frankness that has the imprint of truth. The author, an American, who has lived in Europe, occupied there a position which gave him an entrée into the society he describes, and enabled him to write from personal experience of facts within his own knowledge. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons.)

THE SOUL OF THE BISHOP, by John Strange Winter. In these days of theological discussion a work of a religious nature from the pen of Mrs. Stannard cannot fail to attract attention. The interest of the story hangs on the struggles of two lovers, who are passionately enamored of each other, in trying to reconcile their differences on questions of doctrine with their mutual affection. The work does not enter very deeply into theological discussion, but the questions asked are pertinent, and the interest is well sustained. It furnishes, in a strong and direct way, another to the rapidly accumulating evidences of the necessity of revising the creeds of our churches.

INFORMATION FOR AUTHORS, by Eleanor Kirk Ames, contains hints and suggestions concerning all kinds of literary work, composition, preparation of manuscript, proof reading, relations of author to publisher, copyright, etc., knowledge that is invaluable to a beginner, and which Mrs. Ames' own experience enables her to impart with the assurance that it is correct.

PERIODICALS THAT PAY CONTRIBUTORS, by the same lady, is a very complete list of newspapers and magazines of the United States that pay contributors, what kind of articles are most acceptable, length of article desired, and the name of the person to be addressed on each paper. It is apparent at a glance that a person having a desire for literary work can, by first reading "Information for Authors," and then consulting "Periodicals That Pay Contributors," start on a literary

career, fully equipped with indispensable knowledge that had hitherto been inaccessible.

Mrs. Ames has also just published a pamphlet that will be a comfort to many a seeker after truth. It is the result of her own long and painful struggle, and is dedicated to "Those who in spiritual things would run before they walk, walk before they stand and strive to stand without foundation." The name of this little work, "The Bottom Plank of Mental Healing," indicates its character. Taking as a basis the "Bottom Plank" "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness and all things shall be added unto you," Mrs. Ames elaborates her theory, which is like everything from her, full of common sense, and entirely free from cant and narrowness of creeds. (Eleanor Kirk Ames: Brooklyn.)

BLACK, WHITE AND GRAY, by Amy Welton, is a story of the life of three kittens that will delight both young and old. They are placed when very young in homes of entirely different character, and the effect of their environment upon their development is a useful lesson to all. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons.)

OUT OF REACH, by Esme Stuart, is a story especially adapted for girls. The author has a well-earned reputation as a writer of juvenile books, and this is sure to meet with the success attained by her former works. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons.)

THE LOST TRADER, by Henry Frith, is full of thrilling adventure so dear to the boyish heart. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons.)

THIRD HAND HIGH, by W. N. Murdock. The title of this book does not, in any sense, indicate the character of its contents. The story is a very strong and entertaining one, written with a purpose. The plot is ingenious, the treatment of it original. (Lee and Shepard: Boston.)

AT THE RISING OF THE MOON, by Frank Mathew. Lovers of Irish stories will find much entertainment in this book, written by a relative of Father Mathew of temperance fame. It is full of the alternations of pathos and wit which make all true portrayals of Irish life and character so fascinating. (Tait Sons & Co.: New York.)

THE LARGER LIFE, by Henry Austin Adams. This compilation of eight sermons, is the reply of Father Adams, formerly rector of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, Buffalo, and of the Church of the Redeemer, New York City, to the criticisms made upon his becoming a Catholic. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons: New York.)

ALL AROUND THE YEAR. This calendar, issued annually by Lee and Shepard, is always useful. Hanging by a silvery chain, with dainty white cord and tassels, it is very attractive. It is printed on heavy card board, a leaf for each month, ornamented with quaint juvenile pictures, printed in color and containing verses suitable to the season.

THE YEAR BOOK FOR 1893 OF THE NEW YORK STATE SOCIETY OF SONS OF THE REVOLUTION is out, and through the courtesy of the secretary, Mr. James W. Montgomery, the library of the Daughters of the Revolution is enriched by a copy. The book is a broad, thick quarto. The buff and blue of the cover, the fine engravings, and the artistic arrangement and printing appeal to the eye as well as to the mind; while the compilation and careful historical research, make it invaluable to a student of family history and genealogical facts.

Books, magazines and publications desiring review or notice, and all communications, may be sent to the address of this magazine, 64 Madison Avenue.



EVACUATION DAY.

CEREMONIES attending the *Dedication of the Statue* erected to the memory of *Captain Nathan Hale*, of the Regular Army of the United States, by the *Sons of the Revolution* of the State of New York, in the *City Hall Park*, New York City, November 25th, 1893.

Order of Parade.—From Fraunce's Tavern to City Hall. Platoon of police—First U. S. Artillery Band—U. S. Battalion of Engineers—10 Batteries of First U. S. Artillery—2 Batteries of 2d U. S. Artillery—Company A, 6th U. S. Infantry—Old Guard—Naval Brigade, 1st Battalion U. S. Marines—2d Battalion U. S. Seamen—3d Battalion U. S. Seamen—Seventh Regiment Band—President and Officers of the New York Society Sons of the Revolution—Officers of the General Society—Special representation from the Society of the Cincinnati, 1783—Society of the War of 1812—1826—Aztec Society of the Mexican War, 1847—Military Order of the Loyal Legion, 1865—Delegations from other State Societies—Washington Continental Guard—Sons of the Revolution, New York City.

Order of line from Governor's Rooms to Statue was as follows: His Honor the Mayor and escort, Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. A., and escort, the President of the Board of Aldermen and escort, the Park Commissioners and escort, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., and escort, the Unveiling Party and escort, Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D., D.C.L., and escort, Colonial Dames of America and escort, Daughters of the Revolution and escort, Colonial Dames of the State of New York and escort,

the Art Commission and escort, the New York Historical Society and escort, the Representatives of the Press and escort, and Invited Guests and escort.

Reception Committees were as follows: To receive His Honor the Mayor: James B. Metcalf, George Norman Gardiner; To receive Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. A.: Hon. James T. Kilbreth; To receive Edward Everett Hale, D.D.: Charles H. Woodruff; To receive Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D., D.C.L.: Rev. George Stuart Baker; To receive the Colonial Dames of America: Frederick Clarkson, Henry Prescott Hatch; To receive the Daughters of the Revolution: Walter S. Baldwin, A. R. Thompson, Jr.; To receive the Colonial Dames of the State of New York: George H. Coutts, J. Bleecker Miller; To receive the Park Commissioners: John G. Floyd, Bradish Johnson, J. T. Van Rensselaer; To receive The Art Commission: John G. Marshall, James Henry Morgan; To receive The New York Historical Society: Thomas Edward Vermilye Smith; To Receive the Representatives of the Press: Frederick H. Brooks, John Hone, George W. Olney; General Committee to receive Invited Guests: David Banks, Jr., Frederick A. Guild, Edgar Underhill, Robert D.

William, Jacob Cox Parsons, William Bryan Vernon, Talbot Olyphant, Chairman.

Celebrating Evacuation Day, the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the departure of the British troops from the independent United States, the Sons of the Revolution unveiled in City Hall Park, and presented to the city of New York, a bronze statue of Captain Nathan Hale, the young patriot whose life was sacrificed 117 years ago for the cause of his country's freedom.

Of heroic size, the statue rests on a drum-like base and looks out on Broadway from the Southwest corner of the park. Thousands admired it, and seemed to find in the sculptor's execution of his idea the strongest possible lesson in patriotism. Every line of the figure seemed to speak the sad story of the youthful hero, and the cord-bound ankles and pinioned arms, the placid, fearless countenance and the defiant poise of the head told better than voice or pen the story of the patriot's sacrifice.

Cordelia Montgomery, the pretty 6-year-old daughter of James Mortimer Montgomery, pulled the cord which released the heroic figure from the Stars and Stripes which enfolded it. Thousands of throats sent out a mighty chorus of hurrahs, bands blazed the favorite anthems of the nation, and as the last fold fell over the wreath of laurel—presented by the Daughters of the Revolution—resting against the polished base, a salute of 13 guns, fired by Light Battery K, United States Artillery, seemed to shake the city to its foundations.

The historic park was alive with exuberant patriotism. The scene was a most picturesque one. Over the City Hall the flags of the State and nation and long streamers of small flags floated gayly in a bracing breeze. Facing the statue was a long platform and tiers of seats all decked with the colors of the flag. There were men with names their ancestors had written in the nation's history and there were fair women who boast their descent from the patriots of the Revolution.

On three sides of the park were the

soldiers, relieving by the brightness of their arms and uniforms the somber picture of a sunless day. Most of them were of the regular army, parading by permission of Major General O. O. Howard, commanding the Department of the East. The gallant Old Guard, in all the majesty of huge shakos, brilliant uniforms and flashing accoutrements, showed their veteran training. There were also three battalions of marines from the United States ships New York, Machias and Miantonomoh.

They had paraded up Broadway from Fraunce's historic tavern in Broad street, accompanied by numerous civic societies, and had fallen gracefully into the places which had been set apart for them. From the City Hall came Mayor Gilroy and the guests of the day, who had met in the Governor's room and placed themselves in the hands of committees.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale of Boston, the great-grand-nephew of the martyred patriot, was a conspicuous figure in this group of guests from the City Hall. There were besides him visiting delegations of Sons of the Revolution from Boston, Hartford, Philadelphia and Washington.

The exercises began with a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, after which William Gaston Hamilton presented the statue to the Society of the Sons of the Revolution. President Tallmage accepted it on behalf of the society, and then, turning to Mayor Gilroy, presented it to the City of New York in these words:

"Mayor Gilroy: Thirteen hundred Sons of the Revolution ask your acceptance, in behalf of the City of New York, of the statue of Captain Nathan Hale. He stands with his back toward the courts of justice—that justice denied him in the closing moments of his life. His face, turned to the multitude that passes this spot every day, will cause them to pause awhile and ask why one who regretted that he had but one life to lose for his country, should live in the hearts of his countrymen for 117 years. Here let his statue stand as long as his native hills shall defy the blasts of win-

ter, or bloom with the flowers of spring."

In accepting the statue Mayor Gilroy said that it was eminently fitting that the monument to Hale, breathing as it did patriotism and love of country, should be erected within a pistol shot of where he gave up his life, and he assured the Sons of the Revolution that the city of New York would ever regard the statue as one of its choicest possessions, and one of its most venerated treasures.

Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Hale and Major-General O. O. Howard.

Earlier in the day five tablets were unveiled in as many sections of the city. Each one marks some historic spot associated with the Revolution.

A VERY pleasant custom has obtained with the New York Society of the Sons of the Revolution, which is to finish the patriotic exercises of the day with an elaborate dinner at Delmonico's; the custom was followed, on this occasion, in its entirety, and was, as usual, enlivened with patriotic music, responses to toasts, and speeches by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., and the Hon. Charles W. Dayton. The editor greatly regrets that limited space makes it impossible to print these eloquent addresses in full, but gives a few extracts from that of the Rev. Dr. Hale: "There are not many occasions in a century when men meet together, as we have met together, to do honor to any martyr who died a hundred years before. Among those few occasions, do you remember one, excepting this, where he who was so honored was a stripling scarce of age? Boys, younger than he, and as brave as he, have died in battle. Let us remember them and honor them." . . . "But we single

him out. He is the great example, that a man is never too young to live for his country or to die for it. As throngs upon throngs of men every hour sweep up and down the great Broadway of this city," . . . "this figure of bronze, though the feet be fixed and the hands be manacled, shall speak in every minute to every man of them. With still lips, it shall say to them that every man of them is here to live for his country, and, if need be, to die for her." . . . "One does not wonder that the Connecticut Rangers disappear from history. It is easy to see why. I suppose it to have been at a meeting of the commissioned officers of this corps that Washington's message was read, asking if any one would volunteer for that perilous service in which Hale engaged. You know that a dead silence settled on the company. Every man of them would be glad to die in battle, but who would face the ignominy which this man endured? That dead silence was broken only when Hale undertook this duty."

* * * * *

Alluding further to the extreme youth of many of the heroes of that time, Dr. Hale continued: "It is one of those young men, who, dying at twenty-one for his country, leaves as his only word of regret his sorrow that he has but one life to give for her." . . . "God grant that such may always be the response when the country calls upon young men."

"I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track
In every nobler mood,
We feel the orient of their spirit glow.
Part of our live's unalterable good
Of all our saintlier aspiration!

They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore and with the rays
Of morn on their white shields of Expectation."



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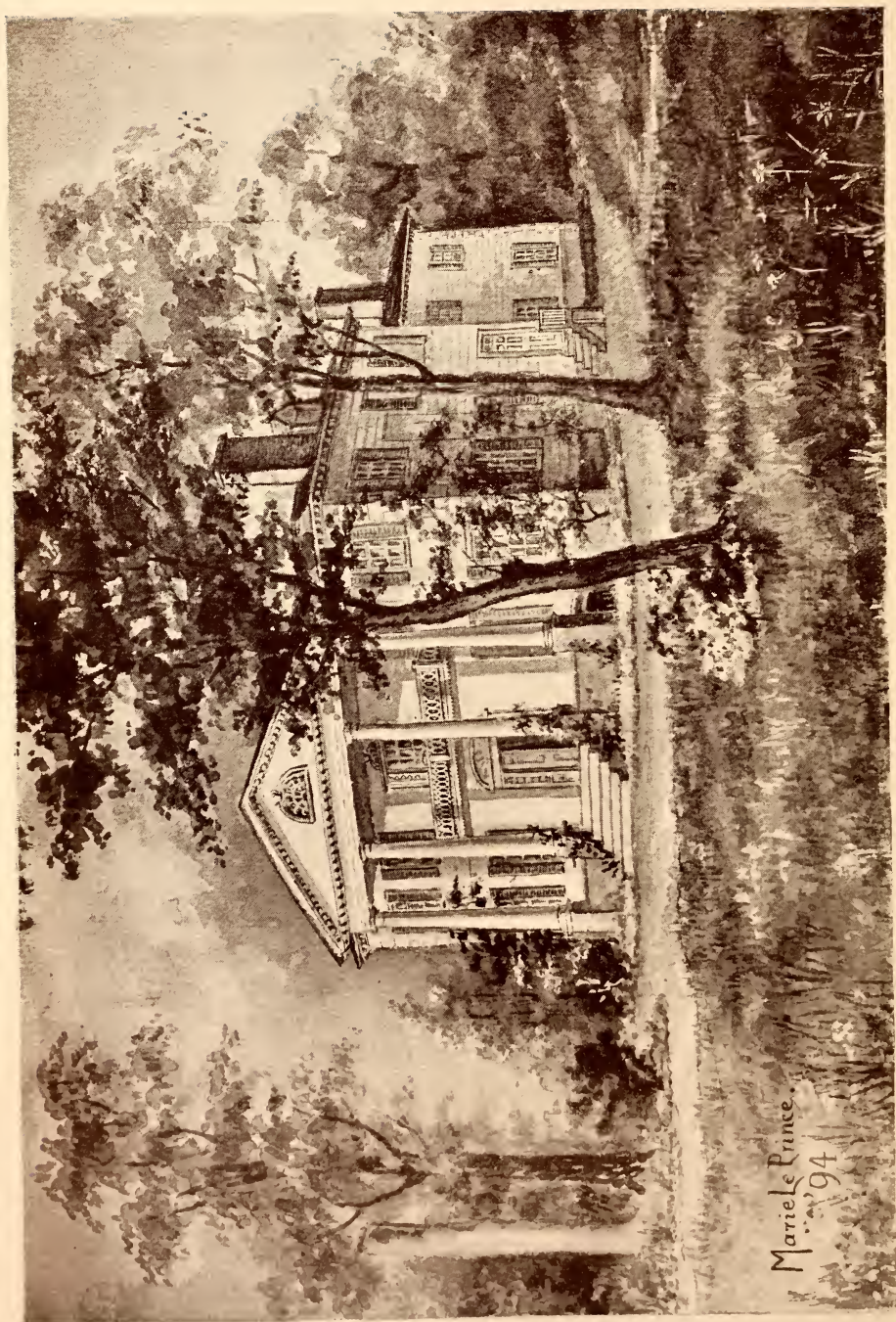
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THE JUMEL MANSION.
Erected 1758.

MAGAZINE

OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1894.

No. 2.

THE JUMEL MANSION.

THIS fine old house, teeming with historic memories, will soon become the point of interest along New York's new Speedway.

Why should not the Daughters of the Revolution by united effort become the owners?

The estate is situated on Manhattan Island's highest point; from its pillared portico, whose fine proportions have made it the model of its type for New York's students of art and architecture, the entire city can be seen as on a wide-spreading map, from the tiny sails dotting the far-away Sound, across the Harlem and over to the Palisades.

By night the effect is fairy, recalling the lagoons of the "White City."

Old-fashioned shade trees, eucalyptus, lilac bushes and syringa, sweet briar and quaint hedge rows of box-wood remain within the grounds; as do banks of the old time English violets, French fleur de lys and marguerites, as if they too had a mission—each in its own sweet way—towards keeping alive in the hearts of passing generations the memory of those gone by.

Bret Harte possesses a page from Washington's diary, in which he writes of tying his horse to the naked tree trunk (shown to the left in frontispiece) and cutting his initials upon it.

An amusing incident occurred during a reading of this document before a French literary circle, by the mistaken translation of locust, the *tree*, to locust, the *insect*; only Washington's well-known character for veracity, added to the proverbial politeness of

Frenchmen could have saved the situation!

The mansion rests on a rocky cliff out from the whirl and bustle of street life. Even the roars of victory or defeat coming from the amphitheatre of the Polo grounds, that lie within view like some chess board, are softened as they ascend. Streets crossing the estate might have destroyed its entity, happily they have been omitted from the City Surveyor's plans by act of Congress, leaving one more space in which to breathe as largely as did our forefathers.

It would be fit and proper that this old Colonial mansion should pass into the possession of the Daughters of the Revolution, for, to quote the words of a writer enthusiastic in its praise, "No story of the Revolution is complete without mention of it."

George Washington lived and laid his plans for battle in it, men whose names are part of the history of the Revolution have eaten in its spacious dining room, danced on its polished floors, and slept in its airy chambers.

The grand reception room (right-hand wing) served as council chamber in the stormy days of war with the British, and the story goes that "One hundred Indians, in all the bravery of paint and feathers, filed in and stood before 'the Great Father' within its octagonal walls, happily with peaceful intent towards 'the great chief of the pale faces' they had come to honor and consult. Their silent departure must have afforded more unmingled satisfaction than their unheralded approach."

Cut deeply on the space of the central arch in the grand entrance hall is the date, 1758, of erection.

The house, built of bricks brought over from Holland, cased in overlaps of wood, was a wedding present from the bride's father to Mary Phillips, of Phillipsburg Manor, Yonkers, on her marriage with Col. Roger Morris.

Roger Morris was a younger son of Charles Morris, of Wandsworth, England. He was born in 1727; he became prominent in America in 1764, as an aide on the staff of Gen. Braddock; was wounded in the attack on Fort Du Quesne, and was an intimate acquaintance of Gen. Washington before the Revolution. His wife, Mary Phillips, a sister of Mrs. Beverly Robinson, was an heiress in her own right of 50,000 acres of land. The wedding took place in March, 1758.

This lady is said to have been Washington's first love, and that sentiment as well as expediency may have prompted the occupancy as headquarters, and consequent preservation from spoliation; however, the fact remains that no finer site could have been chosen for observation of an enemy's movements.

An historian writes: "Washington made this his headquarters during the active campaign on the upper part of Manhattan Island; after the enemy had taken possession of the first American line, things remained quiet for an hour or two. In this interval General Washington, with Generals Greene, Putnam, Mercer and other principal officers came over the North river from Fort Lee, and crossed the island to the Morris house, whence they viewed the position of our troops and the operations of the enemy in that quarter."

It is asserted that Washington and his staff remained on this spot until within fifteen minutes of its occupancy by the British troops, and that the inevitable "last man" barely escaped from Washington's sleeping room, through a hidden passage way that gives on the side balcony that was used as a sentry box during Washington's residence in the mansion.

Washington's last visit to this house,

during the war, occurred Sept. 16th, 1776.

When the capture of Fort Washington resulted in the whole island falling into the hands of the British, the Hessians encamped on Harlem Heights, and General Knyphausen, their commander, seized the Morris House for headquarters, and it continued to be so used by the Hessians and British until the day of evacuation of the island, Nov. 25th, 1783." The original owners, Colonel Morris and his wife, sailed with them; at their death litigation ensued on the part of their heirs until John Jacob Astor bought their claims.

After Washington's election to the Presidency he again visited the Morris mansion. An entry in his diary reads as follows: "Having formed a party consisting of the Vice-President, his lady and son and Miss Smith, the Secretaries of State, Treasury and War and the ladies of the two latter, with all the gentlemen of my family, Mrs. Lear and the two children, we visited the old position of Fort Washington, and afterwards dined on a dinner provided by Mr. Marriner at the house lately of Colonel Roger Morris."

Many details of history and elements of romance are interwoven in the memories of this spot. There is a secret cupboard in which a spy was hidden during Arnold's captivity in the guard-room, since used as a library. Lafayette, Hamilton, Aaron Burr, Jerome Napoleon, and many another have lived and moved within its walls.

Why should not a society like that of the Daughters of the Revolution make a brave effort to save this fine old place?

It needs but an earnest appeal and well-concerted plan of action to secure the finest historic site for permanent headquarters, that Sons or Daughters of the Revolution can conceive, in which their archives could be safely stored, and their commemorations kept with befitting dignity.

We learn with pleasure that a committee has been appointed to confer with the present owners.

G. E. LE PRINCE.

AN ORATION

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF BLACK FRIARS,

By SAMUEL LATHAM MITCHELL, NOVEMBER 11TH, 1793.

(Continued.)

True, verily, it is that King-craft and Priest-craft have so interposed their dark forms between the light of information and the senses of mankind, that a total eclipse has been the consequence in some parts of the earth, where scarcely a gleam of its influence dawned upon their benighted understandings. And it is likewise true, that curiosity in all cases prompts inquiry; man is a curious creature, and in favorable circumstances he will seek and find. To evince this look through our settled country and learn the advancement of knowledge; schools instituted, academies erected, newspapers read, post-roads established, epistolary correspondence kept up, libraries formed; these, I say, all these evince the liberal and enlightened views of the people; from these sources our free-born yeomanry learn the business of town-meetings, courts of justice and elections, and become capable of serving their country in the capacity of assessors, jurors and legislators; brought up from their childhood in habits of conversing upon such things, and bearing a portion of them, the business of the government is cleared of the mystery in which policy had clouded it, and they deliberate and decide in such manner as to convince the veriest skeptic of their capacity for self-government.

Hence it happens that the citizens of America are possessed of a great share of *good sense* and *general information*, which is rarely misled or mistaken; that the *public opinion* is *commonly right*; and that those in office among us, if they know their duty as well as you, my hearers, will always *respect* the "Sacred Voice of the People."

IV. Hence proceeds the *equality* which prevails under our government. All citizens are acknowledged *equal as to their rights*, and the only inequality subsisting is that which arises necessarily from office, talents or wealth; as the road, however, is open for every

one to aspire to these, it is but by the exercise of one or more of his rights that a man acquires these means of influence. The system of equality, therefore, is not broken by the disparity of condition and circumstance which exists; as on the other hand, a citizen precluded from using his exertions to advance himself and promote his happiness would be robbed of his choicest privileges.

The existence of classes of men, with peculiar immunities, is unknown. Spiritual courts, to take cognizance of actions in which ecclesiastics are concerned, have not, as in some parts of Europe, any place among us. And what is this presumptuous priesthood that arrogates to itself an exemption from municipal laws? Whence gets it such a stock of impudence as to thrust itself at the rate it does between man and his Maker? Is not the Throne of Grace accessible by all who wish to present themselves before it? Are not the ears of a most merciful Father, who is no respecter of persons, and to whom all are equal, open to the *supplications* of every one of his children? Behold the conduct of the Inquisitors of the Christian Church; are they not prone to revenge and persecution? Are they not fond of money and worldly fame? Do they not violate their vows? Is there a vice or crime forbidden in the Divine Gospel they pretend to preach to which they are not addicted? Ah, I fear, for I judge not, their pretensions to superior sanctity are only the puffings up of the *Leaven of the Pharisees*; and that, with all their celestial authority and heirarchical power, these ghostly pastors are but mere mortal creatures, and as such, subject, even as he who addresses you, to the frailties of flesh and blood.

Nor have a body of haughty nobles any establishment or consideration here. Our constitution allows no such distinctions, our statute books contain no legal declaration in their favor.

And after all, what is this noble blood? Is it not like the blood of the rest of mankind? If you wound a vessel will it not run out? Does it not proceed from the same food? Is it not recruited by the same drink? Will it keep the body from infectious distempers and death? Is it not connected frequently with ignoble actions and enormities of the worst description? Look at it, is it not red? Expose it to the sunshine, will it not corrupt? Analyze it, is there any difference? Surely these strange notions about blood are contrivances of the cunning brain of politicians, and are not founded upon any thing real in the constitution of human nature. The *equal rights of citizens* then present themselves as another cause for attachment and love to your country.

V. But the *ease and certainty with which subsistence can be obtained*, recommends this quarter of the globe eminently beyond any other as an asylum from numberless vexations. A poor fugitive from Europe, has, on his arrival, the protection of the laws, and is frequently advised by some one of the national societies existing in different cities what course it will be best for him to pursue; if he is industrious in any useful calling, he will find abundance of employment and high wages; if he is prudent and saving, he may in a few years lay up enough

to purchase a farm in one of the newly-settled towns, or to establish himself more comfortably in a city. And whenever a business does not answer in a thick society, there is always a *resource in store*, which never fails, and that is farming; the income of this, though *moderate*, is *sure*; back lands can be purchased for small price, and are rising rapidly in value; a man can not only support himself, but can maintain a family with ease. He becomes a freeholder, and what he possesses is his own; he votes at elections, and is eligible into office: he is not tormented with rents and tythes, nor overloaded by taxes, for in the State of New York there is none to pay but for town and county charges. Naturalization is easy, whereby a man becomes entitled to all the rights of citizenship.

The ample space in which the people can spread, and the cultivation of the fertile lands of the West and North, open such a field for industry and thrift as no other country exhibits. Population has kept pace, as it always will do, with the ease of maintaining families; and the certainty and readiness of procuring not merely the necessities but the comforts of life, offer themselves to your consideration as another weighty reason why you should love your country.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD TENNANT CHURCH.

IT is one hundred and forty years old, having been built the year before George Washington was born, and remains to-day, without subtraction or addition, precisely as when erected, with the single exception of numerous coats of paint.

It stands on a graceful eminence, surrounded by the graves of nearly five generations, about three miles northwest of Freehold, Monmouth County, New Jersey, a quarter of a mile north from the Manalapan station, on the Jamesburg and Freehold Railroad, and is in bold view on the left while passing in the cars going east.

The site commands a splendid view of the entire ground whereon was fought the famous battle of Monmouth, in which, perhaps, as many died of heat as by the sword on that terrible hot day, June 28th, 1778.

The building is of frame, about 45 x 60 feet, the sides, ends, cupola, roof and everything being covered with shingles and painted white. There are twenty-six windows; those in the rear are largest, having thirty-two small lights, the others have twenty-six.

Inside are three aisles, running through ranges of the old straight high-back pews, the same in which the

grandfathers and great-grandfathers of the present congregation sung the praises of God, and bowed their souls in worship at His feet.

Around the pulpit, fourteen or fifteen feet long by eight or nine wide, is an enclosure, somewhat like an altar, four or five feet high, straight and strong, with a narrow seat called the Elder's Bench. Herein, also, is the clerk's reading desk, and a very ancient and heavy walnut communion table, all painted white, however, except the top, and here, around this very table, John Brainard, brother of David, gathered his converted Indians and administered to them the Holy Supper. From this enclosure are the narrow steps, eight in number, leading to the pulpit, which is in the center of the building, close against the wall, in the swallow-nest style, the length of the house being right and left of the speaker, and the shortest distance in the front. Over the pulpit is the old style, half octagon sounding board. Deep, high galleries on three sides of the house, with breastwork at least five feet and double paneled. The sides and roof are ceiled with boards ten or twelve inches wide, painted white, no plastering appearing in any part of the house. Against the wall on the right, as you stand in the pulpit, is a marble tablet bearing in gilt letters the following inscription :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM TENNANT,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

FREEHOLD, N. J.

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 8TH OF MARCH, 1777.

AGED 71 YEARS AND 9 MONTHS.

HE WAS PASTOR OF THE SAID CHURCH 43 YEARS
AND 6 MONTHS.

FAITHFUL AND BELOVED.

Here, too, the fervid eloquence of Whitefield was often heard, and a long line of illustrious men. Beneath the floor, in the middle of the center aisle of this venerable church, all that was

mortal of the sainted Tennant reposes, now and forever with the Lord until the resurrection morning.

Outside near the southwest end of the building are buried the remains of the English Col. Monkton, killed in the battle of Monmouth. A locust board, three feet or more high and eighteen inches broad, split, old and broken at the top, marks the spot ; on it painted in black letters, now almost defaced by storms and years, are these words :

HIC JACET.

COL. MONKTON,

KILLED, JUNE 28TH, 1778.

Dying or actually dead, they carried him on that day of battle and laid him upon the seat of the first pew from the door, at the left of the middle aisle. I myself saw the marks of blood still upon that seat, and tradition says they are the blood marks of the English Col. Monkton, left there on his dying day, nearly one hundred years ago.

Near this old church and in close proximity to his friend, Philip Freneau, lies buried Capt. Joseph Huddy, the Tom's River hero ; his beloved soil his last resting place, but the grave unmarked and almost unknown. Thus is heroism rewarded !

A. W. T.

ONE WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.

Along the frozen country roads,
While o'er the hills the fierce winds
roared,

Two thousand brave and weary men
Marched quickly toward the distant
ford.

Half fed, half clothed, with shoeless
feet,

With anxious hearts, their voices mute,
In pain they nobly hurried on,
With England's lord in hot pursuit.

For days the rain had fallen fast ;
Impatient at Catawba's side
The vengeful foe did helpless wait
To cross the rushing, swollen tide.

Far in advance the loyal troops
Came through the night to Salisbury
town ;
Before an unpretentious home
Greene from his tired steed stepped
down.

And from within a worthy dame
Threw open wide her painted door,
While from the hearth the fire's warm
rays
Danced brightly o'er the white pine
floor.

"I'm very much fatigued," Greene
said,
"In need of food, benumbed with
cold
And penniless ;" and to the fire
A table and a chair were rolled.

And straightway for the honored
guest
A warm and bounteous meal was
spread ;
The honest, patriotic soul
Ne'er rested till she saw him fed.

Then from some secret hiding place,
Protected well from thieving bands,
She brought two small and well filled
bags
And placed them in the hero's hands.

"Take these, the earnings of long
years ;
I've kept them for a rainy day ;
You need them more than I," she said,
"They'll help you on your stormy
way."

More timely aid was never given ;
And out into the gloom of night
The warrior went with renewed
strength,
And heart unburdened and made
light.

A woman may not march to war,
Nor carry arms, nor wield the sword,
But yet, how great her noble work,
The pages of the past record !

E'en though her part appear but
small,
It's all important, if well done ;
The mighty deed that wins the day
Springs often from a smaller one.

MINNIE SLATER HELPER.

LAURA BIBB FONTE.

THE following resolutions on the
death of Mrs. Laura Bibb Fonte
were formulated by the Alamo
Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolu-
tion, San Antonio, Texas, at a meet-
ing held January 12th, 1894 :

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty
God, the Father over all, in His wise
providence and discretion, to take unto
Himself our respected and esteemed
sister, friend and co-worker, Laura
Bibb Fonte ; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while bowing to the
will of Him "who knoweth best," we
deplore the loss to this world of one
who has endeared herself to us in
many ways, and who by her qualities
of mind and heart and by her educa-
tion was so well suited and equipped
for the task she had chosen of a liter-
ary career, to which she brought un-
failing sweetness of manner, cheerful
philosophy and unquestioned integ-
rity.

Resolved, That in her fortitude under
trial and loss, her courage in seeking
to elevate the standard of literature in
a new and difficult field, her strong
advocacy of all that was pure and
wholesome, and her steadfast purpose
to maintain the dignity of womanhood
in a lofty way and in an honorable
calling, she set an example worthy of
all emulation.

Resolved, That we offer her imme-
diate family, her partner and asso-
ciates of the publication whose up-
building she had made her life work,
our most heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be
spread upon the minutes of our Chap-
ter, that copies be furnished the rela-
tives of the deceased, and that they be
sent to *The Gulf Messenger* and *San
Antonio Express* for publication. Other
papers in the State please copy.

MRS. J. M. BENNETT,
MISS LULU HUNTER,
MISS E. E. NICHOLS.

Laura E. Fonte, of Lowndes County,
Ala., was a great-granddaughter of
William Bibb, who was the son of John
Bibb, of Hanover County, Va., and

Susan Bigger and the grandson of Benjamin Bibb, of Wales.

He was born in Hanover County, Va., 1739, and lived in Prince Edward County, Va. His second wife, Sallie S. Wyatt, was born in 1758, and was a descendant of Sir Francis Wyatt.

He was a Captain at Yorktown and Lord High Sheriff of Prince Edward County, Va., also a member of the House of Burgesses. He removed to Georgia, and his sons were early settlers of Alabama.

His son, John Dandridge Bibb, married Mary Oliver; their son, Dandridge A. Bibb, M.D., and his wife, Emma Louise Taylor, were the parents of Mrs. Fonte.

JULIA WILSON,

Historian A. C. D. R.

Approved,

MRS. J. TOWNSEND WOODHULL,

State Historian, D. R.,

San Antonio, Tex.

February, 1894.

MRS. PRISCILLA (HOYT) MORGAN died at noon Monday,

February 19th, at her son's residence, 110 Deer Hill Avenue, Danbury, Connecticut, aged eighty-five years, seven months and fifteen days. She was the second daughter of Eliphalet Smith, and was born July 4th, 1808; married Stephen Hoyt in 1826, and after his death married George Morgan in 1864.

She loved her home and looked well to the ways of her household, and her children rise up and call her blessed. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Norwalk, Conn.

Mrs. Morgan was a veritable "Daughter of the Revolution" through the services of her father. She was made a member of this Society last fall, and her trembling hand was tenderly held when she signed the application papers; thus her strong patriotic desire to be enrolled a member ere she died was gratified.

KATHARINE BARTLETT GALLISON,

Historian-General, D. R.

MY ABSOLUM.

MRS. FLORA ADAMS DARLING, having been called upon to mourn the loss of her only son, Edward Irving Darling, who passed away, February 13th ult., has sent the following *in memoriam*:

Father in Heaven, O hear my cry,
Send aid to save my only son;
The King of Terror is near by,
O save, O save my Absolum.
He's on the Danger Reef of Death,
Without one fear he meets the storm;
Brave Pilot of the Great Captain,
Guide and protect my Absolum.
Over my boy keep watch and ward;
Angels of God save him from harm;
Firm Rock of Ages sheild my boy,
My Pilot-Star, my Absolum.

He is a child of many prayers;

Ah me! he is all the world to me.
Gild all your shadows fine with gold

To light his path of destiny.

He's on the cruel Rocks of Hate;

It was to be and it has come.

Alas! the death-cry is his fate,

Mine, David's cry for Absolum.

But God can hear and he can save,

Through Faith the haven may be won.

Jesus can give the victory

And save a mother's only son.

* * * * *

Feb. 13th, 1894, 1½ A.M.

The last breath is the victory;

The conflict's o'er, the crown is won,

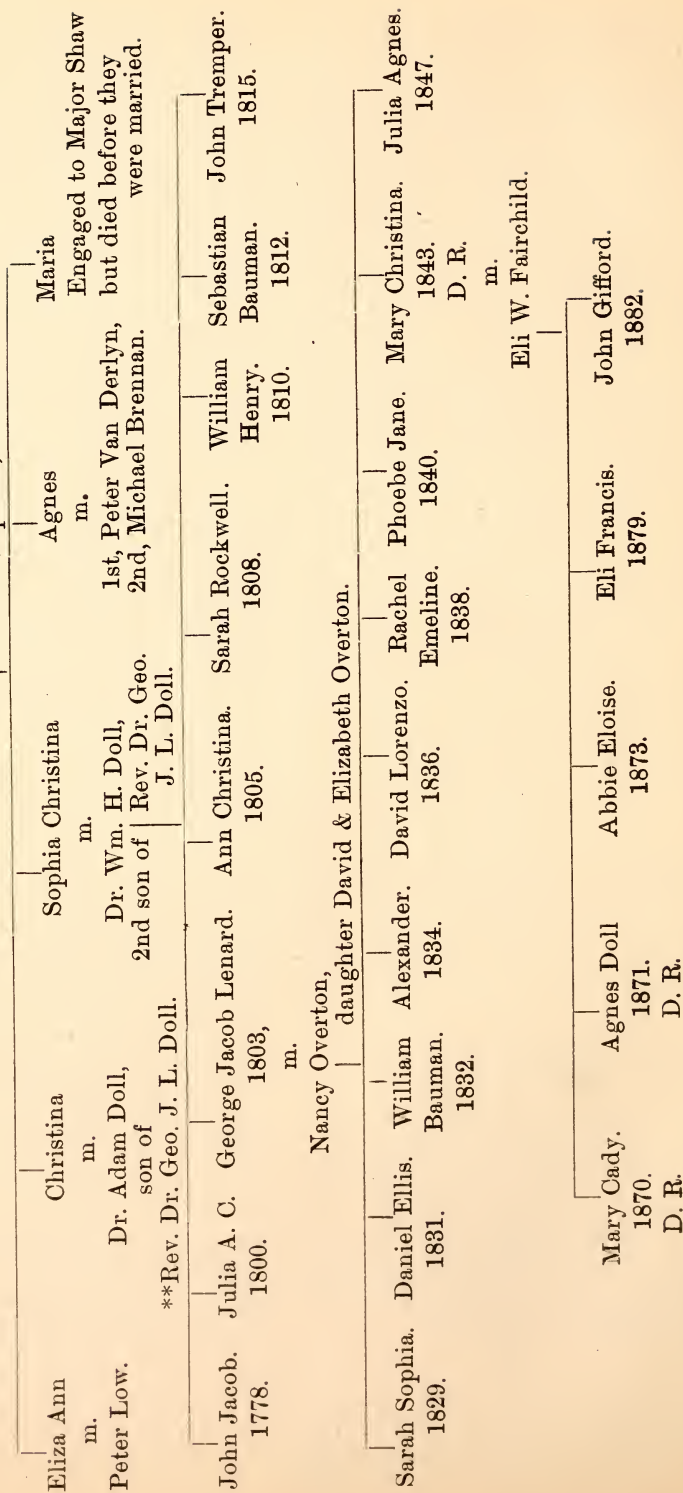
The shore is reached, the goal is gained,

The victor is my Absolum.

F. A. D.

BAUMAN. DOLL. FAIRCHILD.

*COLONEL SEBASTIAN BAUMAN=ANN WETZEL.
born Sept. 24, 1751.



SEBASTIAN BAUMAN, Major N. Y. Artillery, born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Germany, on the 6th of April, 1739, married in 1776, and died in N.Y. city on the 19th of October, 1803. He was educated at the Heidelberg University and as an engineer and *Architect* in the Austrian service, becoming a strict disciplinarian.

It is claimed by his family that his father, residing in the castle where Maria Theresa (Empress of Germany and Archduchess of Austria) held her court when at Frankfort, was associated with her household.

He fled to America in consequence of a duel, and said to his mother—a Spanish lady—at parting: “You will hear from me, and I will do honor to my name in the new country to which I go.”

His wife, Ann Wetzell, was daughter of John and Maria Christina (Ernest) Wetzell, and was granddaughter of Dr. Ernest of Manheim, a martyr of the Reformed religion, at the stake.

In May, 1775, he was appointed *Captain* of a militia company in New York known as the “German Fusileers,” which volunteered, on the 14th of September, in a regiment of Minute Men, known on the Continental establishment as the 1st Regiment of New York Volunteers—Colonel John Lasher—of which, on the 21st, was acting as *Major*. On the 30th of March, 1776, he was appointed in the permanent service *Captain* of a company of New York Artillery, and attached to Colonel Henry Knox’s Regiment, on the 19th of April following. He was, on the 1st of January, 1777, transferred to the 2d Regiment Continental Corps of Artillery—Colonel Lamb’s—and promoted to *Major* on the 12th of September, 1778. In 1781–2 he was in command of West Point, at intervals, and selected by Washington, 23d of December, 1783, on the reduction of the army, to command the Battalion of Continental Artillery retained, with which he served until honorably discharged, 20th June, 1784.

When the British took possession of New York City, Colonel Bauman’s wife and two small children (one of them the grandmother of Mrs. Fairchild, of

Monticello, N. Y.), was residing in New York with her aged father and mother, John and Maria Christina Wetzell. Her father was taken prisoner by the British and confined in the old church which was then used as a prison, but Col. Bauman’s wife, children and her mother were allowed to leave the city unmolested, first bidding the husband and father, John Wetzell, a final farewell, as they never again saw him alive.

They were ferried across the river at midnight and made their way to the house of a friend, where they were put on board a vessel and sent to West Point for protection.

Colonel Bauman was the last to leave New York City when the British took possession, having been left there with only eighty men and *two howitzers*, which he managed to get away at the risk of his life. The British had then two ships of war in the stream. The Colonel’s family were at West Point when the news arrived of the capture of André and the treason of Benedict Arnold. Great excitement followed when it was found the papers in André’s boot were the ones Col. Bauman had prepared for Washington and were stolen by Arnold.

It was during his service at West Point that he prepared the maps of that post for Washington, which Arnold secured and which were discovered in André’s boot. These passed from Governor Clinton’s possession to that of the State Library at Albany, where they still remain in legible condition. He was present at the surrender of Cornwallis, and again made use of his professional skill in preparing for his own use a “Map of Siege and Situation of Yorktown,” which Washington and other officers requested him to engrave. (*It was* inserted, by John Austin Stevens, with other interesting details of the victory in the January, 1880, number of the “Magazine of America.”) He was breveted *Lieutenant-Colonel* on the 14th of April, 1787. Appointed by Washington first *Federal Postmaster* of New York City in the preceding year, a position he held with credit until his decease. He was also *Colonel* of the State Regiment of Artil-

lery in New York, from 1785 until it assisted in depositing his body (October 21st, 1803,) wrapped in the American flag, in the Dutch churchyard—at the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, which, honored landmark in the city's progress, was taken down. His name appears on the half-pay roll.

* * *Rev. Dr. Geo. J. L. Doll*, of Kingston, N. Y., was born at Frankfort, in Germany, and came to this country as early as 1772. He was married to Christina Ebtkin, of Manheim, and had one child, his eldest son, Adam, before he came to Albany. On reaching America he went to Albany, where he remained one year; then he accepted a call to the Dutch Reformed Church, of Kingston, N. Y., where he preached in the Dutch language until 1808, more than thirty years. In May, 1809, he went to Kinderhook, N. Y., to live with his youngest daughter, Mrs. James Vanderpoel, where he died March 28th, 1811, aged 72 years. His wife died at Kingston, N. Y., October 18th, 1805, aged 63 years, and was buried under the Dutch Church, as was the custom at that time.

Their children were Dr. Adam Doll (born in Manheim, Germany), *Dr. William Henry Doll*, John Doll, Sarah Doll, wife of Leonard Ten Boeuch, Anna Doll, wife of James Vanderpoel. His granddaughter was the wife of John Van Buren, and daughter-in-law of the late ex-President, Martin Van Buren.

The church and parsonage of the Rev. Dr. George J. L. Doll at Kingston was burned by the British on the 16th of October, 1777, when Kingston was taken by the British under General Vaughn. There are some reasons to believe that the British forces at first hesitated to burn the church; but when they learned of the patriotism of Dr. Doll and his Consistory they no longer hesitated sacrilegiously to apply the torch to the house of God.

A letter of congratulation, written by Dr. Doll to His Excellency George Clinton, on the occasion of his inauguration as the first Governor of the State of New York, was found among the Clinton papers at Albany, N. Y., and read by the Rev. J. C. F. Hoes, D.D., of Kingston, N. Y., on the cen-

tenary occasion at Kingston, July, 1877. The following is a true copy of the letter read:

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE CLINTON, ESQ., GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF ALL THE MILITIA, AND ADMIRAL OF THE NAVY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:

May it Please Your Excellency:

At the commencement of the New Constitution, and at the very hour of your inauguration, the Ministers, Elders and Deacons of the Reformed Dutch Church of Kingston, in Consistory assembled, beg leave to congratulate your Excellency upon the highest honors the Subjects of a free State can possess, and to assure you of the part they bear in the public happiness of this occasion.

From the beginning of the present war the Consistory and the people of Kingston have been uniformly attached to the cause of America, and justify upon the soundest principles of religion and morality the glorious revolution of a free and oppressed country. Convinced of the unrighteous design of Great Britain upon their civil and religious privileges, they chose, without hesitation, rather to suffer with a brave people for a season than to enjoy the luxuries and friendship of a wicked and cruel nation.

With an inexpressible perseverance which they trust the greatest adversity and presentation will never change, they profess to your Excellency their interest in the Continental Union and loyalty to the State of New York.

While the Constitution is preserved inviolate and the rulers steer by that conspicuous beacon, the people have the fairest prospects of happiness and success. With you they choose to launch, that future pilots may form a precedent from your vigilance, impartiality and fairness, and the system obtain an establishment that shall last for ages. For, as nothing can be more agreeable to the conscious patriot than the approbation of his country, so nothing can more promote the general good than placing confidence in established characters, and raising merit to distinguished power.

Take, then, with the acclamations and fullest confidence of the public—take, Sir, the government into your hands, and let the unsolicited voices of a whole State prevail upon you to enter upon that arduous task. All ranks in placing you at their head, have pledged their lives and fortunes to support and defend you in this exalted station, and the Consistory of Kingston cheerfully unite in the implicit stipulation, and promise you their prayers.

As a reformation in morals is the immediate object of the Consistory of Kingston, they esteem themselves especially happy in having cause to believe that religious liberty (without which all other privileges are not worth enjoying) will be strenuously supported by your Excellency; and they congratulate themselves and the

State that God has given them a Governor who understands, and therefore loves the Christian Religion, and who in his administration will prove a terror to evil doers, and an example and patron to them that do well.

Signed by order of the Consistory.

GEO. J. L. DOLL,
Proesis.

August 2d, 1777.

Dr. Doll was the last of that venerable catalogue of divines, commencing with the Rev. Hermanns Blom, in 1659, who were thoroughly educated in the Universities of Holland and Germany, and who, as pastors, preached in the Dutch language to the people of this place and vicinity. His ministry commenced in 1775 and continued until his death in 1811.

REV. HUMPHREY HUNTER.

HUMPHREY HUNTER=JANE ROSS.
Londonderry, Ireland, | S. Carolina
b. May 14, 1755.

Col. George Ross Hunter=Anne Ferguson.
S. C. | S. C.

Dr. George Le Caron Hunter=Lucy Clay Yancey.
S. C. | N. C.

Lula Hunter, D. R.,
Alamo Chapter,
San Antonio, Texas.

REV. HUMPHREY HUNTER, the subject of this sketch, was a distinguished soldier, an officer and a prisoner in the Revolutionary war, and afterwards an eminent minister of the Gospel.

He was a descendant of Thomas Hunter, of Glasgow, Scotland, and Agnes Le Caron, of Brest, France, and was born on the 14th of May, 1755, in the vicinity of Londonderry, Ireland. His widowed mother embarked for America on the 3d of May, 1759, in the ship "Helena," bound for Charleston, S. C.

He was one of those who early pro-

moted the cause of freedom in Mecklenburg County, N. C., May 20th, 1775, and subsequently bore an active part in securing the independence of his country. He fought in the battles of Camden and Eutaw Springs, S. C., and witnessed the death of Baron De Kalb.

Wheeler's History of North Carolina devotes pages to an account of this illustrious patriot, soldier and minister. It tells of his capture and imprisonment, his fight with a tory with pine-knots, and his escape, although wounded and without hat or coat.

It also says: "At that time when

every man was a politician, every man a soldier,

'Fire in each breast, and freedom on each brow.'

the advice of his patriotic mother was : 'Go, son—go join yourself to the men of our country, for this is our country. We ventured our lives on the waves of the ocean in quest of the freedom promised us here. Go fight for it; and rather let me hear of your death than of your cowardice.'"

He peacefully and with Christian resignation breathed his last on the 21st of August, 1827, in the 73d year of his age. He was buried in the Presbyterian church-yard at Steel Creek, Gaston Co., N. C., where a handsome monument was erected to his memory by the people of Steel Creek Church, of which he was pastor thirty-seven years.

For reference see Wheeler's Sketches of North Carolina and Rev. William Henry Foote's Sketches of North Carolina.

JULIA WILSON,

Historian, Alamo Chapter, D. R.

San Antonio, Texas.

ANCESTRAL REGISTER, D. R.

STEERS, ANNA MERSEREAU (Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers), great-granddaughter of Joshua Mersereau (1728-18—), member of Provincial Assembly of New York, which met at Kingston and Poughkeepsie during the Revolutionary War. Joshua Mersereau represented Richmond County from 1777 to 1786. Also was Deputy Commissary General of Prisoners for the Continent. His headquarters were what was known as the State Store in Rutland, Mass. Numerous manuscript records show that his services were continuous in various capacities during the entire war; also :—granddaughter of Joshua Mersereau, Jr. (1758-1856), Quartermaster at Rutland, Mass., 1777; guide for Col. Hazen's Regiment, 1780; and also a prisoner on the British Prison Ship "Scorpion," 1782; Judge of old Tioga County, New York, 1791; also :—great-great-granddaughter of Josiah

Butts, private soldier in Captain Bacon's Company, Col. John Chester's Regiment, Gen. Wadsworth's Brigade, Connecticut State Troops, 1776; was also private soldier in Captain Moses Branch's Company, Col. Obediah Johnson's Regiment, 1778.

ROWE, LOUISE FRANCES SLUYTER (widow of Henry Neilson Rowe), great-granddaughter of John Schureman (1729-1795), Member of Committee of Correspondence, 1775; Member of Provincial Congress of New Jersey, which met at Trenton, 23d May, 1775; also, Member of Committee of Safety to exercise the power of Congress during its recess, from 17th August to 20th September of same year; also :—

granddaughter of James Schureman, of New Brunswick, New Jersey (1756-1824); 2d Lieut. in Capt. Taylor's Company, Col. John Neilson's Battalion of Minute Men, 10th Jan., 1776; Captain of a volunteer Militia Company in the Battle of Long Island; Member of Congress from 1786 to 1799; U. S. Senator from 1799 to 1801.

INGRAHAM, FRANCES ADELAIDE (Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham), great-granddaughter of Theodorus Polhemus (1719-1781). One of the delegates who met in New York City, 10th April, 1775, to elect members to Continental Congress; was elected member to Continental Congress May 22d 1775-1777; Judge in King's County from 1777 to 1780; also :—

great-great-granddaughter of Peter Vandervoort, who signed the Declaration, and took Commission in King's Co. Troop of Horse; Ensign in King's Co. militia, 1775; Delegate from King's Co. to the Convention which met at Poughkeepsie, 1778, to adopt the Constitution of the United States; Delegate to Convention at Poughkeepsie to adopt the Constitution of U. S., June 17th, 1788; Member of Assembly 1794-1799; also :—

great-granddaughter of Rev. Martinus Schoonmaker (1737-1824), a prominent whig-patriot of Harlem; was requested by the Convention of the State of N. Y. to officiate Aug. 27th, 1776—a day set apart for fasting and prayer—and the use of his church at Harlem was requested. When the British occupied

Harlem, they burned his house and church ; also :—

great-great-granddaughter of Richard Berrien, signer of Whig Appeal to Freeholders, of Newtown, L. I., issued April 3d, 1775, who, though physically incapable to fight for his country, was exiled from his home during the Revolution on account of his strong whig sympathy.

TRUAX, ALICE HAWLEY (Mrs. Chauncey Schaffer Truax), great-granddaughter of Amos Hawley (1755 —), private in Gen. Wadsworth's Connecticut Brigade, Col. Galey's Regiment, Capt. Bidwell's Company : also :—

great-great-granddaughter of Sidney Berry (Colonel), Assistant Quartermaster, Quartermaster, also Major of Militia, New Jersey.

CASEY, MARY C. MARTIN (Mrs. Joseph J. Casey), great-great-granddaughter of Colonel Richard Calloway (— 1730), of Virginia, Signer of the Transylvania Declaration of Independence, 23d May, 1775 ; Justice of the Peace in the County of Kentucky, Virginia, 1776. In April, 1777, was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses from the same county ; re-elected 1779 ; was one of the defenders of Boonesborough in the Du Quesne siege, 1778 ; killed by Indians in ambush, March, 1780 ; also :—

great-granddaughter of John Holder (— 1800), Ensign 2d Virginia Regiment, 27th November, 1775 ; Lieutenant 1st February, 1776 ; Lieutenant April, 1777, in 5th Company, Col. Alex. Spottswood's 2d Virginia Regiment ; Captain of a Company stationed at Boonesborough, 1779. Also, served in the Boman Expedition against Chilli-cothe. Was in service August 1782 ; also :—

great-granddaughter of Jesse Williams (1750-1835), Captain—Maryland and Virginia ; record of service, 1776 to 1781 ; also :—

great-granddaughter of Robert Martin (1738 —). Private in Revolutionary war from Prince Edward Co., Virginia ; also :—

great-granddaughter of Richard Kennon, member of Provincial Congress

from Chatham Co., North Carolina, 20th August 1775 ; elected 1783.

GALLISON, KATHARINE BARTLETT (Mrs. Louis de Blois Gallison), granddaughter of Hon. Bailey Bartlett, of Haverhill, Massachusetts (1750-1830). Representative to the General Court from 1781 to 1784 and 1788 to 1789 ; member of Congress 1797 to 1801, and was a noted patriot who gave money most liberally to furnish military supplies during the Revolution ; also :—

granddaughter of Moses Long of West Newbury, Massachusetts (1760 to 1848). Private, Captain Carr's Company, 9th Massachusetts Regiment, under General Lee, served three years ; also :— great-granddaughter of John White of Haverhill, Massachusetts (1724 — 1800), Quartermaster, Colonel Nixon's Regiment.

DAVIS, LOUISE SCOFIELD SLUYTER (widow of James Davis), great-great-granddaughter of John Schureman (1729 to 1795) ; Member of Committee of Correspondence 1775 ; Member of Provincial Congress of New Jersey which met at Trenton, 23d May, 1775 ; also, Member of the Committee of Safety to exercise the power of Congress during its recess from 17th August to 20th September of same year ; also :— great-granddaughter of James Schureman of New Brunswick, N. J. (1756 — 1824), 2d Lieutenant in Captain Taylor's Company, Col. John Nelson's Battalion of Minute Men, 10th Jan., 1776 ; Captain of a Volunteer Militia Company in the Battle of Long Island ; Member of Congress from 1786 to 1799 ; U. S. Senator 1799 to 1801.

DARLING, FLORA ADAMS (widow of General E. I. Darling), great-granddaughter of Andrew Adams (1735 —), 2d Lieutenant, 2d Company of 3d Suffolk Co. Regiment, Mass.

SMITH, SADIE ADAMS (Mrs. Leroy Sunderland Smith), great-granddaughter of Andrew Adams (1735 —), 2d Lieutenant, 2d Company of 3d Suffolk Co. Regiment, Mass.

MARY C. MARTIN CASEY,

Registrar-General.

BATTLES OF TRENTON AND PRINCETON, DECEMBER 26TH, 1776.

JANUARY 2d, 1777. JANUARY 3d, 1777.

On the third of January of this present year was celebrated by the New Jersey Society of the Daughters of the Revolution the anniversary of these two battles, so near together both in dates and place that they seem a continued one, and are fitly commemorated as such. This celebration took the form of a luncheon given at The Essex County Country Club, Hut-ton Park, Orange, N. J.

The long table in the shape of an L, extending through three rooms, was a pretty sight, with its dainty furnishings, appropriate menu and cards. Everywhere the buff and blue greeted the eye with a friendly welcome, and the sound of women's voices was musical and harmonious.

The luncheon finished, Miss Adeline W. Torrey, State Regent, New Jersey, made a few well chosen remarks and introduced each speaker in turn, beginning with Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers, President-General, who responded to the toast "Our Objects."

"OUR OBJECTS."

I am asked by the Regent of New Jersey to respond to the toast "Our Objects." I regret that the subject cannot have a longer time and abler handling than I am able to give it.

The triplet on our badge and seal—words dear to every heart that beats—are "Our Objects," briefest abridgement.

Only a century ago our progenitors were but just beginning to realize the vast possibilities of life as free American citizens. They had shaken off the galling yoke, but still felt the soreness that long heredity and bitter experience had left. The wearisome war, incidental to which were such fiery experiences as those we to-day commemorate, the battles of Trenton and Princeton, had depleted them in every way, what more natural than that the active and aggressive patriotism which they had so long worn as spur, sword and buckles should be allowed to lie fallow for a cycle? Liberty having been attained, Home and

Country became the foremost consideration. Thus the nation grew in strength, greatness and wealth, gathering such gigantic force that now it holds a foremost place among the world's great powers; and it is amazing to think that only *one* century ago the population was such a mere handful that *we*, the descendants of those devoted patriots, find that the golden chain of consanguinity links together nearly every member of the societies of the "Sons" and "Daughters of the Revolution;" one of our pleasantest "Objects" is the discovery of these hidden and forgotten links.

During that century of struggle to attain the eminence that all—whether nations or individuals—would rather look down from than up to; the *mementos* of that grandly humble past were too often neglected and uncared for, in consequence destroyed or lost; to rescue and preserve the remnant of these for our own satisfaction, and that the coming generations may have *relics* of our and their past, to keep alive the memory of those who made the history of our country, is another of "Our Objects."

Our national history has been little more than uninteresting statistical records of the progress of affairs as we struggled, climbed and grew; the beautiful, romantic family history that runs like a silver thread through the volumes of historic love of other countries, making them of thrilling interest, has yet to be compiled for this, and the rich material for it is contained in letters, family documents and manuscript rolls, the ink fading, the paper crumbling, a chance spark may dissolve it into blue vapor, or an unappreciative hand may consign it to the waste basket! and this perishable matter contains the record of the every day events of those momentous times; of heroism never made public; of manifold heart offerings on the altar of Liberty—burnt offerings—that were beacon lights, and whose smoke as it ascended was laden with prayers. To *gather* these neglected gems, free

them from the dust that has dimmed their lustre, and give them a proper setting in the pages of history is another and an important "Object."

The battles and skirmishes of the War of the Revolution, whether resulting in defeat or victory—what seemed defeat often proved a real victory—are the steps that marked the unfaltering progress of our undaunted forefathers; "to celebrate those events with fitting ceremonies" is also one of our "objects."

Another "object," which we are not yet in position to attempt, is to mark with graven tablets historic places and erect commemorative statues to revered heroes of the Revolution. The Society of the "Sons of the Revolution," having the age and consequent ability as well as the laudable desire, have done work in this direction than which too much cannot be said in its praise.

In this epitome of "our Objects" as delineated in Article II. of our Constitution, I have not yet mentioned the very important one—"to promote social intercourse and the feeling of fellowship among its members." This meeting and such as this, where we gather in the enjoyment of friendly relationship is the best exponent.

The fulfilling of these "objects" would be of little worth if that were the end of the whole matter. It is not the end, only the beginning of the end. Only the light prelude to the grand organ recital, *Americanism* and *patriotism*! Our objects are but the ploughs and harrows to turn the soil that has so long lain fallow, and stir the patriotic blood to renewed life until *true* Americans rise in their might—a united band—to put down Anarchy, turn out foreign interference and take their rightful place in the legislative halls, to rule and protect the *Country* and *liberty* their ancestors bravely battled for, and keep the homes they love pure and unsullied.

With the ancestry that is our proud boast, and "objects" the best and most ennobling, this Society would naturally take foremost rank. We have no small jealousies, no petty quarrels; we are all on an equality—all Daughters!

And our united desire is the good and advancement of the Society as a whole—not as individuals. Let our Society's greatness and its possibilities for good be our first "object."

Mrs. Robert Ward, State Secretary of New Jersey, read the following poem written for this occasion by her daughter:

WASHINGTON AND OUR COUNTRY.

Alas, my muse has gone a-straying!
Kind Nature, help me, lend thy timely aid,

And show me where to seek the naughty maid!

Perchance to tease me thus she stole away,

To test my love; inspire some magic lay,

I know not, yet alone, I have no power
To write a verse. For 'tis *her* dower
To play with words and twine them
into song.

Alas, I know not where she's gone.

Kind Nature, help me; lend thy timely aid,

And show me where to seek the naughty maid.

Alas, my muse has gone a-straying!

Ah me, my muse has gone a-straying!
In vain I turn to my unfinished task,
And strive beneath the work, my fear
to mask.

I cannot write. The songs within my heart

Like champing steeds, impatient to depart,

Brook not the guidance of another hand

Save of their master, and the magic wand

I wield not, while my muse is hidden,
So unrestrained, the rhymes confused,
unbidden,

Mingle in couplets, each one half afraid
At the wild havoc my poor pen has made.

Ah me, my muse has gone a-straying!

Ah me, my muse has gone a-straying!
And all my wits at very random run.

My work, indeed, as yet is scarce begun,

For 'tis my wish to tell you *first* to-day,

Proud Revolution Daughters, fair and gay,
 How pleased am I thus to address your ranks,
 My lines, I fear, express but sorry thanks,
 For I would sing you such a merry song,
 That you could listen all day long,
 Nor note the passing of the time.
 But pray forgive my erring rhyme,
 Forgive my many ill-timed numbers,
 And whisper with me, o'er my blunders,
 Alas, her muse has gone a-straying!

Daughters of Heroes long since gone!
 To you I send my simple song
 And greeting. Here are we met to-day,
 In all this bright and fair array
 To sing of deeds by warriors done,
 A mighty battle fought and won;
 To tell it all in ringing voice
 And bid each loyal heart rejoice!

On an April night of a well-known year
 Thro' New England towns rode Paul
 Revere,
 Urging his charger hard and fast;
 And the listening people, stood aghast,
 And heard with trembling and alarm,
 The order given, to "Up and Arm!"
 You know the tale, and know it well—
 How the brave men fought, and, fighting, fell;
 How at Lexington they struggled first;
 Nor at Concord slaked the English thirst.

America then her first blood shed
 For the glorious cause she was to wed.
 Oh, Soldiers, who fought for your
 country's name
 Rest ye, early ye won a fame,
 And weary, climbing the battle's steep,
 Ye faltered not. So rest and sleep.
 And children shall learn of you, and
 know
 Of the brave deeds done long years ago.

At Cambridge an elm-tree may be seen,
 Standing with aged head serene,
 Standing with calm and peaceful grace,
 And the stranger pauses before the
 place.

Once 'neath the proud and waving
 boughs,
 Washington uttered his famous vows,

And first accepted the chief command
 Of the army, to rule with steady hand.
 All praise to the mighty Leader gone,
 Praise let there be, in warrior's song.

Quebec was stormed, and Arnold won,
 Then from Boston the British thought
 best to run,
 But not till the "Union Jack" once
 more

Over Canada waved, as it did before,
 Not till our men, dismayed, had fled,
 Filled with despair and hopeless dread.
 Thus was won with a well-armed fleet,
 A victory noble and complete.
 We yield it them; to them the fight,
 Canada's land was theirs by right.

Soon Congress announced to all the
 world
 That our "Stars and Stripes would be
 unfurled,
 And they floated out in the sparkling
 air
 "*Freedom from England*," to declare.
 Long may it wave our Banner true,
 The glorious Red and White and Blue.
 Long wave its rippling folds aloof,
 Of America's victory, the proof!

The Battle of Brooklyn was fought and
 lost.
 Alas, that it was to America's cost!
 Then came a time of weariness,
 Of suffering, hope and great distress,
 When Washington showed his soldier
 skill,
 His tender heart and mighty will.

O Women, of this last great event
 To-day we make acknowledgement.
 Throughout our State high let them
 soar,
 Proud Victory's Songs, for evermore!
 "Great news! Great news," our voices
 blend,
 And all the liquid air transcend;
 Let every heart-felt note we sing,
 On breezes born take magic wing,
 And far abroad o'er future days,
 Be heard the echo of our praise!
 "Great news! Great news!" this was
 the cry
 New Jersey heard from earth to sky.
 "*Great news of General Washington*;
 At Princeton he has fought and won!"

'Tis night, the eve of a Christmas Day;
The soldiers feast at their merry play,
But hush! What's that? a cry! and
hark!

Comes there a step through the quiet
dark?

Is a light reflected in the skies?

'Tis nothing, e'en the stars sad eyes
Sleep, and the men play on all night,
With careless ease and gay hearts light,
And the end creeps ever close and
near—

“Hark! hark again! What is it we
hear?

Are the sounds but fragments of a
dream?

Are the figures shades on the silent
stream?”

Over the Delaware filled with ice
Come Washington's troops at a heavy
price

Of suffering. List! as the masses
crack,

Men fall. Are the others turning back?
No. “Courage, my men; a few rods
more!

Courage! We'll reach the othershore,”
Our General cries, and the men push on,
“If we take them now, the Battle's
won!”

Till at length the frozen river passed,
The men are over and safe at last.

The English surprised, in peace may
sleep,

While the battle smoke enshrouds
them deep.

Of their numbers one thousand were
quickly slain,

And Washington, two days later, again
Crossed to Trenton, and quartered
there.

Astonished at the whole affair,
Cornwallis with his troops, in part,
From Princeton made a hasty start.

Washington knew his own force was
small,

He knew 'twas worse to flee than fall,
So quickly forming a sudden plan,
He made ready his army, to every man,
Leaving his camp-fires burning bright,
Silent he started about midnight.

Silent, with hushed and bated breath,
He led forth his troops to life or death.
And just as the dawn broke into day,
On a winding road and narrow way,

Two British regiments they meet.
A conflict follows—whose now the
defeat?

The American lose—quick—all is at
stake.

“For your Country, Men! for your
country's sake.”

And the shots fly thick and loud and
fast.

And above the din, the bugle's blast!
O, brave men fight! the end is nigh—
There are others to live, but *ye* must
die.

Die for your country—for her win the
fight—

Our cause is the just Cause, and the
right,

But what is it, that floats on high?

Push on—O soldiers—nor ask ye why,
Over you waves your banner true

And he who is pushing the thick ranks
through—

'Tis your General.—Listen to his com-
mand:

“To the forward, Soldiers, nor fear to
stand!”

The column advances and falters not,
The enemy wavers—shot meets shot—
Till at length the heavy smoke gives
way,

And Washington has won the day!

BELLE WARD.

Miss Sterling, since become State
Historian, read the following, which
we may fitly call a poem in prose:

CHRISTMAS AT TRENTON, 1776.

There was mirth and jollity in the
British garrison on Christmas day,
1776, although the morning dawned
bitterly cold and the wind swept in
piercing blasts through the streets
and across the barrack square. Parade
was over, discipline was relaxed, the
soldiers had hastened back to their
warm quarters to the pleasant realities
of Christmas cheer accompanied by
unlimited pipes and ale. The musi-
cians lingered for a while before the
guard house, and martial strains rang
out on the frosty air for the command-
ant loved music and never wearied of
the hautboys.

Well wrapped up against the biting
cold, Col. Rahl strode across the square
to his quarters humming as he went

the refrain of the tune just ended. The angel message, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," found no echo in the soldier's heart. "Peace on earth" meant to him the peace obtained by conquest on that portion of the earth occupied by His Britannic Majesty's rebellious subjects, beyond this he made no fine distinctions. And peace of this kind seemed close at hand, for the audacious rebels were routed in every quarter, and the leaders who had fancied they could build a nation from a confederacy of feeble colonies held together by no stronger bond than a Declaration of Independence, were losing faith in their cause. Howe was holding high carnival in New York, Cornwallis was about to embark for home, and Grant was boasting that before the New Year dawned he would sweep the Jerseys clean of rebels with only a corporal's guard to do the sweeping.

So to the doughty colonel the future looked bright this keen winter's morning; close at hand appeared visions of home with plenty of fighting on native soil, for Frederic of Prussia had always employment for a ready sword, and with the fighting was promise enough of plunder to gratify even the longings of a Hessian mercenary. The immediate prospect, however, was a glowing fire, a well-spread table, and wine, cards and comrades to fill the evening hours.

In high good humor the colonel opened the door of his quarters. "*Morgenroth, Morgenroth, leuchtest mir zum frühen Tod,*" sang a pathetic voice from the adjoining room. "*Donnerwetter, is it thou, Johann,*" cried the officer, "and what is it for a song thou singest on a holiday?" The song ceased, Johann appeared at the doorway, gave the salute, took off his master's cloak and unbuckled his sword.

"*Na, mein Junge,*" growled Rahl seating himself at the table and pouring out a preliminary dram, "turn thy mind to pleasanter thoughts or thou canst sing thy 'sunrise red' in the guard house." Johann was only a fair-faced lad whom the needy Landgraf of Hesse had sold with an assort-

ed batch of other subjects to his royal kinsman of England for service in the American war. The boy's heart was aching with the pangs of homesickness, and a premonition of coming evil hung over his spirit. His face flushed, but military discipline forbade a reply, so silently and deftly he supplied his officer's needs until the soothing influence of food and drink dissipated the annoyance caused by his luckless song. After a whiff or two at his pipe Rahl was completely restored to good humor and lazily watched his soldier servant while he cleared away the remains of the meal.

"Herr Colonel," ventured Johann, "black Sam came into quarters this morning and says the Americans are in hiding up the river and that Washington's men will attack the town before morning."

"Washington's men attack the town! Why, boy, the rebel dogs are starving and freezing miles away. Attack us, attack his Majesty's troops, why, the ragged scarecrows ——" A string of oaths expressed the contempt which ordinary language failed to convey. "But, Herr Colonel, when one fights for country, cold and hunger do not matter. They are brave men if they are rebels, and don't be angry, I've felt all day that an evil time is coming and that we shall never see our fatherland again."

Rahl answered more gently for he liked the boy, "Tut, lad, thou art a soldier, not a preacher. If the rebels come we'll drive them off at the bayonet's point, and thou shalt win thy corporal's stripes. Now set out the cards and decanters, then thou mayest go and amuse thyself well; I have no further need for thee." As these words were spoken, the clattering of sabres, heavy footsteps and boisterous voices announced the arrival of the colonel's guests. The story of the threatened rebel attack was such an exquisite joke that Rahl must repeat it to his friends, and the mere thought of such a preposterous idea necessitated a proof of loyalty in the shape of a toast to his Majesty's health and confusion to his enemies. The humor of the story increased as evening went

on, and furnished subject for conversation in the pauses of the game, and at the same time afforded occasion for demonstrations of liquid loyalty. Johann found it no easy task to amuse himself well, though the barracks were full of men, swaggering, smoking, dicing and drinking. Amid all the mirth and underneath the jovial choruses, the young soldier heard the strain, "Morgenroth, Morgenroth, leuchtet mir zum frühen Tod." Why should he have these gloomy thoughts? was the morning sunrise to waken him only to fall into the death slumber? He had no heart for the merriment, the coarse jests fell upon unresponsive ears, the silly antics of half drunken men provoked not the shadow of a smile.

Taking his way back Johann listened for a few minutes to the voices of his colonel's guests and then stretched himself before the fire in the ante-room to fall into an uneasy slumber, and to see in dream a thatched cottage standing among linden trees and to hear the lazy plash of a mill wheel among the ripples of a mountain brook.

Midnight was past; sleet and snow were falling now. Within all was still warmth and merriment; the game still went on, gold pieces were changing hands, and his Majesty's health was still regularly drunk by lips which had grown a little unsteady in the repeated exercise. Through the storm a messenger hurried and breathless from haste paused before the commander's door.

A sharp knock roused Johann from dreams of home, a messenger stands without and demands speech of the colonel. But there was a large stake upon the table just then and Rahl impatiently waived Johann away, bidding him go about his business. The messenger is persistent but he can gain no hearing. Then in despair he entrusts a note to the soldier charging him to give it to his master and to see moreover that he reads it. But this is beyond the lad's power. Col. Rahl is very full of courage just then, and has just been drinking confusion to the ragged scarecrows who dared

think they could face three veteran regiments of British troops under the command of an officer of his ability. So the missive is thrust unopened into his trousers' pocket while the cards are cut for a fresh deal.

Dawn is just conquering darkness, and in the gray light an outstanding sentry discerns stealthy forms close upon him. A rush, the rattle of muskets, the startled cry, "Heraus, heraus, der Feind ist da," tell that the ragged scarecrows have broken into the town. The drum beats the call to arms; a voice shouts "Turn out, the enemy is there," a voice half overpowered by the crack of muskets from the lower town.

Johann rushes to his master, who, half sobered by the sudden attack, stands in bewilderment before the overturned table. "The enemy have surprised us, Herr Colonel," and he buckles on his master's sword and leads him out the back way, for the British guns in front of the colonel's quarters are already in the hands of the Americans; the Yankee gunners are turning the pieces against their former owners.

The town was in uproar, the frightened Hessians fired from barrack windows, and then rushed out into the streets, vainly trying to form ranks. The Americans were already in battle line when Rahl reeling a little in his saddle, appeared and attempted to form his regiment. Two frowning cannon muzzles grimly confronted the Hessians in the narrow street. Rahl hesitated, and the opportunity of breaking through the enemy's ranks was lost. "Back to the orchard, men, and make a stand," was the order hastily given. Close behind his colonel marched Johann, all premonition of danger forgotten, the battle fire in his heart, the lust of blood in his soul. A brief pause while Rahl pondered whether he should strike out for the Princeton road or drive the intruders out of the town and save the plunder stored there, plunder so dear to the Hessian heart. It was only a few minutes which Rahl could give to the question, the enemy were too persistent for long thinking, but in those

few minutes Johann heard again, "Morgenroth, Morgenroth, leuchtest mir zum frühen Tod."

"Forward, at them, men!" shouted Rahl. "We'll drive the scarecrows out." A mad rush forward, for the Hessians would fight for plunder sooner than for principle. A sharp report, and Rahl reeled mortally wounded in his saddle. Johann stretched out his arms as the officer fell from his horse, but before his outstretched hands could do their work, another shot cracked and the soldier fell to the earth beside his commander. Forgetful of leader, forgetful of plunder, the Hessian troops turned and fled and the battle of half an hour was over.

Tenderly the rebel soldiers lifted the wounded officer from the ground. With an effort Rahl turned his dying gaze toward the boyish figure lying prone on the blood-stained earth. A soldier guessing his wish turned Johann's face toward his colonel. Master and man looked into each other's eyes in mute farewell. "Leuchtest mir zum frühen Tod," murmured Johann with a fleeting smile, and fell back dead.

ADALINE WHEELOCK STERLING.

The exercises closed with "Some Anecdotes of Revolutionary Women," compiled by Mrs. A. E. Barclay, who is at present in Minnesota, and sent as her greeting from afar. Miss Sarah Root Adams read this paper, and by her reading did it full justice:

ANECDOTES OF REVOLUTIONARY WOMEN.

It seems a peculiarly fitting time, during these years of 1892 and 1893, when all the world is paying homage to the great discoverer of America, and the woman, but for whose sympathy and material aid he would have hardly reached these shores, to remember also with gratitude and affection those other women, who at a later date gave treasures more precious than those of the Spanish queen, to preserve for the greatest nation on this Columbian Continent that priceless inheritance of liberty which we, their descendants, to-day hold so dear.

Where Isabella was willing to sacrifice her jewels, our Revolutionary mothers gave oftentimes all that they possessed, their homes and their comforts, and when the call came for husbands and sons, they were unflinchingly bidden to go; the staunch little woman left behind often assuming the whole support and care of the household. Great emergencies create strong characters, and the women of the Revolutionary period proved no exception. Their faith and moral integrity went hand in hand with loyalty and physical courage.

Long before the struggle for freedom began, Washington's character was being formed by such a woman. Tradition gives an interesting picture of the mother with her little flock gathered around her, as was her daily wont, reading to them lessons of religion and morality out of some standard work. Endowed with plain, direct, good sense, she governed her family strictly but kindly, exacting deference, while she inspired affection. George, being her eldest son, was thought to be her favorite, yet she never gave him undue preference, and the implicit deference exacted from him in childhood continued to be observed until the day of her death. He inherited from her a high temper and a spirit of command, but her early precepts and example taught him to restrain and govern that temper, and to square his conduct on the exact principles of equity and justice. Mary Washington was so trusted by her husband that he left to her the whole guardianship of his children, entrusting her also with the proceeds of all their property until they should become of age.

When the Revolution carried into the South formed a dark page in our history, when patriots exiled from home took up arms, blacksmiths forging them rude weapons, and women who gloried in the title rebels casting bullets for them out of the pewter utensils sacrificed from their pantry shelves; "during those times that tried men's souls," a heroic character would sometimes be revealed by a single act, as in the case of the wife of Gen. Slocum, when she awoke at mid-

night from a vivid dream of her husband lying dead upon the battle field, and arose, saddled her own horse, and galloped through the North Carolina swamps until she reached the field, where, finding her husband safe, she immediately devoted herself alike to the care of his wounded men and prisoners, remaining until the next midnight, when she started for home, where a mother's duties were required of her. In less than forty hours, this wonderful woman rode 125 miles, spending the time when out of the saddle, not in taking rest, but in dressing the wounds of friends and foes alike. We hear of her later, when one bright spring afternoon Tarleton rode up to the fine old Slocum mansion and inquired of its mistress if her husband was at home, and also if he was a rebel. The quick reply was: "No, sir, he is in the army of his country and fighting against our invaders, therefore he is not a rebel." "A friend to his country will be a friend to the King, our master," returned Tarleton. "*Slaves only* acknowledge a master in this country," retorted the lady with spirit.

Tarleton made his headquarters in the mansion, quartering his one thousand English cavalry on the grounds, and though for the time being his prisoner, Mrs. Slocum, never lost courage or spirit. When an Irish captain, mellowed by the delicious peach brandy asked his colonel if, when the country was conquered, the plantation was to be divided among his officers, Mrs. Slocum anticipated the reply with: "Allow me to observe that the only land any British officer will ever hold in this country will measure six feet by two."

General Slocum had set out that morning with twelve or fifteen men to reconnoitre Cornwallis' encampment, little dreaming that his own beautiful home was invaded, and Mrs. Slocum was in an agony of fear lest he should return and be surprised. By adroit remarks she had contrived to impress Tarleton with the idea that there were a large number of American troops in the vicinity, when suddenly a rapid firing (of fire arms) resounded from

the woods near by. General Slocum coming upon Tarleton's scouts had set upon them with his little band and was chasing them up the avenue to his house, so intent upon his purpose that he saw nothing else, when suddenly the negro whom Mrs. Slocum had sent to warn him, and who had failed to do his duty, rose from the grass with: "Hold on Massa, de debbil here! look you!" Slocum was already surrounded, but with wonderful coolness dashed through the thinnest quarter, scaled the fences, and, amid a shower of bullets reached in safety the cover of the woods he had just left. The men started in pursuit, but Tarleton, believing from Mrs. Slocum's conversation that a large force was hidden there, sounded the trumpet for recall, and Slocum and his little band were saved.

Another most remarkable character of those stirring times was Nancy Hart, of Georgia, an amazon in *stature*. Her courage, patriotism, wit and temper were in proportion to her altitude. One evening she was at home in her log cabin with her children sitting around the fire over which a large pot of soap was boiling. As Nancy vigorously stirred the soap, she dispensed to her family the latest news of the war, seasoned with her own spirited sentiments. Suddenly one of the children espied a face through the crevices of the huge log chimney, and silently conveyed an intimation to his mother. As her violent whig tendencies were known and hated, she readily divined that a tory spy was at hand. Rattling away with renewed zeal, giving sarcastic pictures of the discomfiture of the tories, as she professed to have just received special intelligence, and meantime stirring her soap with increasing fury, she waited till the proper moment had arrived when, quick as lightning, she dashed a ladleful of the boiling liquid plump through the crevice into the very face of the eavesdropper. Surprised and blinded by pain, he screamed and roared vociferously while the indomitable Nancy amused herself at his expense, and with jibes and taunts bound him fast as her prisoner.

When the partisan warfare had become so hot, and the tories so strong that whigs were forced to hide or swing, and Nancy's husband had taken to the cane brake with the rest, she still stood at her post, her spirit rising with the tempest. The tories at length gave her a call, and in true soldier fashion ordered a repast. Nancy soon had the materials for a good feast spread before them. The smoking venison, the hasty hoeecake, and the fresh honeycomb were sufficient to have provoked the appetite of a gorged epicure. They simultaneously stacked their arms and seated themselves when, with a cat-like spring, the dauntless Nancy seized one of the guns, cocked it, and declared she would blow out the brains of the first mortal that offered to use or take a mouthful. They all knew her character too well to imagine she would say one thing and do another. "Go," she said to her son, "and tell the whigs that I have taken six base tories." They sat still with doggedly mean countenances, bearing the marks of disappointed revenge, shame and unappeased hunger. Whether the incongruity between Nancy's eyes (when in a rage they had a slight obliquity) caused each to imagine himself her immediate object, or whether her commanding attitude and her stern and ferocious fixtured countenance overawed them, or the powerful idea of her new soldier-like conduct, or the certainty of death unnerved them, it is not easy to determine. They were soon relieved from her glare, but only to be dealt with according to the rules of the times.

Nancy rendered several signal services to the patriots when Augusta was in the hands of the British and great anxiety was felt concerning their intentions. She assumed male attire, and feigning insanity, went boldly into the British camp, where she obtained much valuable information to bring back to the American commandant. At another time on a similar mission, she walked to the Savannah River, made a raft of logs tied together with grape vines, crossed, accomplished her ends and returned with important in-

telligence. On several occasions she made single prisoners. Once having met a tory, she engaged him in conversation, and when he was off his guard, she seized his gun and compelled him to march before her into the American camp. A county in Georgia now bears her name and thus perpetuates her memory.

Another instance of the heroism and loyalty of the Southern women is told of Mrs. Thomas and her son and daughter-in-law, who had stored in their house at Hanging Rock a quantity of ammunition. The enemy attacked the house; the doors were barricaded, and the women loading the guns the men discharged them so rapidly and with such effect that the British, supposing a force to be posted there, withdrew. This ammunition enabled Sumter to assault and take the tory post at Hanging Rock.

Less heroic, perhaps, but as important in its result, was the conduct of Mrs. Robert Murray, when Clinton crossed from Ward's and Randall's Islands, and a portion of the American troops, becoming panic stricken, fled, leaving Washington and the remainder of his army in imminent danger of capture, Howe, Clinton and others called at Mrs. Murray's house for refreshments. Being a staunch whig, she determined to give Washington time for an honorable retreat. So she regaled her guests with such an abundance of cake and wine, and listened with such admirable attention to their humorous descriptions of the panic of her countrymen and women, that their appetite and vanity got the better of their judgment and kept them long at her delightful entertainment. Meanwhile our troops were hurried along the Bloomingdale Road and owing to the wit of good Mrs. Murray, the British troops only came up in time to send a few parting shots at their rear guard.

Another name that deserves mention for courage in a dark season is that of Hannah Irwin Israel, whose husband, after the disastrous Battle of Brandywine, was prisoner on board a British frigate in sight of his home. He had been heard to say that he would rather

drive his cattle as a present to General Washington, than to receive for them thousands of dollars of British gold. As a retort a detachment of soldiers was sent to his meadow to slaughter his cattle before his eyes. His spirited young wife, who was not out of her teens, saw the movement and quickly divined its cause. Taking with her a boy of only eight years, she ran to the field, threw down the bars, and commenced to drive out the cattle. "Stop, or we shall shoot you!" shouted the soldiers. "Fire away!" was the only answer of the intrepid woman, intent in her determination. The balls fell thick and fast about her, but she carried her point and saw the foiled enemy go empty handed back to the ship.

A fit companion to Hannah Israel in courage was the brave old Quaker lady, Anna Whitehall, who, during the attack of the British on Fort Mercer, in which they greatly outnumbered the Americans, refused to leave her house, which was on the bank of the river. When entreated to do so she replied: "God's arm is strong. He will protect me. I may do good by staying." She was left to her fate and while the balls whizzed and rattled, battering against the brick walls of her dwelling like hail stones in a tempest, the steady hum of her spinning wheel was undisturbed. At length a twelve-pounder came booming through the side of the house with a terrific crash, sundering partitions and landing in a wall near the plucky spinner. Taking her wheel, she retreated to the cellar, where she continued her industry until the battle was over, then she put aside her work and devoted herself to the suffering wounded who were brought into her house. She cared for all alike, but administered a stirring rebuke to the mercenary Hessians, while at the same time she tenderly dressed their wounds.

During the winter of 1777 Washington was obliged to keep his famished, suffering army in the field to protect the large and fertile country from the incursions of the enemy. Howe quietly left Philadelphia with fourteen thousand men to surprise Washington and drive the Federal army over the Blue

Mountains. The surprise, however, proved to be upon his own part, as he found Washington occupying some wooded heights, all ready to receive him. After vainly skirmishing around for days, he decamped, and hastened back to Philadelphia at such a rate that only the American light horse could overtake his rear guard. A romance was the secret of his failure. The British Adjutant General had fixed upon the house of William and Lydia Darrah as a convenient place for private consultation. One day he requested Lydia to prepare the room with fire and candles as he should use it that evening, adding in an impressive voice: "Be sure that your family are all in bed at an early hour." His manner made her certain that some evil was being planned, and believing that for once eavesdropping might be justified, after they had entered and locked themselves in their room, she quietly arose, and in her stocking feet stole to the door. Putting an ear to the keyhole she distinctly heard an order read for an attack on Washington's troops the next night. Lydia was a true patriot, and this order banished sleep from her eyes. In the early dawn she awoke her husband and informed him that she was obliged to go to Frankfort for flour that morning, as the Philadelphians were chiefly dependent upon the Frankfort Mills; this was a frequent occurrence, and a passport was readily furnished by General Howe, at whose headquarters she stopped on her way out of the city. She walked the five miles over the frozen snow, that cold December morning, at her utmost speed, and halting at the mill only long enough to leave her bag, pressed rapidly on towards the American lines. Meeting Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, whom Washington had sent out as a scout, she relieved her mind of its burden and, hastening back to the mill, she shouldered her bag of flour and returned home without suspicion. Upon the return of the discomfited troops, the Adjutant General called her to his room and proceeded to question her as to whether any of her family were up, upon the night in which he received company.

Lydia replied truthfully that they were all in bed at eight o'clock. "It is very strange," he pursued, "*I know you* were asleep, for I knocked three times at your door before you heard me." This was also true, as the subtle Lydia had too much at stake to appear awake at that time, and had feigned heavy slumber. "It is certain we were betrayed," he added, "yet how, I cannot imagine, unless the walls of the house tell tales." His listener retired respectfully, leaving him to his own conjectures. Yet this meek little woman, who could not fight, had given to Washington a victory, and also proved that a woman *can* carry the burden of a secret.

Passing on in the fortunes of war, we come to the terrible scenes of Cherry Valley, N. Y., which were but a repetition of those at Wyoming, and among the touching incidents of that time one is related of the little girls in a schoolhouse, who stood horror-stricken while the Mohawk Chief, Brant, killed the master and some of the boys. The little girls expected instant death, but instead the savage Brant dashed a mark of black paint upon their aprons which, when the other savages saw, they left unharmed. The heroic children, swift as an inspiration, resolved to save their brothers' lives. They flung over them their aprons, and when the next savages passed by, they were spared for the mark they bore.

During the dark days of Valley Forge, when Washington's sublime faith in the justice of his cause was the inspiration that kept alive the spark of patriotism in many a failing heart, when the supplies were so low that it was a problem how to renew them, General Greene accepted, without compensation, the position of Quartermaster General, and Mrs. Greene's little parlor became a favorite resort. Her wit and graceful tact made her a reigning queen. Mrs. Washington also came to spend the winter and brighten her husband's life. At the little receptions, where tea and coffee were always served, there was pleasant conversation and music, no one who had a good voice

being allowed to refuse a song. So in the delightful intercourse of friendship, these noble Daughters of the Revolution lured for a while into forgetfulness of the horrors of war, the heroes who led the war. Such men as the courtly Morris, the brilliant Reid and Charles Carroll, and Knox, whom Greene loved as a brother, the loved and trusted La Fayette, the dignified Sullivan, and gallant "Mad Anthony Wayne," were frequenters of the little assemblages.

The winter of 1779 and '80 was one of the hardest and most discouraging during the war. Washington's headquarters were at Morristown, and with great reluctance he was forced to make requisitions upon the surrounding country, and to the honor of the loyal people of New Jersey it can be remembered that in their hour of gloom they bore these exactions with patriotic submission, and more than that, many of the farmers voluntarily sent in provisions, shoes, coats and blankets, while the women met together to knit stockings and sew for the needy troops.

Anna Kitchell, the wife of a Wihp-pany farmer was foremost in good works. Her potato bin, meal bag and granary had always some comfort for the patriot soldiers. When unable to billet them in her house, a huge kettle constantly hung over the fire that no one need go away hungry.

The famous battle of Monmouth brings to us a familiar heroine, the red-haired freckled-faced young (Irish) woman, Mollie Pitcher, who had already distinguished herself by having fired the last gun at Fort Clinton. When at Monmouth, she won lasting regard by taking her husband's place at a cannon. After seeing him fall, and hearing the commander order the piece from the field, she hastened to the cannon, seized the rammer, and with great spirit and courage performed her husband's duty. The soldiers gave her the name of Captain Molley. On the day after the battle, she was presented to Washington, and received a Sergeant's commission and half pay through life.

After the British had given up hope of reducing the Northern States, and transferred their campaign to the South, we find outrages of war committed which brought out the brightest sparks of heroism and courage. When the beautiful home of Mr. John Gibbs, near Charleston, was destroyed, its shrubbery levelled to the ground, fire opened upon the house and the family ordered to leave, Mr. Gibbs, although ill, started out with his household to a neighboring plantation. When out of reach of the pelting shot, they halted for a moment to see if all were present, when, to their dismay, they found that one little lad, a distant relative, had been left behind. The servants when entreated to return for him, utterly refused, then Mary Ann Gibbs, a young girl of thirteen, voluntarily undertook the commission. She ran the long mile through rain and darkness, obtained through many tears and pleadings an admission to the house, secured the child and carried him in her arms through a storm of grape and round shot (which frequently covered her person with dirt as they struck the ground at her side) safe to the retreat of the family. The boy thus rescued became a distinguished Colonel in the War of 1812.

We can not close our reminiscences without the mention of two more Daughters of the Revolution, whose faith and courage entitle them to a high place in the regard of their countrywomen. When General Greene in a time of dire troubles, in his famous retreat from Cornwallis, alighted at the Salisbury Inn, he was overheard by the landlady, Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, to reply to a question as to his condition, with the words: "I am fatigued, hungry, cold, penniless." Lighting a cheerful fire, she spread a warm supper before him and then quietly produced two bags of specie, her hoarded treasure. "Take these," she said, "You will need them, and I can do without." It is hard to decide which was the happier, the noble-hearted giver or the relieved receiver. Cheered and comforted, Greene renewed his journey with a light heart, and afterwards was enabled to turn

the tables; and again through the aid of a patriot woman, the waving of whose handkerchief under cover of the bank gave him the signal of Cornwallis' retreat.

Then comes Emily Geiger, the young German girl who volunteered to ride through a country full of Tories to carry a message from Greene to Sumter, when strong, courageous men had refused to undertake so dangerous a mission. Mounted on a swift horse, she made one day's journey and was near the close of the next, when she was hailed by two Tories, who arrested her on suspicion. While confined in a room awaiting a woman who was sent to search her person, she tore up the letter and swallowed it piece by piece. Nothing being discovered by the matron's careful investigation, she received many apologies for her detention, and was allowed to proceed. Owing to Greene's caution, it acquainting her with the import of the written message, she was able to give Sumter the desired information which sent the enemy flying before the Americans towards Orangeburg.

It is not possible in a hurried sketch to do justice to the character and conduct of *all* the noble-hearted women who took part in the Revolutionary struggle. What was true of one applies to all, that their faith in the ultimate independence of their country, and their leader of the cause, never wavered, and for that cause they stood ready to sacrifice everything.

Isabella and Columbus had only the elements to overcome in giving their continent to the world, while our Revolutionary ancestors had not only the elements of cold, hunger and want to overcome, but the doubts and distrust of Congress, and the intrigues of jealous rivals whose patriotism was not equal to their ambition. Yet they overcame all, and gave a country which has revolutionized the world.

ESTHER G. BARCLAY.

Judging by the wrapt attention and plentiful applause bestowed upon each of the speakers, the audience was both

sympathetic and appreciative. The committee on entertainment were much congratulated upon the success of their efforts, and the good-byes were spoken as people speak them when happiness and satisfaction reign in their hearts, and they have the expectation soon to meet again.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, 1732.—FEBRUARY 22.—1894.

IN commemoration of the birth of Washington, Mrs. Charles Francis Stone, of Washington Heights, gave a luncheon to the General Society of the Daughters of the Revolution. The location of her residence, an old-fashioned mansion overlooking the Hudson, adjoining the home of Audubon, the great naturalist, in the park bearing his name, almost within a stone's throw of the spot where Washington made his headquarters during a part of the Revolutionary War, made it a peculiarly appropriate place in which to celebrate his birthday. This was evidently the feeling of the Society, for it responded cordially to Mrs. Stone's hospitality.

"Daughters" flocked thither from all points of the compass. The guests first assembled in the spacious library, which was tastefully decorated with buff and blue, the colors of the Society, artistically combined with those of the nation, and listened to an attractive entertainment, which was decidedly patriotic in sentiment, and was enthusiastically enjoyed by all who had the good fortune to be present.

Mrs. E. P. Steers, the President of the Society, congratulated the Daughters on the opportunity afforded them to celebrate Washington's Birthday at Washington Heights, on the very ground trodden by their ancestors, and presented the regrets of the Chaplain-General, Rev. Dr. George R. Van De Water, whom illness prevented from being present to assist in celebrating this anniversary.

Rev. Charles E. Brugler, of St. Peter's Church, Portchester, N. Y.,

then opened the exercises with prayer, after which every one present joined in singing "America" with the fervor of true "Daughters." Mrs. James Trimble, of Montclair, read an original poem entitled,

THE BIRTH OF WASHINGTON.

What stars conjoined with sun and earth,

At this illustrious infant's birth ;
Combined with all the powers of air
To make a horoscope so rare,
So grand, so fortunate, so fair,
Nor crossed by influence malign,
What gods bestowed their gifts divine,

And made of body, mind and soul,
One full, complete and perfect whole.
Jove gave to him his princely mien,
His manly dignity and grace,
His brilliant mind, broad, trenchant,
keen,

His perfect form and noble face ;
Enriched him with his wealthiest
dower,

The strength of will that gave him
power

O'er hearts and minds, o'er men and
things ;

O'er armies, nations, yea, and kings.

Rich was the gift bestowed by Mars,
Success in stratagems and wars ;
An eye to see, a hand to seize
A swift advantage o'er his foes ;
Quick wit for all emergencies,
With skill to parry Fortune's blows.
Vulcan gave strength to hand and
arm,

Investing them with subtle charm
To shield him from all mortal harm,
While Neptune gave ability
To conquer all that crossed the sea ;
And Saturn sharpness to his tongue,
Hot from his lips fell words of fire,
Which cowardice or treason wrung
From the brave heart that scorned a
liar.

Nor did the goddesses decline
To add their gentle gifts to these.
From Juno, queen of heaven, divine,
Came love of home and restful ease ;
Gave Ceres, goddess of the fields,
That peace which love of nature
yields ;

Minerva gave a statesman's power

To guide a nation, rule a State ;
 From Venus came 'love's blessed
 dower,
 A heart to know and win its mate ;
 And from this heaven-devised plan
 There grew God's noblest work, a Man.

The lofty sentiments of the writer, combined with her impressive delivery, elicited much praise. Miss Helen Niebuhr, sang two solos, "Among the Lilies" and the "Flag of the Union" (the latter in response to an encore), which displayed to good advantage her fine voice.

The address of the day was delivered by Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, of the Lenox Avenue Unitarian Church, N. Y. City. He dwelt particularly on the influence of woman in moulding the character of children, who would become the future rulers of the world, and charged the "Daughters," in eloquent and patriotic words, not to be content to rest on the glory of their ancestors, but to do something for themselves. His thoughts were so acceptable to his listeners that he was

frequently interrupted by applause.

After singing the "Star Spangled Banner" in unison, the gathering adjourned to the dining-room, where a bountiful luncheon was served. Here, also, were found the national colors intertwined with the buff and blue of the Society. The center of the large round dining table was ornamented with a beautiful floral piece, consisting of buff carnations, tied with blue ribbons, and was the object of much admiration, not only for the beauty of the design, but for the thoughtfulness that produced a decoration so appropriate to the occasion. Seasoned with eloquence, music and patriotism, the feast provided was thoroughly enjoyed, and furnished a highly satisfactory conclusion to a most memorable occasion.

The Texas State Society, Daughters of the Revolution, wired greeting and regrets. Letters of like import were received from the various State Societies and Chapters, and from members too distant to attend this general meeting to which all were called.

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES OF THE REVOLUTION.

(Continued.)

PENNSYLVANIA.

20th September, 1777, Paoli.
 26th September, 1777, Philadelphia occupied by the British.
 4th October, 1777, Germantown.
 23d October, 1777, Fort Mifflin.
 10th to 15th Nov., 1777, Fort Mifflin.
 5th to 8th Dec., 1777, White Marsh.
 6th December, 1777, Chestnut Hill.
 7th December, 1777, Edge Hill.
 17th April, 1778, Bristol.
 1st May, 1778, Crooked Billet.
 20th May, 1778, Barren Hill.
 18th June, 1778, Philadelphia, evacuated by the British.
 1st to 4th July, 1778, Wyoming.
 4th July, 1778, Wyoming massacre.

VIRGINIA.

10th October, 1774, Battle of Kenhawa (Point Pleasant). Betrayal of Gen. Andrew Lewis by Lord Dunmore.
 26th October, 1775, Hampton.
 9th December, 1775, Great Bridge.

1st January, 1776, Norfolk, burned by Lord Dunmore.
 1st Sept., 1777, Fort Henry (Wheeling).
 6th July, 1778, James River.
 9th August, 1778, Boonsborough (Kentucky).
 26th to 28th September, 1778, Fort Henry (Wheeling).
 9th May, 1779, Fort Nelson (Norfolk).
 5th Jan., 1781, Arnold burns Richmond.
 8th Jan., 1781, Charles City, Courthouse.
 25th April, 1781, Petersburg.
 27th April, 1781, Spencer's Farms.
 6th July, 1781, Jamestown Ford.
 6th July, 1781, Green Springs.
 28th September to 19th October, 1781, Siege of Yorktown.
 14th October, 1781, Two British Redoubts captured by the Americans.
 19th October, 1781, Surrender of Cornwallis.
 19th August, 1782, Blue Licks (Kentucky).

GEORGIA.

7th March, 1776, Hutchinson's Farm.
 29th January, 1777, Augusta.
 2d to 4th February, 1777, Fort McIntosh.
 19th November, 1778, Spencer's Hill (Bulltown Swamp).
 24th November, 1778, Medway Church.
 29th December, 1778, The British capture Savannah.
 9th Jan., 1779, Fort Morris (Sunbury).
 29th January, 1779, Augusta, occupied by the British.
 10th February, 1779, Car's Fort.
 14th February, 1779, Kettle Creek.
 3d March, 1779, Briar Creek.
 28th June, 1779, Hickory Hill.
 23d September, 1779, Attack on Savannah—American repulsed.
 3d October, 1779, Savannah, bombarded by the French and Americans, who were repulsed.
 9th October, 1779, Savannah, Americans and French again repulsed; Pulaski received his mortal wound.
 15th October, 1779, The Siege of Savannah raised by the French and Americans.
 16th April to 5th June, 1781, Siege of Augusta.
 21st May, 1781, Fort Galpin (Fort Dreadnought).
 24th May, 1781, Augusta (Fort Cornwallis).
 5th June, 1781, Colonel Lee takes Augusta (Forts Cornwallis and Grierson).
 21st May, 1782, Ogechee Road, near Savannah.
 24th May, 1782, near Sharon.
 23d June, 1782, Ebenezer.
 11th July, 1782, Savannah evacuated by the British.
 25th July, 1782, Skidaway Island.

DELAWARE.

3d September, 1777, Iron Hill.
 11th September, 1777, Chad's Ford.
 11th September, 1777, Brandywine.

RHODE ISLAND.

10th January, 1777, Fogland Ferry.
 2d August, 1777, Dutch Island.
 31st May, 1778, Tiverton.
 29th August, 1778, Quaker Hill (Butts Hill).
 25th October, 1779, The British evacuate Rhode Island.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

22d December, 1775, Cane Brake.
 28th to 29th June, 1776, Fort Sullivan (Sullivan's Island).
 28th June, 1776, Fort Moultrie.
 15th July, 1776, Rayborn Creek.
 1st August, 1776, Essenecca Town.
 3d February, 1779, Port Royal Island.
 3d February, 1779, Beauford.
 14th February, 1779, Cherokee Ford.
 11th May, 1779, Charleston Neck.
 20th June, 1779, Stono Ferry.
 29th March to 12th May, 1780, Siege of Charleston.
 14th April, 1780, Monk's Corner (Biggen's Bridge).
 24th April, 1780, Sortie from Charleston.
 6th May, 1780, Lanneau's Ferry.
 7th May, 1780, Fort Moultrie.
 8th May, 1780, Sullivan's Island.
 12th May, 1780, Capture of Charleston by the British.
 29th May, 1780, Waxhaws.
 12th July, 1780, Williamson's Plantation (Brattenville).
 30th July, 1780, Rocky Mount.
 30th July, 1780, Fort Anderson (Thickety Fort).
 1st August, 1780, Green Springs.
 6th August, 1780, Hanging Rock.
 8th August, 1780, Wofford's Iron Works, Cedar Springs.
 15th August, 1780, Ford of the Wateree.
 16th August, 1780, Camden.
 16th August, 1780, Gum Swamp.
 18th August, 1780, Musgrove Mills.
 18th August, 1780, Fishing Creek.
 18th August, 1780, Catawba.
 20th August, 1780, Great Savannah (Nelson Ferry).
 25th October, 1780, Black River (Tarcote Swamp).
 9th November, 1780, Fish Dam Ford (Broad River).
 12th November, 1780, Broad River.
 20th November, 1780, Black Storks, (Tiger River).
 4th December, 1780, Rugley's Mills.
 17th January, 1781, Cowpens.
 12th April, 1781, Fort Balfour.
 15th to 23d April, 1781, Fort Watson.
 25th April, 1781, Hobkirk's Hill.
 25th April, 1781, Camden.
 10th May, 1781, Camden.
 11th May, 1781, Orangeburg.

12th May, 1781, Fort Motte.
 14th May, 1781, Nelson's Ferry.
 15th May, 1781, Fort Granby.
 21st May, 1781, Silver Bluff.
 22d May to 19th June, 1781, Ninety Six.
 17th July, 1781, Quinby's Bridge.
 30th August, 1781, Parker's Ferry.
 8th September, 1781, Eutaw Springs.
 — July, 1782, James Island.
 27th August, 1782, Combahee Ferry.
 14th December, 1782, Charleston evacuated by the British.

NORTH CAROLINA.

27th February, 1776, Moore Creek Bridge.
 20th June, 1780, Ramsour's Mills.
 13th July, 1780, Cedar Springs.
 14th July, 1780, Pacolet River.

15th July, 1780, Earle's Ford.
 12th September, 1780, Cane Creek.
 26th September, 1780, Charlotte.
 7th October, 1780, King's Mountain.
 1st February, 1781, Wilmington.
 1st February, 1781, Cowan's Ford.
 1st February, 1781, Torrence's Tavern.
 6th February, 1781, Shallow Ford.
 12th Feb., 1781, Bruce's Cross Road.
 25th February, 1781, Haw River.
 2d March, 1781, Chapp's Mill.
 6th March, 1781, Wetzell's Mills.
 15th March, 1781, Guilford.
 25th April, 1781, Hillsborough.
 13th September, 1781, Hillsborough.
 13th September, 1781, Lindley's Mill (Cane Creek).

MARY C. MARTIN-CASEY,
Registrar-General.

AN OPEN LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MAGAZINE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION."

DEAR MADAME :—Though not a member of either D. R. or D. A. R., my American ancestry not dating back to the time of the Revolution, I am an interested on-looker and have watched with an (perforce) unbiased judgment the growth and workings of both societies. I have friends in both, and read the publications of both, therefore I venture to send you this open letter hoping that you will publish it in your Magazine, and that it may elicit a reply that will perhaps enlighten not alone me, but many others, upon some clouded points.

At each "Congress" of the D. A. R. (there have been three) the seemingly vexing question of admitting collaterals to their society has been discussed with more or less heat and animosity; each time the attempt was made to expunge the clause "Mother of a Patriot" that made admission of collaterals possible, and each time it passed over until the following yearly meeting; as the culmination which has now come was always a foregone conclusion and only a question of time, most naturally all who desired to join such a society, and could

only do so collaterally, made all possible haste to get in while the door was on the latch, hence the phenomenal growth of that society.

Now I want to ask what good it does to lock the door after the mischief is done? All the collaterals are safely inside, and when a woman says she is a "Daughter of the American Revolution" who is to know whether she is lineal or collateral; there is no distinction, that being the case why all this fuss about the matter? I cannot see that it has made any difference; in my poor opinion it would have been far better to keep it a collateral society, honestly acknowledging it, and let it be widely known as such; then members could take pride in fine collateral ancestry, and your society (Daughters of the Revolution) would be always open for the strictly lineals.

The two societies could exist side by side in friendly and cousinly union, uniting in the celebration of national events, deriving much pleasure and doing good in many ways undoubtedly. Trusting you will grant my request and not think me intrusive, I am

Very sincerely,

ANNE M. MORLAND.

February 26th, 1894.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION—GENERAL SOCIETY.

Founder General—Mrs. Flora Adams Darling.

*

President—Mrs. EDWARD PAULET STEERS, 2076 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Vice President—Mrs. LOUISE FRANCES ROWE.

Secretary General—Mrs. D. PHOENIX INGRAHAM, 2052 Madison Ave., New York.

Treasurer General—Miss LUCRETIA V. STEERS.

Registrar General—Mrs. MARY C. MARTIN-CASEY.

Assistant Registrar—Mrs. H. S. BEATTIE.

Historian General—Mrs. LOUIS DE B. GALLISON.

Librarian General—Mrs. LOUISE SCOFIELD DAVIS.

Chaplain General—REV. GEORGE R. VAN DE WATER, D.D.

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MRS. DE VOLNEY EVERETT,	MRS. GEORGE INNESS, JR.
MRS. A. F. RASINES,	MRS. CHAS. F. STONE,
MRS. HENRY A. WARREN,	MRS. CHARLES F. ROE,
MRS. EDGAR KETCHUM,	MRS. JOHN F. BERRY,
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HON. CHARLES H. TRUAX,	HON. ASHBEL P. FITCH.

*

GENERAL SOCIETY ROOMS—64 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y. CITY.

*

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL SOCIETY.

I feel that few, if any, words of explanation are necessary in regard to the Annual Meeting and Election of the Executive Board held on January 8th, 1894, as the following reports from the General Officers and Committees speak for themselves as to the advancement, interest, and growth of the Society during the past twelve months. General resolutions were offered, among the most important is the following addition to Section I. of the By-Laws: "No member shall be entitled to a vote at any Annual Election who is in arrears for dues." This resolution was unanimously approved and will be acted upon at the next general meeting. It was also unanimously "Resolved, That on and after

this date all members of this Society shall pay one dollar annually—in addition to the annual dues—for the maintenance of the Assembly Rooms and a fund for a permanent building."

The attention and interest of the members were requested in regard to the Library of the "Daughters of the Revolution" (consisting of over one hundred volumes), and all members who had written or compiled any book were requested to increase the very interesting collection by the presentation of such volumes to the Society.

The celebration of the 22d of February (Washington's Birthday) was announced, and Mrs. Charles Francis Stone's delightful and very generous invitation to entertain the Society on

this occasion was accepted with great pleasure.

The meeting closed with the feeling of fellowship among the members, aroused to genuine enthusiasm.

F. ADELAIDE INGRAHAM,
Secretary-General.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY-GENERAL.

It is our pleasure again to meet and look backward over the work of the past year, and its results. I am much gratified to record the enthusiastic interest shown everywhere in the work of this Society, and to announce a membership *more* than double our record at our meeting in January 1893.

The Society has been successfully established in Massachusetts—the organization taking place in the celebrated Old South Meeting House on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill (June 17th); since then it has been organized in Connecticut with every prospect of the formation of a great Society, and in a few days it will begin a renewed life in Maryland under most able management. Very great interest has been shown in Ohio, and with our increasing membership there we shall shortly organize a State Society.

Iowa has not been behind in interest, as a kind letter from Bishop Wm. Stevens Perry (President of the Sons of the Revolution in Iowa) will testify. Neither has our neighboring State Pennsylvania failed to send us most distinguished members.

With so large and distinguished a Society an Assembly Room is absolutely necessary for the transaction of general business, and as the maintenance *must* come from the Society in general, a plan has been devised which I trust will be carried out to-day. Allow me in explanation to quote from the section in our last circular devoted to fees and dues—"also \$1.00 annually for the maintenance of the Assembly Rooms and a fund for a permanent building." These rooms are open to members at all times, and I hope every member will feel a right and interest in them.

Surely the feeling of fellowship should be as strong among women as

men, and the interest and general advancement of the Society should be a *personal* matter with us all. The "Daughters of the Revolution" are an acknowledged power in the land, and they have the place of honor to which they are entitled by their direct lineage, pure and unalloyed, from the patriotic heroes of the Revolution.

F. ADELAIDE INGRAHAM,
Secretary-General.

January 8th, 1893.
New York City.

ADDRESS OF MRS. LOUISE F. ROWE, VICE-PRESIDENT-GENERAL.

MADAM PRESIDENT, LADIES OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD AND DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION :

With the customary congratulations of the season, I wish you all a happy and prosperous New Year. As the office of Vice-President seems one more of honor than of official work, except at such time as when called into requisition, it precludes my making a report at this meeting of the General Society.

With the enthusiasm and patriotism of the other officers of this society, who in their different capacities have labored diligently, and been faithful to their trusts, always eager to pay the tribute of honor to these "Daughters," and to their ancestors who helped to found a nation, *to them* we owe our most grateful thanks, and I am confident the reports presented to-day will show an exceedingly increased and prosperous organization, a strongly patriotic society already firmly established, and in good condition for continued success.

It has been made plain to us all, from our general knowledge and by historical reading, that in the early struggle of this country for the establishment of its independence, much of its final victory was due to the character of the women of that period.

Our ancestors of the seventeenth century, who on account of their high sentiments, and their willingness to make sacrifices for them, deserve to be called the cream of that civilization who came to this country at that time; and while we inherit the life and the spirit of the colonists, though

strengthened, and lifted higher by cultivation, we do not inherit their resolution, courage and self-sacrifice. But the "Patriots of the Revolution" live in us; their blood flows in our veins; their spirit is our spirit; we are their *lineal descendants*, and with us rests the responsibility of honoring their names and records of their heroic deeds.

Historians are ever ready to preserve the names of the illustrious *heroes* of the Revolution. It will remain for the "Daughters of the Revolution" to emulate the virtues of the *heroines*, to extol and record the courageous acts and self-sacrifice of those women who worked and toiled, day by day, to cheer on our forefathers to the great strife for *Liberty*.—Yes, *Liberty, Home and Country!*

January, the eighth, 1894.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

MADAME PRESIDENT AND DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION :

The usual reports which I have made monthly or quarterly, as was the case, have shown the steady growth of our society, and have made unnecessary, at the present time, any extended paper—which at the most would be merely a repetition of what has previously been done. I feel, however, that a few words will not be out of place.

I have always taken a deep interest in the early history of our present government, and the causes which led to its establishment. And I have often wondered why our published records and histories contained little more than generalizations—polished descriptions of the principal events, and more or less detailed accounts of the great leaders, but no thought given to the little skirmishes, scarce a notice of the little battles, silence for the minute man, the humble farmers who made the very soil sacred with their heart's blood, shed for our dearly beloved country—the private soldier, who fought naked and starving—until it seemed as if our nation began in

great things, and was formed by Generals and Commanders.

Let us remember that the little deeds and the untitled men and women of the Revolution developed into and made possible the great deeds and the great men. In this spirit I have always sought out the almost forgotten heroes of 1776. "If we have rescued one name from oblivion," said Saffell, "and restored it to the hearts and remembrance of the American people, we shall be happy." This, too, is the spirit that has actuated me in my work in the society. It is immaterial that my labors have been onerous and unceasing, even that my summer was spent amid rolls and records and forgotten volumes of the past, for I have my reward in an increasing membership, with all that such a membership implies—each name and each deed a link in the grand chain which bound the thirteen colonies as one mass, and made them capable of resisting the tremendous power of England and her mercenaries.

We glorify the deeds, and the men and women who made possible these deeds, by which a new star, since grown the brightest, was added to the constellation of nations. But we must distinguish between the glory of the fact substantial and the halo of the *ignus fatuus*, which leads the follower into the mires of doubt. Tradition is well enough, if taken at its true value, but cannot be made the *foundation* of membership in this society.

When there are traditions of the Revolution in a family, I feel that there are records in some official sanctuary—needing only the persistent inquiries of the descendants and certification of the custodian of the records to *verify*. Possibly the *General* will be transformed into a private, nevertheless he will be *proven a patriot* of the Revolution, which will entitle the applicant to be as true a Daughter of the Revolution as any among us.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY C. MARTIN CASEY,

Registrar-General.

New York, January 8th, 1894.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE HISTORIAN-GENERAL.

MADAME PRESIDENT AND DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION:

Washington's Birthday, the Battle of Lexington and Evacuation Day belong so emphatically to the General Society to celebrate, that in future these are to be considered as General Society Days.

The Governor's Room in the City Hall, New York, April 19th, 1893, was filled by a brilliant assemblage of ladies, worthy daughters of noble Revolutionary Sires, and a very enthusiastic soul inspiring general society celebration was held.

Hon. Charles W. Dayton first aroused our patriotic ardor with his eloquent words. He was followed by Rev. Charles H. Hall D.D., who kept the undivided attention with his carefully prepared oration. He was all we hoped for. Knowing Dr. Hall, and knowing what we had the right to expect from this orator, our hopes were of no mean order.

The anniversary of Evacuation Day will long live in our memories. Dr. Charles D. Robinson set forth why the day is and should be celebrated. Mrs. William Lee, State Regent for Massachusetts, delivered a most interesting address—"A Retrospect."

Our dignified president, Mrs. Steers, in her opening address at each celebration gives us always some new train of thought, some new way in which to show our zeal and appreciation of the brave deeds of the Revolutionary heroes whose praises we are ever ready to sing.

While we thrill with patriotic ardor our hearts are sad as we recall the faces of those who meet with us no more, Mrs. Marie Antoinette Burger, a member of Huguenot Chapter of New Rochelle, N. Y.—Mrs. Alice Wiley Hamilton, State Registrar of New Jersey—and Mrs. Harriet Newell Thompson of Lansingburg, N. Y.

"Doubtless unto them is given
A life that bears immortal fruit."—

Our sympathy is extended to Mrs. French, State Regent of Texas, in the loss of her life companion, her husband, Hon. James H. French.

The New Year opens with bright prospects for the Daughters of the Revolution.

KATHARINE BARTLETT GALLISON,
Historian-General.

LIBRARIAN-GENERAL'S REPORT.

The Library of this Society—Daughters of the Revolution—is growing slowly, but it is *growing*. Members are beginning to send in copies of their own publications, and gifts of books that can be spared from their libraries. The magazine of the "Daughters of the Revolution" contributes each quarter books sent for review in its columns. Eventually the *Library of the Daughters of the Revolution* will be both large and valuable.

LOUISE S. DAVIS,
Librarian-General.

REPORT OF NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

MADAME PRESIDENT AND DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION:

The committee appointed in accordance with Section 20 of the Constitution to nominate members of the Board of Managers for election at the next annual meeting, begs leave to report that a meeting was held at 64 Madison avenue, December 12th, 1893, at 2 o'clock, P.M. Mrs. Joseph J. Casey in the chair, and Mrs. George A. Ludin as secretary.

As far as declaring what vacancies should be made on the Board of Managers, the duties of the committee were merely perfunctory. The Constitution of the general society directing who shall vacate yearly their seats in the board; were this not the fact, it is doubtful if any change would be made. As the committee appreciates the valuable services of the retiring members, and feels that a continuance in office would be but a slight recognition of those services, and is confident that in thus expressing itself, it is merely reflecting the sentiments of the officers and members of the general society.

As to the duty imposed upon the committee of selecting names to be presented for the sanction of your ballots, it felt, and still feels, that nothing but the highest loyalty to the

society reconciled the committee to its task when there are so many excellent members to choose from, and so few to be chosen, the committee is selfish enough to wish that others had been selected to make this choice.

However, the work is done, and the committee asks the approval of the society to the following regular ticket :

Mrs. De Volney Everett,
Mrs. Henry A. Warren,
Mrs. Edgar Ketchum,
Mrs. A. F. Rasines,
Mrs. Smith Anderson,
Mrs. Charles W. Dayton,
Mrs. J. Hood Wright,
Mrs. Charles Francis Roe,
Mrs. George Inness, Jr.,
Mrs. Charles F. Stone,
Miss Adeline W. Torrey,
Mrs. William Gerry Slade,
Mrs. John F. Berry,
Mrs. Seth Charles Hunsdon.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY C. MARTIN CASEY,
January 8th, 1894. Chairman.

REPORT OF HUGUENOT CHAPTER, NEW ROCHELLE.

MADAME PRESIDENT AND DAUGHTERS OF
THE REVOLUTION :

The Huguenot Chapter of New Rochelle closes its second year under most favorable circumstances. It has gained several new members, and others are now searching their records with a view to joining. Regular monthly meetings have been held during the year, also special meetings have been called in reference to work undertaken by the Chapter.

February 22d was celebrated in a fitting manner by a Colonial dinner, given at the residence of the Vice-Regent, Mrs. W. R. Pitt. The ladies were gowned in old-time costumes, and carried out, as far as possible, both in the dinner and entertainment, the spirit of the days of Washington.

On April 26th a dance was given by the Chapter at the Manor House, Pelham Manor. The beautiful building was draped with American flags, and the buff and blue of the Society. Both financially and socially the Dance was successful, showing that though the

Chapter was yet in its infancy, it was capable of undertaking and accomplishing much.

Early in December the Chapter furnished a booth at the New Rochelle Hospital Bazaar; and their efforts were rewarded by clearing over one hundred dollars for the hospital.

The year closing has been a successful one, but with our success we have had our sorrows, had been called upon to mingle our tears with those who weep. Early in the year death laid his hand upon the brow of an esteemed member, Mrs. Marie Antoinette Burger, of Portchester, N. Y.

Looking into the future we can well feel assured of the success of Huguenot Chapter.

ROSE OGDEN HUNSDON,
Secretary, D. R.

REPORT OF SECRETARY-GENERAL— EXECUTIVE BOARD.

I beg leave to report that the regular meetings of the Executive Committee of the General Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution" have been regularly held and well attended. Although the business of the Society has increased to such large proportions, it has received the same strict and efficient attention.

Among the most important resolutions unanimously adopted by the Board during the last quarter, is the following one passed at the last meeting: "Resolved, That when application for membership is made on documentary evidence the original documents, or certified State copies, which must accompany the application, shall on and after this date be retained and filed with the paper." The Society has been most successfully organized in Maryland, and the Regent, with her fine State Board, is establishing a great Society. The usual celebrations have been observed, and on February "22" the General Society was most generously entertained by Mrs. Charles Francis Stone, a member of the Executive Board. The Battle of Lexington will be celebrated on April nineteenth by a Luncheon at the "Hotel Waldorf," New York City.

F. ADELAIDE INGRAHAM,
Secretary-General.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE
REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

During the quarter ending 1st March, 1894, descendants of the following named Officers, Statesmen and Soldiers of the Revolutionary War have been made "Daughters of the Revolution":

Nathaniel French, private soldier of Epping, New Hampshire.

John Folsom, private soldier of New Hampshire.

Seth and Freeman Knowles, who served as private soldiers in the Penobscot expedition from Massachusetts.

John Christie, a private soldier of Bergen County, New Jersey.

Azariah Lyman, a private soldier of Massachusetts Militia.

Samuel Judd, a private soldier of Connecticut during the Revolution; subsequently was Captain of Militia.

Capt. Ebenezer Kingsbury, Deputy to Connecticut Assembly.

Phineas Merrill, of Connecticut, who was private soldier in the Lexington Alarm, 1775; Conductor of Teams in 1778-1779.

Capt. Israel Jones, of Connecticut, who served from 1775 to 1778.

Daniel Bowley, who served as Ensign in Maryland Militia; was also member of various Committees of Observation and Safety.

Lieut. Andrew Engle, of Pennsylvania, whose record of service in the Continental Army is from 1776 to 1781.

Samuel Swan, a Patriot of Charleston, Massachusetts, and his son, Major Samuel Swan.

Col. Nathaniel Terry, who served in the Connecticut Militia; also was a member of Connecticut Assembly, 1776.

Eldad Taylor, who was a member of Massachusetts Provincial Congress; also member of Governor's Council and State Senate.

Col. Joseph Beaver, Capt. Peter Dickinson and Col. Jacob Drake, all from New Jersey.

Lieut. Increase Carpenter, who served in New York Militia.

Zophas Wickes, of Dutchess County Militia.

Lieut. William Roby, who served in the Continental Army from New Hampshire.

Joseph F. Bothwell, whose record of service is from 1775 to 1781, in the Continental Line.

Thomas Melville, who was one of the Boston tea-party, and also served in the Revolution from Massachusetts.

Brig.-Gen. Peter Gansevoort, Major of New York Line, 1775; Colonel, 1776; Brig.-Gen. of New York Militia, 1781.

Michael Hillegas, a statesman of Pennsylvania.

Lieut. and Quarter-Master William Nichols, of Pennsylvania.

Samuel Parmelee, who served as a private soldier of Connecticut.

Solomon Gay, minute man of Massachusetts, 1775 and 1776.

Capt. Jonathan Cass, who served as private at the Battle of Bunker Hill; was Ensign of 3d New Hampshire, 1776; Lieutenant, 1778; Captain, 1782.

Thomas Banks, private soldier of Connecticut.

Col. Paul Dudley Sargent, who served in the Continental Army from Massachusetts.

Capt. Asa Bray, who served in Connecticut Militia.

Hon. Gustavus Scott, Hon. Samuel Love and Judge Charles Jones, all statesmen of Maryland.

Capt. Simeon Sampson (or Samson), who served as Naval Captain from Massachusetts during the Revolution.

Capt. Ebenezer Smith record of service from Sept., 1775 to Nov., 1783.

Benjamin Leavitt, private soldier of New Hampshire.

Daniel Kellogg, private soldier from Connecticut.

Rev. Daniel Merrell, who gave three years' service in Massachusetts.

Abijah Reed, private soldier from New Hampshire.

Rev. Joseph Strong, Chaplain of 20th Continental Infantry, Mar. to Dec. 1776.

Col. William Stephen Smith, of New York, who served in the Continental Army, from 1776 to the close of the war.

Daniel Wells, private soldier from Connecticut.

Jason Whitney, private soldier from Massachusetts.

Major Timothy Jackson, of Newton, Massachusetts.

Capt. Jedediah Hyde served in the Continental Army from Connecticut.

Capt. William Blackler, of Marblehead, Massachusetts.

Major Robert Warner, who served in the Connecticut Continental Line.

Ebenezer Adams, private in Livingston's 4th New York Regiment.

Capt. Samuel Westcott, of 1st Battalion, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

Col. Charles Mynn Thruston, of the Virginia Continental Line.

Major George Schaffer, of the Pennsylvania Continental Line.

Capt. Nathaniel Jarvis, of Massachusetts, Jackson's Additional Continental Regiment.

Capt. Conrad Sherman, of Pennsylvania Continental Line.

Lieut. Charles Bevin, in the Maryland Continental Line.

Lieut. William Anderson, who served in the Pennsylvania Continental Line ; was also aid-de-camp to Gen. Lafayette.

Samuel Dunham, who served as landsman on a Continental Frigate from Connecticut.

Capt. David Olmsted, of Ridgefield, Conn., who served from 1775 to 1781.

David Thurston, Massachusetts, who served at intervals from 1775 to 1778.

Capt. Timothy Emerson, who served as Captain of Militia, raised by the State of New Hampshire to join the Continental Army at West Point.

Ensign Charles Hoffman, who served in Brickenhoff's Regiment, New York.

John Fowler, of Ipswich, Mass.

Corporal Elisha Hoyt, of Massachusetts, whose record of service was almost continuous from 1775 to 1782.

Major Frederick Pope, of Massachusetts Continental Line.

Lieut. Abel Lyman, of Lebanon, New Hampshire.

Thomas Durfee, a statesman of Massachusetts during and after the Revolution.

Mrs. Betsey Ross, designer and maker of the American flag, which was adopted by Congress June 14th, 1777.

Daniel Shriver, member from Frederick County to the General Assembly of Maryland during the Revolution.

Dr. Samuel Whitney, surgeon's mate, Continental Army from Conn.

Col. Samuel Whitney, who served as Lieut.-Colonel in 1775 and 1776 in the Continental Army ; subsequently was Colonel in Connecticut Militia till 1780.

William Scott, who was private from Connecticut from 1775 to 1779.

Zenus Brace, who served as private in Connecticut.

Phineas Johnson, private soldier of Connecticut.

Sergeant Evert Van Epps, who served in Fonda Company, New York State Troops.

George Langford, minute man in Massachusetts from 1775 to 1782.

Joshua Mersereau, who was member of Provincial Assembly from Richmond County, New York, 1777 to 1786 ; was also Deputy Commissary-General of Prisoners for the Continent.

Joshua Mersereau, Jr., Quarter-master 1777 ; was in service to close of war.

Josiah Butts, who served as private soldier from Connecticut ; record of service from 1776 to 1778.

Major Sabastian Bauman, in the New York Continental Artillery.

Capt. Samuel Ransom, who was killed at Wyoming, July, 1778.

Major Henry Fisher, of Lewes, Del.

Lieut. Jonas Rice, of Vermont, who served as Corporal in 1777, Lieut., 1778.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY C. MARTIN CASEY,

Registrar-General, D. R.

NEW JERSEY.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Regular and special meetings have been held and enjoyable entertainments given. After repeated meetings to revise and make necessary changes, an excellent State Constitution has been compiled and adopted. The annual meeting was held January 11th. The State Board and Officers for the ensuing year were elected.

MISS ADELINE W. TORREY, *Regent.*

MRS. CHARLES B. YARDLEY, *Vice-Regent.*

MISS GAIL A. TREAT, *Rec. Secretary.*

MISS MARIA P. ROGERS, *Cor. Secretary.*

MRS. GEO. H. HODENPYL, *Treasurer.*

MRS. GEORGIA B. CRATER, *Registrar.*

STATE BOARD.

MRS. ROBERT WARD.

MRS. WILLIAM TORREY BAIRD.

MRS. GEORGE INNESS, JR.

MRS. J. WOOD STEWART.

REV. ALEXANDER MANN, *Chaplain.*

GAIL A. TREAT,

Recording Secretary.

MASSACHUSETTS REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT
AND EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE GENERAL
SOCIETY "DAUGHTERS OF THE
REVOLUTION."

LADIES :

It gives me pleasure to be able to report to you the following account of the first State Meeting, Daughters of the Revolution, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and its Constitution and By-Laws, which, greatly to my surprise, after two trifling amendments, upon its first reading was adopted without one dissenting voice. This prevents my doing as I originally intended—since it so largely incorporates the Constitution of the General Society with such changes and additions only as were required for our more local government—the placing it before you as a mark of courtesy and recognition of your authority, for your approval.

The meeting was opened by our Chaplain, Rev. Edward Everett Hale D.D., L.L.D. His fervent prayer and eloquent words of encouragement in our undertaking will be long remembered. Mrs. Jane G. Austin, our gifted Historian, was prevented by illness from being with us.

We have every prospect of success, and trust that in future our annual reports will proclaim the prospect an assured fact.

Yours respectfully,

SARA WHITE LEE,

Regent Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

ADDRESS OF MRS. WILLIAM LEE, REGENT,
MADE AT THE OPENING OF THE FIRST
STATE MEETING OF THE "DAUGHTERS
OF THE REVOLUTION, COMMONWEALTH
OF MASSACHUSETTS," January 25th,
1894.

Members of the General Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, now first met as a State Society—in the name of the parent Society—Greeting!

I am proud to stand here, where all present are lineal descendants of Patriots, as your servant, and I promise while occupying this position as your Regent, to devote the best of my powers, strength and ability toward making this organization worthy of its ancestry and its objects.

But this I cannot do alone. You each have an important part; in letting me feel you appreciate my efforts, that your sympathy is with me in the work, and that you all stand ready to aid me in making this Society what the General Society expects it will be.

At the celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill, when the Massachusetts Society of the Daughters of the Revolution was organized,—cradled in the same Old South Meeting House, where was cradled our Country's Liberty—our President in her address remarked: "From all over these United States we look to you in New England as to the Fatherland. * * * There is seldom a paper of application presented to this Society without finding here at least one line of the applicant's ancestry. * * * So you daughters of New England on New England soil should be our main-stay in the Council Chamber as your ancestors were in our Country's first need and in her every struggle."

Let us then strive to reach and to be worthy of this position accorded to us. Let us do our utmost for the welfare and extension of the Society, and cause Massachusetts in this organization to attain the proud pre-eminence, which the Commonwealth sustains among her sister States who by their union and accord make possible the United States—Our Country!

Not demanding recognition by exclusiveness and arrogance, but by our usefulness and wisdom in council maintaining the reputation acquired by our forefathers; for, thanks to those brave heroes, we are the peers by birth-right of any sovereign on the throne, however exalted, so do not need to create an aristocracy nor form a mutual admiration society.

But there should be a social element, although secondary in importance, and from the Chapters that we hope will soon spring up in every town, village and hamlet throughout New England, we trust will be generated a feeling of friendship among its members that will spread throughout the State Society and permeate it with the spirit of fellowship.

This is necessary and essential, but the Society as a state body has primarily a far higher and nobler mission.

It has a duty, a labor of love to perform. It has to rescue from obscurity and oblivion the names and deeds of the brave women—our Mothers—who helped to give us “Liberty, Home and Country.” It has to become an organization as useful in peace as was the Sanitary Commission in war.

The noble women of this Commission, and of the days that tried women’s as well as men’s souls, were akin by deed as by blood for “by their works ye shall know them.” We have to emulate their example. We have our work as they had theirs cut out for us. Let it begin by trying to preserve the documentary evidence of our ancestors’ services; glories that are gradually disappearing from age, use and decay. It is only a question of comparatively short time before they are gone unless copied and retained in printed form as are the records of other States.

Should Massachusetts—foremost in 1775—be the laggard in 1894? Can we not as an organized power cause our statesmen to appreciate the importance of publishing these documents and make such a liberal appropriation that the task be speedily accomplished?

Then in this dawning Twentieth Century,—the Woman’s Era—what possibilities for elevating the character of American politics are before us!

Not by aggressiveness, not through the insistence on Suffrage, however desirable that may be, but by the quiet, unobtrusive, persistent and powerful influence of gentle woman, exerted through precepts and stories of brave deeds told to the children, that will cause them to appreciate the value of the land and the Government their fore-fathers died to preserve for them, and thus, little by little, as the ant builds its house, when these children have arrived at man’s estate and taken their places in the rank of voters, we may at least see the complete, beautiful structure of America governed by Americans—and morals even in poli-

tics. Not meaning by this to exclude the immigrants but to control the tide of immigration. To raise the standard of citizenship while extending to him who desires to become a worthy citizen the right hand of fellowship; welcoming him cordially and teaching him how grand a thing it is to become—as he may—a true American.

“Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,” yet burning words are cold and inadequate to express the feelings that thrill me as I stand here and think what the “Daughters of the Revolution” may accomplish, and our glorious possibilities!

Would I could fire your souls with the holy sentiment that nerves one to do, to dare and to die if need be for a sacred cause!

And what can be more holy than Patriotism? Than to feel that your country has need of you, and to vow that from this time on your influence will be used toward its advancement? That you will become familiar with the inner history and inculcate it upon the rising generation that they may the better comprehend and protect their inheritance? What say you? That I have caused you to comprehend how high is the object and aim of this Society, and that you now as never before realize the honor of having had your name inscribed on its roll of members?

Let us then go on hand in hand, working earnestly for these results, extending the Society’s usefulness by bringing in new members, forming Chapters and disseminating a more exalted love of Country, remembering that a certificate of membership in the “Daughters of the Revolution” is equal in proof of lineal descent and legal value to the badge of the “Society of the Cincinnati,” that although we can not be the eldest son of the eldest son of an Officer of the Revolution or of a Son of Liberty, yet that some of us can trace our ancestry to those same fathers and sons, while all of us are the LINEAL descendants of the men who were the bone and blood, the sinew and strength of that wonderful struggle for Independence.

REPORT OF LONG ISLAND SOCIETY.

The first annual meeting of this Chapter was held on November 22d, 1892. The yearly reports of the Secretary and Treasurer showed the Society to be in a flourishing condition. Regular and Executive meetings were held at the residence of the Regent, Mrs. Horatio C. King, at stated intervals during the ensuing year. These meetings were enlightened and made enjoyable (after the transaction of business) by the reading of a paper carefully prepared by some member, or choice selections of historical interest, music, and a social cup of tea served in cups that Revolutionary Ancestors prized and cherished.

Washington's Birthday was fittingly celebrated at the residence of Mrs. Chas. F. Pierce, a full account of which was given in the Magazine one year ago. At the March meeting it was unanimously resolved to tender to Dr. Chas. H. Hall, Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, the chaplaincy of the Society. A characteristic letter of acknowledgement accepting the position was read at a subsequent meeting. After the usual business had been transacted Mrs. Pratt read a most interesting paper, prepared by herself and entitled "Daughters of the Revolution," consisting of personal reminiscences of her maternal ancestors.

In view of the fact that a meeting of the General Society, to celebrate the Anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, was to be held in April, no meeting of Long Island Chapter was called. The meeting of the General Society took place on the 19th of April, 1893, in the Governor's Room, in the New York City Hall, and was most successful numerically and otherwise.

At the first Autumnal meeting in November, the usual routine of business was followed, the Regent presiding. During the year the roll has been augmented by the addition of many valuable names. During 1893 Mrs. Thayer, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. Elwell, Mrs. Haley, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Ripley, and Mrs. Beam served on the

Executive Committee; Mrs. Jas. F. Pierce, Mrs. Van Iderstine, Mrs. Snow, Mrs. Elwell, and Mrs. Birdsall served on other committees.

The Annual Meeting of the General Society was held in the Rooms, 64 Madison avenue, New York City, on Monday, January 8th, 1894. Long Island Chapter was but poorly represented numerically, there being but five members present. It is a matter to be regretted that these annual meetings are not more fully attended, as many subjects are brought before the Society of interest to every "Daughter."

The sincere thanks of the Chapter are due to our Regent for her continued hospitality, and the time seems rapidly approaching when we should no longer trespass upon it, but should provide ourselves with some suitable meeting place, thereby relieving her of that responsibility.

Thanks also are due to Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Elwell and Mrs. Thayer for their courteous and willing assistance in making the social part of our meetings successful.

For Mrs. Pierce's generous hospitality on the night of February 22d we are truly grateful, and Dr. Chas. H. Hall's prompt response to our calls on every occasion, entitles him to our warmest thanks, while to Gen. Horatio C. King the Society is also greatly indebted for assistance most willingly given whenever the opportunity offered.

In conclusion, let it be urged upon the "Daughters" that the time for concerted systematic action has arrived and "the hour is ripe" for our entrance upon some serious work. Let us at it with a will, and the dawn of ninety-five will enable us to look back upon a year of successful achievements.

MARY EAMES BEAM,

Secretary, Long Island Society D. R.

That Mrs. Charles L. Alden has kindly consented to take entire charge of the genealogical department is matter for congratulation, her capability for, and devotion to such work are too well known to need recounting.

*Published in the Vol. I, No. 3, of this magazine.

FIRST MEETING OF MARYLAND STATE
SOCIETY DAUGHTERS OF THE
REVOLUTION.

A meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. George W. Roche, January 10th, 1894, for the purpose of forming a State Society of the Daughters of the Revolution. Mrs. Roche was appointed Regent of Maryland by the General Society. It is thought that a Baltimore Chapter will soon be in existence, with Mrs. Thomas Hill as Regent; then other Chapters will be organized throughout the State.

The Baltimore ladies interested in the Daughters of the Revolution were assisted in organizing the Maryland Society by Mrs. Louis Gallison, an officer of the General Society, and guest of Mrs. Roche. Dr. Charles R. Weld, the pastor of the First Independent Christ Church, who has been appointed Chaplain of the Maryland Society, opened the meeting with a prayer. Addresses were made by Mrs. Gallison and Mrs. Thomas Hill. The following State officers were appointed: Mrs. George W. Roche, Regent; Mrs. William D. Booker, Secretary; Mrs. William S. Young, Treasurer; Miss Anna B. Hill, Registrar, and Miss Caroline S. Bansemer, Historian.

At this meeting were shown two very interesting relics—one, a powder-horn, which was used at the battle of Bunker Hill, and which is owned by Miss Mary D. Manning; the other, a sword, used by Capt. Nathaniel Jarvis in the same battle. The latter is now in the possession of Miss Eleanor Wyeth.

With one exception, all those in attendance were either granddaughters or great-granddaughters of officers or private soldiers of the Revolutionary War. This exception was Mrs. Christina Graham, who had in her possession an old paper nearly worn to pieces, which was the pension certificate of Wenzel Laurentz, a private in a Maryland regiment. Mr. Laurentz was Mrs. Graham's father, and she is one of the few *real daughters* of the Revolution who are left. The pension paper, with its old seal, was viewed with interest by all.

SARA A. B. ROCHE,
State Regent, Maryland.

ADDRESS OF MRS. THOS. HILL, REGENT
AVALON CHAPTER D. R.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION:

I am most happy to meet you again and ask your indulgent attention to a short address, which only too strongly indicates its hasty preparation.

In these days of busy activity and the many engagements inseparable from household cares and especial liability to interruption in having one's home in a large city, it is almost impossible to secure a leisure opportunity, and consequently our efforts can only command very limited time and attention at best.

In the last two years there has been an awakening of interest in our national history, and as the mind contemplates the actualities of suffering and peril, which our forefathers so bravely endured, our hearts are stirred within us and we feel that we owe them the tribute of grateful remembrance.

Our nation has enjoyed unparalleled growth in every field of material prosperity; and immigration in vast proportions has been attracted to our land, the like of which no country since the creation of the world, has ever known before.

Aware of the incoming of these millions of divers people, the children of the oldest settlers, the founders of our nation (as in the thirteen Revolutionary colonies), feel that they constitute the nucleus of one distinctly *American* race.

This is one of the many other reasons why our Society of the Daughters of the Revolution has been formed. Realizing that our sires (not in any romantic sense, but from actual blood descent) are the men who endured the hardships of war—inspired with the love of liberty—we must pause in our busy lives and turn back our thoughts to those early times, and keep alive the memory of those to whom we owe so much.

Let us by our unselfish devotion to duty, and readiness to do all we can for others, make ourselves worthy children of such self-sacrificing fathers.

Our opportunities for culture and education are so abundant in this day

of privilege; among other paths of knowledge, let us linger in this one of Revolutionary history, and inform ourselves more and more of the times which "tried men's souls."

Our inheritance of a free country is a noble, a precious one, and our hearts are stirred and elevated with emotions of tender gratitude to our patriot fathers—who purchased it for us by their heroic sufferings—in so many instances) even unto death.

Let us turn over the leaves of the book of history and peruse the pages of revolutionary deeds, and unite with the organized societies that have for their object the attainment of a deeper appreciation and more definite knowledge of historical events, thereby fostering a stronger love for our native land.

Let each member cultivate the principles of true patriotism, and by our lives of usefulness and personal piety prove ourselves true daughters of honored parents.

We have dwelt upon the deeds of our fathers, but we are in justice bound to pay a righteous debt of gratitude to the wives and mothers of the Revolution.

Their sacrifices were equal in magnitude to those who tramped the weary road to battle and engaged in bloody conflict.

Their hearts endured the pain of anguish in bereavement; their spirits were nerved to give up their husbands, sons and brothers; to consent to have their precious ones imperil their lives and suffer more of want and toil, than we can have any adequate conception. We mean that our fathers and mothers, too, shall be held in loving remembrance by us Daughters of such parentage.

Our next meeting will be commemorative of Washington's Birthday. A paper will be read paying tribute to the Father of his Country, and after the literary exercises we will enjoy together a social cup of tea.

I will now submit to the members a plan of definite proceedings when we meet together, hoping that our Association may prove profitable to every member:

First. That at each meeting we shall have prepared and read by the writer (or a substitute when the writer is unavoidably absent) an original historical paper, which may consume not less than fifteen minutes nor more than one-half hour to read.

Second. That we read a few chapters from some historical work that has been published, treating of the Revolutionary period of our country.

Third. That a committee be appointed to provide for the unfailing preparation of such a paper for our meeting and a reader for the chapters of history.

Fourth. That it is particularly desirable that each member read and study according to her opportunity, and thereby every one in turn can give the society a paper of her own composition upon some historical event of the Revolutionary period.

Duplicates of such original papers read at our meetings shall be the property of the society and shall be typewritten or printed at length, bound together, and preserved as our society literature and mementos for our children.

Our next meeting will be held at the house of the Regent for Baltimore, and shall be commemorative of the Father of his Country, our beloved "Washington."

Mrs. Marguerite Easter will read an original patriotic poem, and Miss Bessie Young will read an article in prose on "The Life and Character of Washington."

January 31st, 1894.

AVALON CHAPTER MEETING.

The Baltimore Chapter of "Avalon" celebrated the immortal Washington's Birthday two days in advance of the real anniversary. In answer to Mrs. Thomas Hill's invitation, a surprisingly large audience assembled at her hospitable mansion, 1302 McCullough street.

Two original poems, written for this occasion, were read by the authoress, Mrs. Marguerite Easter. Miss Carrie Bansemer, the State Historian, read a most entertaining paper, giving the story of some valuable historical relics owned by Mrs. T. G. Hodson, a mem-

ber of Avalon Chapter. Miss Bessie Young read an essay upon General George Washington, which was concise and interesting. Her audience were, more than ever, inspired with the love which Washington's noble character demands and deserves.

The exercises included the singing of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and "The Star Spangled Banner." A social hour followed, and the Baltimore Daughters thoroughly enjoyed the elaborate luncheon provided by the hospitality of Mrs. Hill.

The next meeting will be in celebration of the Battle of Lexington. Miss Anna B. Hill will prepare a paper treating of the period in our history just prior to the Revolution, and including the beginning of the war at the battle of Lexington.

KATHARINE BARTLETT GALLISON,
Historian-General, D. R.

List of Subjects for Avalon Chapter, Baltimore, prepared by Mrs. Thomas Hill, Regent:

SUBJECTS FOR PAPERS.

Condition of the Colonies prior to the Declaration of Independence, including the first actual conflict at the Battle of Lexington.

The Friendship of the French, especially the services of La Fayette in our Struggle for Freedom.

The leading Maryland men who bore an actual part as Legislators or Military Officers.

The Acts of Congress when in Session in Baltimore, 1776 and 1777, and the Status of Civil and Military Affairs at that stage of the War.

The Historic Associations with the State House in Annapolis.

Women Patriots of the War, especially those belonging to Maryland.

The Winter of 1777 at the time the American forces were at Valley Forge; and the circumstances of their surprise of the British quartered in Trenton.

The final decision of the Colonies to declare War against the "Mother Country" and the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

The Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and the Condition of the Thirteen States at the Close of the War.

TROY CHAPTER REPORT, N. Y.

A meeting was held March 2d, 1894, at the house of Mrs. David M. Greene. As we entered the door we were greeted by the portrait of General Nathaniel Greene, draped with the national flag. The parlors were decorated with the "blue and buff" and our flag. The meeting was most delightful, and as we enter upon our career with anticipations of much benefit to ourselves, and we hope, to others.

We have planned to have our monthly meetings, as near as can be, on anniversary occasions of important events. We place ourselves in spirit back in 1775, at the "Bonfire of British Tea," March 2, and will study the history of the Revolution in order of time. Of course, this will take seven years, but we hope at the end to come out victorious; a patriotic society, large in numbers, harmonious in action, with a tender regard for every patriot who helped to give us our country, and fully conscious of how much the future of *our beloved country* depends upon us.

We have the promise of three papers for our next meeting.

Since I wrote my last report Mrs. David M. Greene has become a member, through Samuel Dunham, "A War-rant Officer" in the navy.

Mrs. Samuel S. Bullions, through Ensign and Colonel Wm. Anderson, who served continuously during the war, and the latter part of the time was one of General Lafayette's Aides. He was wounded at the Battle of Brandywine.

Mrs. S. De Forest Hopkins, through Sergt. Job Sheldon, who served continuously during the war. He was in most of the important battles, and was Sergeant of the Guard at André's execution.

Mrs. John H. Knox became a member last spring, through Gen. William Floyd. She has a supplemental application through Major Benjamin Tallmadge, who rendered important service during the Revolution, in "secret

service," etc., etc. His connection with the detention of André and his execution we all know. He was a warm friend of Capt. Nathan Hale.

Mrs. Alden J. Bennett has a supplemental application through Lieut. Increase Carpenter, of Queens County Militia.

Mrs. Lucien L. Sheddon, supplemental applications through Jason Whitney from Natick, Mass., John Ward, of Newton, Mass., Moses Stone and Deacon David Stone (his father), of Newton, Mass. All these served in "Lexington Alarm," and many times after, and Jason Whitney, John Ward and Deacon David Stone also contributed money.

MARY LANGFORD TAYLOR ALDEN,
(MRS. CHAS. L. ALDEN)

Regent of Troy Chapter, D. R.

March 1, 1894.

CONTINENTAL CHAPTER, NEW YORK CITY.

This Chapter, lately organized, has a steadily increasing membership that already numbers nearly fifty, composed mostly of those whose homes are in the central part of Manhattan Island. Meetings are held monthly and in the morning; regular business and a literary hour which is historical and Revolutionary in its character, fill the time profitably and pleasantly; attendance is confined to the membership, and the literary feast is provided by them; the wisdom of these measures is proven by the results. The Treasurer, Mrs. Geo. A. Ludin, reports a flourishing financial condition with no indebtedness. The tasteful and appropriate invitations to the meetings testify to the thoughtful care of the Secretary, Mrs. Montgomery Schuyler, the state of the Treasury and the wise liberality of the other officers, of whom Mrs. Francis E. Doughty is head, being Vice-Regent in charge. That the meetings and entertainment will in the coming season be worthy of the high stand this Chapter has taken is well assured, since the Chairman of that Committee is Mrs. Francis P. Furnald, Jr.

REPORT OF THE COLONIAL CHAPTER.

I am glad to state in my quarterly report that the Colonial Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution continues in a flourishing condition.

The growth of the Chapter since my last report has been rapid—many new members have been admitted, while there is a large list of applicants for membership. The greatest interest is manifested by the members, singly and collectively. As an instance of this I may mention the fact that during one of the fiercest storms of the season between thirty and forty members were in attendance at one of the meetings. A new feature of these meetings, which makes them particularly attractive, is the addition of a musical and literary programme. Some original poems and essays on Revolutionary topics have been read, showing great research as well as talent on the part of the authors.

HELEN B. READ,
Recording Secretary.

NOTES.

The Society is accumulating a fine Library, and the Museum of Relics has become very interesting. A Society building should be erected which will be the property of the whole Society. The Rooms at 64 Madison Avenue, is the first step toward this. Officers of the Society are present on Tuesday afternoons from three until five o'clock for the reception of members and applicants for membership.

These Tuesday afternoons have become rather a feature in the Society, and have developed into a reception that is of the nature of a *Salon*, where council is held over fragrant cups of tea, in dainty china that would have delighted our fastidious grand-dames.

Life membership in this Society may be had on due application, by the payment of fifty (\$50) dollars, which shall be in full of all annual dues.

Blanks for bequests and endowments to the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution will be furnished on application.

Applications for membership in the "Daughters of the Revolution" must be made in duplicate upon the blanks issued by the "General Society," subscribed by the applicant, endorsed and acknowledged before a notary.

Each applicant must furnish undoubtable proof of *lineal* descent from a patriot of the Revolution, and must be endorsed by two members or two persons of acknowledged standing. No person shall endorse an application for membership unless the candidate is known to be worthy, and will, if admitted, be a desirable member.

The Insignia of the Daughters of the Revolution consists of a badge in gold and blue enamel (the design is a reproduction of the seal), and is furnished to members only; upon payment of \$10.00, accompanied by an order from the Secretary-General—a buff and blue button (price 30 cents) can be obtained upon application to the Treasurer-General.

Questions upon any subject relating to this Society will be cheerfully and carefully answered.—Ed.

The Magazine of "The Daughters of the Revolution" is the official organ of the General Society. Each member should subscribe, as it contains genealogies, reports from State Societies and Chapters, and other matters of great importance to members. Officers and contributors are desired to send their genealogical and society reports, contributions, etc., etc., at least one month in advance of publication and without waiting for other notification. The writing should be as legible as possible, and on one side only of the paper. We request that the manuscript be carefully examined before sending, to make quite sure that the names, dates and facts are correct and properly placed.

It is requested that members will, with the least possible delay, send names of ancestors, account of services rendered and data pertaining to the same, for use in compiling a complete membership roll and register; and to send all matter for publication—either historical or otherwise—to the Secretary-General.

MRS. D. PHENIX INGRAHAM,
64 Madison avenue,
New York City.

BOOK REVIEWS.

EDITED BY MRS. H. S. BEATTIE.

THE YOSEMITE, ALASKA AND THE YELLOWSTONE., by William H. Wiley and Sara King Wiley (John Wiley & Sons, New York.)

The mere mention of the fact that Sara King Wiley, one of the authors of this handsome book, is the Regent of the Orange Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, will attract to it many readers among the members of that Society.

It is a reprint from "Engineering," an English periodical, of an account of a part of a Summer convention of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. The trip was made in a special car, equipped with all the luxuries of modern travel in this country. This luxurious method of traveling placed the pilgrims in a position to thoroughly enjoy everything, and from the

opening page to the end the reader derives both pleasure and instruction from the keen observation and fine descriptive powers of the writers.

The descriptions of the gorgeous scenery found in the territory covered by the trip and the realization of the wonderful growth and development of the West excites admiration for the energy and enterprise of the Western pioneers, and reverence for our country and its possibilities. The 157 illustrations of points of interest, made from photographs taken by "Kodac" fiends in the party, are artistic and well selected. The mineral and agricultural resources of the States visited are studied with much care, and the statistical information on these subjects is not only extremely interesting but valuable.

After a perusal of this book, the reader, if he has not already visited the parts of our country described in it, will be possessed of a desire to live long enough to do so ; he will also be conscious of a feeling of pride (perhaps gratitude would be a better word) that Nature had been so kind to America, for nowhere on the world do her splendors shine in so varied a manner. We find here the majestic, the beautiful, even the grotesque, and we should be happy in the knowledge that we possess the enjoyment of so much, of which our ancestors were ignorant.

A WEDDING TANGLE, by Frances Campbell Sparkhawk. (Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.)

This book will interest the readers of this magazine from the fact that it portrays in a pleasant way life in the Colonies at the time of the Inter-Colonial wars, and, in addition to being an attractive story, it possesses the further merit of being historical. The scene is laid in New England, much of the movement of the plot being at Portsmouth. The most interesting part of the story occurs at the storming of Louisburg, the Gibraltar of America, which is said to have cost \$5,000,000.

AMERICAN COLONIAL HISTORY, illustrated by Contemporary Medals, by the late C. Wyllys Betts, edited, with notes, by William T. R. Marvin and Lyman Haynes Low. (Scott Stamp and Coin Co., New York.)

The value of medals as records of events is universally acknowledged ; hence those of national importance are emphasized by the casting of medals commemorating them. In studying medals we obtain knowledge of the

dress and habits of the people and the development of the natural sciences at the time of making them, thus learning history in a very easy and attractive way. This book is a description of medals which, taken as a whole, represent the development of the Colonies from 1556 to the close of the Revolution. It is the result of much research, and is invaluable to the student of history. There are fac similes of all the famous medals relating to Colonial history during the period.

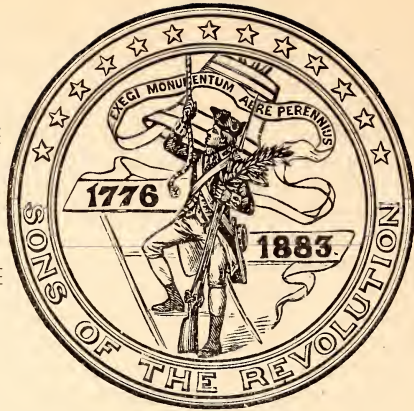
THE NEW JERSEY SCRAP BOOK, published by the Board of Lady Managers for New Jersey to represent the many writers who are not bookmakers, at the World's Columbian Exposition. Collected and arranged by Margaret Tufts Yardley.

The two volumes comprising this interesting work have been presented to the library of the Daughters of the Revolution by the compiler. They consist of 270 poems, essays, short stories, etc., by the Ladies of New Jersey, who, as the title intimates, are not professional writers.

DR. G. S. FRANKLIN, Historian of the Sons of the Revolution in Ohio, has presented to the Library of this Society a copy of "Virginia Genealogies," by Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden. The thoughtfulness of the donor of this invaluable book of reference will be highly appreciated by the Daughters of the Revolution.

Books, magazines and publications desiring review or notice, and all communications concerning presswork may be sent to the address of this magazine, 64 Madison avenue.

As we go to press we are grieved to learn the sad news of the death of Mrs. Jane G. Austin, the gifted authoress. Mrs. Austin was a valued member of the Daughters of the Revolution and Historian of the Massachusetts State Society. We regret that we must wait for the next issue to give a more extended notice of this event that is in many respects a public calamity.—ED.



SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Sunday, February 18th, A. D., 1894, fourth annual service of the New York Society, commemorative of the birth of *George Washington*, was held at the (Collegiate) Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, Fifth avenue, corner of 48th street, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The service was held by Rev. Edward B. Coe, D. D., L.L. D., minister of the Collegiate Church, New York; assisted by Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D., D. C. L., Rector of Trinity Parish, New York, and General Chaplain of the Sons of the Revolution; Rev. Talbot W. Chambers, D. D., L.L. D., minister of the Collegiate Church, New York; Rev. Daniel Cony Weston, D. D., ex-General Chaplain of the Sons of the Revolution; Rev. Brockholst Morgan, Chaplain of the New York Sons of the Revolution; and Rev. George Stuart Baker, D. D., Superintendent and Pastor of St. Luke's Hospital.

Members of the Society assembled in the chapel and marched into the church in a body, occupying the central pews. The following societies received invitations to attend this service. The Society of the Cincinnati, The Society of Colonial Wars, The Daughters of the Revolution, The Colonial Dames of America and The Colonial Dames of New York. The delegations from each of these Societies were received by the Aisle Committee, and on presentation of the card of invitation, shown to the places reserved for them.

American shields, banners of the societies, flags of our country, of the societies, and copies of that carried by the French officers in the American Revolution, and the flag of Bunker Hill, together with the buff and blue, the colors of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution were draped about the pulpit, the galleries, windows, and walls of the church, and the victor's wreath of laurel occupied a conspicuous place among the silken flags before the pulpit. The services were impressive, the sermon eloquent, and the music excellent.

The Sons of the Revolution celebrated Washington's Birthday by a banquet at Delmonico's, to which 225 of the association sat down. President Frederick A. Tallmadge presided. The sorbet was served in miniature stumps of cherry trees, to which were attached small hatchets, on which were printed the initials "G. W."

The following were the toasts and speakers: "The Power of Plain Manhood in the Revolution," the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs; "The Future of the Republic and Our Duty," Frederick Taylor; "The Fathers' Unfinished Duties," St. Clair McKelway; "Washington's Standard of Patriotism, Military and Political," W. B. Hornblower; "The Fate of Joshua Huddy," Millard C. Fisk; "The Old Patriotism and the New," the Rev. Josiah Strong; "The Lesson of the Day," John H. Washburn.

Mr. McKelway said in the course of

his address: "The fathers' unfinished duties are those the sons have not performed. The fathers freed these colonies from political dominion to Great Britain. The sons have not yet freed themselves from other kinds of dominion to that country. There are Americans in slavery to Bond Street tailors, to Picadilly outfitters, and to Bow Bells pronunciation. Their servitude is slight and not unpicturesque. It can be easily thrown off, readily borne.

"These interesting chattels in time emancipate themselves. Marriage liberates them from Anglican slavery, even if it subjects them to a different despotism. When children are given to them by nature, the native attractions of young America disenchant the fathers of affectation.

"The dude of to-day had his analogue in the dandy of forty years ago, and the dandy of forty years ago, in the sturdy Yankee grandfathers of our own time.

"There is hope for freedom in the flight of years. The English will be more likely to imitate our youth than our youth to imitate them, now that wholesome and hearty American girls are capturing the matrimonial prizes of Great Britain, and teaching their English sisters the art of dress and address.

"Civil service reform is English, if you please, but it is also excellent, while the spoils system which the fathers knew nothing about, but which the

sons have tolerated, if American, is also barbarous, brutal, and demoralizing. It has dwarfed our Government. It has made Mayors the marionettes of bosses and Governors the serfs of machines. Nevertheless it has long been cherished or tolerated in these United States, because the reverse of it is English.

"The heirs of the heroes of the Revolution are the sons of the fathers of the Revolution. The heirs of the benefits of the Revolution are all Americans, whether their ancestors or themselves first saw the light here or abroad. The object of your society is to keep alive the fires of liberty on the altar of patriotism. That is an object you can cherish, but it is not one you can monopolize.

"Those who do not belong to the aristocracy of American freedom, who are not Sons of the Revolution, but who love as well as you do the country which they call their own, can and will share that work with you. The form it takes now is the purification of politics and the protection of authority from the murderers of government. In that work all decent New Yorkers are all Democrats and are all Republicans. It has been begun, but it is an unfinished work. The dangers surrounding it, the enemies confronting it, and the obligations it holds by it are known."

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION NOTES.

The Colorado Society held a church service on Feb. 18th at St. Mark's, Denver. The Society marched down the centre aisle headed by the national flag. The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spaulding, of Colorado, President of the Society. After the service the prizes for the best essays were presented to pupils of the High School.

The first prize, a silver medal,

awarded to Miss Ruth Shepard Phelps, Central High School, Minneapolis.

The second prize, a bronze medal, awarded to Miss Lucy Wagner, New Ulm High School.

Honorable mention awarded to Samuel Pickard, Central High School, Minneapolis.

The subject of the contest being "The Causes that led to the War of the Revolution."

FEB. 22d, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

One of the most interesting events of the day was the luncheon of the Sons of the Revolution at the Queen City Club. The object of the Society is to perpetuate the memory of the patriots of revolutionary days, and one of the great annual events among the members is the luncheon on Washington's birthday. The President, Colonel Jeptha Garrard, presided as toastmaster, and his happy selection of speakers made the affair most enjoyable.

Rev. Dudley Rhodes was the orator of the day, so to speak, and his address was an extended and carefully prepared effort. It was heard with much interest. Impromptu five-minute speeches followed. An autograph letter written by General Washington to Colonel Bartlett was exhibited. It was decided to give an entertainment to the Daughters of the Revolution on April 19th, the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington.

The Missouri Society celebrated Feb. 22d with a banquet at the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis. Rt. Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, Bishop of Missouri, the President of the Society, presided.

The Illinois Society celebrated Feb. 22d with a banquet at the Auditorium, Chicago. Rev. Walter Rutherford, the President, presided. Several patriotic speeches were made by leading Chicagoans.

FEB. 22d, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The members of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution took the 11:50 train for Alexandria, where they held their annual celebration of Washington's birthday. The programme for the afternoon was to give a half-hour exercise in the old Washington Church, a visit to the Braddock House and Old Fort, followed by a collation and banquet.

The following toasts were responded to: "Virginia, the Mother of Washington," Senator Hunton; "Mount Vernon, the Home of Washington," Representative Meredith; "The Continental Congress," Commodore Vesey; and "Government of the United States," Secretary Morton.

The Minnesota Society celebrated February 22d with a banquet at the Hotel Aberdeen, St. Paul. President Noyes presided. Speeches were made by Archbishop Ireland, Rev. C. P. Ingersoll, Bishop Gilbert, C. P. Noyes, Col. Belknap and others.

FEB. 22d, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

The Sons of the Revolution offer free silver and bronze medals to school children for the best essays on the Cause of the War of the Revolution. Full information can be obtained of the Secretary, Cyrus Sherwood Bradley, of Southport, Conn.



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JULY, 1894.

No. 3.



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OF THE

DAUGHTERS ^{OF THE} REVOLUTION



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DAUGHTERS
of the
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of the

SOCIETY SEAL, BADGES AND STATIONERY.

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Daughters of the Revolution

BE IT KNOWN THAT

*Anna Maria Mersereau Steers, Wife of Edward Paulot Steers
has been duly admitted a member of this Society in right of the services of
Deputy Commissary General Joshua Mersereau;
Quartermaster Joshua Mersereau Jr. and Private Josiah Butts
in the cause of American Independence during the War of the Revolution.*

*Dated at the City of New York, this _____ first _____ day of July, _____
in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety four, _____
and of the Independence of the United States of America the 118th _____*

Mary B. Martin, Secy.
REGISTRAR GENERAL



MEMBER 2



Anna M. Steers
PRESIDENT GENERAL
L. Hallock Ingraham
SECRETARY GENERAL

(FAC-SIMILE.)

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP, DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.
REDUCED ONE-THIRD.

MAGAZINE

OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1894.

No. 3.

THE NEW CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

IT has long been contemplated by the officers of the General Society, Daughters of the Revolution, to have a Certificate of Membership that would leave nothing to be desired. So important a work could not be accomplished in haste. Careful thought and mature deliberation have been given to it, and the accompanying plate shows the result. It will be a parchment sheet $13\frac{1}{2}$ by 15 inches.

The medallion head of Martha Washington, that occupies the central place in the illustrations at the top, is copied from Gilbert Stuart's celebrated painting, and is most appropriately placed. The *wife* of the Father of our Country, is the *mother* of the *Daughters of the Revolution*, a loyal wife to such a hero and a true mother to such Daughters; her presence made itself known in the camp and in the Councils as well as in the Courts, drawing-rooms, and the sacred precincts of the home circle. She was her husband's sympathetic and wise counsellor and assistant at all times and under all circumstances, never turning aside from any work that her heart or hands found to do—whether for the poorest soldier or the highest official. At her right is illustrated the *beginning* of the War of the Revolution, with the Old North Church where the signal lanterns hung, Paul

Revere's Ride, and the Battle of Lexington. At her left the close of the War of the Revolution, with Fraunce's Tavern (as it then was) where Washington disbanded his army and bade farewell to his Generals; and the Evacuation of New York by the British, showing the Battery, as it then was, with the departing ships in the offing.

In the centre, below, is most fittingly given an illustration of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The central portion of the sheet is filled with the subject matter, names, &c., pertaining to the Certificate. This beautiful and artistic Certificate, executed by the Society Stationers, Engravers and Printers—Dempsey & Carroll—under the direction of the President and Secretary of the Society, will be engraved on steel plate and furnished to each member upon payment of two dollars.

The frontispiece is an exact illustration of the Certificate as it will be, though greatly reduced in size.

As the expense will be too great to undertake until part is guaranteed, members who wish this certificate are desired to fill out the accompanying blank, and send with subscription to the Treasurer-General, with the least possible delay, in order that the work may be hastened to completion.

EDITORIAL.

Our readers will find this number of the Magazine almost wholly devoted to the affairs of the Society ; the celebrations and meetings, with accompanying addresses, and the large amount of Genealogical matter, made this a necessity, and compelled us to leave for the next issue other matter of equal interest but not necessarily pertinent to this especial time.

The following statement is a reply to repeated questions regarding this Magazine. It is the official organ of the Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution ;" the Society is, however, not pecuniarily responsible for it ; one of its members, regardful of the best interests of the Society, has from the beginning made this her duty.

It boasts an editorial staff (purely voluntary) of which it is justly proud: Mrs. Anna M. Steers, Editor and General Manager ; Mrs. F. Adelaide Ingraham, Society Reports and Information ; Miss Lucretia V. Steers, Finance ; Mrs. Mary C. Martin-Casey, D. R. Register and Ancestral Notes ; Mrs. Mary Langford Taylor-Alden, Genealogies and Family Histories ; Mrs. Mary E. Densmore-Beattie, Literary Reviews ; Miss Adaline W. Sterling, Business Manager.

These ladies give their services generously and heartily in the cause of patriotism and to honor and reverence the memory of those who made the War of 1776 a *Revolution* ; and a *free country* not only a possibility, but a magnificent success and a glorious precedent for all the world to contemplate and copy ! Not Colonial inaction, which is honorable as far as it goes—for those who had money and position—but the grand, heroic action of a successful rebellion that cast off a

galling yoke and left to us an unprecedented heritage of freedom.

In so contributing their invaluable services they continue the work begun in those dark, doubtful days, that resulted in so bright a dawn of peace and certainty, and the strong, unflinching determination they delineate in this work, is an earnest of the same success that their lineal ancestors achieved ; only a *lineal* line could look to or hope for such results.

This Magazine contains Genealogies, Family History, Reports from State Societies and Chapters, the business of Executive Board of the General Society, and all Society meetings and celebrations with which members should be thoroughly conversant in order to be intelligent members or officers.

HINTS TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Send reports, genealogical matter, old letters or manuscript, and all other contributions at least one month in advance of publication. Write only on one side of the paper. Write legibly and carefully. Punctuate and paragraph. Make a careful examination of the manuscript to be sure that the names of persons and places, dates and statements are perfectly correct and properly placed.

It is requested that members will, with the least possible delay, send names of ancestors, account of services rendered and data pertaining to the same, for use in compiling a complete membership roll and register, and all matter for publication—either historical or otherwise—to the Secretary-General, Mrs. D. PHOENIX INGRAHAM,

64 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Questions upon any subject relating to this Society will be cheerfully and carefully answered.—Ed.

GENERAL SOCIETY CELEBRATION OF THE 119TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

ON the 19th of April the white and gold ball-room of the Waldorf presented a scene of beauty. The occasion was a luncheon given by the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, in commemoration of the battle of Lexington.

The room was artistically decorated with the national colors. Covers were laid for 108 persons, the table being in the form of a horseshoe. The officers of the Society were seated in the centre. Wide ribbons of buff and blue, the colors of the Society, formed a border around the edge of the table, ornamented at intervals with bows of blue ribbons and yellow daffodils. A unique centre-piece was a miniature model in nougat of the Old North Church, from the tower of which hung the historical lanterns that gave the warning to Paul Revere. Upon the menus, which were printed in blue and gold upon old parchment, was a picture of the church and also a representation of the seal of the Society. The menus were tied with blue and buff ribbons, and to the knot of each, as a souvenir, was attached a miniature gold lantern.

Mrs. E. P. Steers, President-General, presided, and the Chaplain-General said grace. Mrs. Steers welcomed those present with the following words:

Ladies: In the name of the General Society, Daughters of the Revolution, from the State organizations unable to be represented here to-day, and from our many members, abroad and at home, but distant from this centre, I give you greeting.

To those who are, happily, able to meet here on this occasion—New York, Long Island, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maryland, Connecticut and Pennsylvania—I give both greeting and welcome. May we live many years to enjoy and rejoice over the growth, harmony and well-being of this Society, the patriotism and loyalty it has quickened and disseminated, and to observe fittingly, as now, the events that led to our happiness and prosperity.

The first toast, appropriate to this memorable day, is "The Lexington Alarm," in response to which Mrs. John

W. French will recite "Paul Revere's Ride."

After the applause which this spirited recitation called forth, Mrs. Steers said:

"It gives me pleasure to announce that Mrs. George Inness, Jr., will respond to the second toast, "The First Battle of the Revolution."

MADAME PRESIDENT AND DAUGHTERS OF
THE REVOLUTION:

It is with great pleasure I respond to the toast, "The First Battle of the Revolution."

One hundred and nineteen years ago our forefathers entered on the war of *their* and *our* Independence, and fought the first battle for the cause so dear to them.

They had borne every kind of injustice from the British Sovereign, George III., with the quiet dignity of gentlemen and true Christians, determined the first shot should not come from them. In this spirit did the colony of Massachusetts conduct all its affairs, led in wise council and incorruptible courage by such men as Adams and Hancock.

When the English Government demanded of its representative, Governor Gage, that he seize "the obstinate and inflexible Samuel Adams and the dangerous ringleader, John Hancock," and send them to England to be tried for treason, the two so-called rebels were at Lexington. A force of eight hundred Regulars, under Major Pitcairn, was despatched in the night from Boston as quietly as possible, and as it was supposed, all unknown, to surround these men in their retreat and thus easily arrest them for treason.

But the ever faithful Patriots in Boston could no longer remain inactive. Having kept watch of the movements of the British forces (even though the town was shut up and no one allowed to pass out), they signalled to the brave Paul Revere and William Daves, waiting on the opposite bank of the Concord River, to rouse the people.

When the looked for lights shone out on the darkness the men rode off in opposite directions to alarm all

throughout the country-side ; so that, when Pitcairn reached Lexington at sunrise of the 19th, he found himself confronted by fifty minute men—true to their name, ready at the minute—though, by command of their leader, Capt. John Parker, standing silent and stern. “Do not fire unless you are first fired on,” said Parker, “but if they want a war it may as well begin here.” “Disperse, ye villains,” shouted Pitcairn. As they still stood motionless he gave the order to fire and discharged his own pistols. The deadly volley slew eight of the minute men and wounded ten. And thus, indeed, began their liberty!

May we, who are here *this* day, to commemorate *that* long day of patient waiting, desperate fighting, and glorious victory for liberty and freedom, prove ourselves worthy descendants of such men! Let us not, as do the Chinese, merely *worship* our ancestors ; but rather let us, by being true to their *principles*, thus revere our Paul!

As a society of women descended from such men, and “associated together to keep alive among ourselves and throughout the community, the patriotic spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence, to encourage historical research, to commemorate the brave deeds of that time, and to promote the patriotism of the rising generations,” both native born and of foreign lineage ; let us realize our privileges and feel our responsibilities.

It should ever be our object to keep before the eyes and minds of the vast incoming hordes of the oppressed and down-trodden of the Old World, who flee to this New World of Liberty as the goal of all their hopes—often thinking of its freedom, as the cutting asunder of *all* bonds of government either of self or country—to keep before them the *principles* on which this land was founded—that it is first the “Land of the *Brave*,” in order that it may be the “Home of the *Free*.” All should be brave to stand and fight together for the common good, against the common foe, till all are free.

Let us not waste our time, or use our energies to remodel the Constitu-

tion of the United States, but rather see to it that each one of us does personally influence for good and humanity, our husbands, brothers, and sons. When each “male” of the land shall realize that we, the so-called weaker vessels, know, understand and appreciate the political history and situation of public affairs and show ourselves interested in good government and just measures, it will be worth the faithful fulfilling of their duty to gain our *approval* as well as our *love*. May the beautiful words of our motto, “Liberty, Home and Country,” be as much to us, and as dear to our hearts, as they were to the brave men and women of 1775.

If not called upon to die for our beloved land, we may at least, like those gallant heroes, be ever quick to see the signs of danger, and hasten to give the counsel and the news to those who shall faithfully stand up against the foes, political and social, which attack our liberty.

So, shall a *vaster* army from every hill and valley in the land be collected, than was gathered by the words of those two riders. An army that, like the one we here remember, shall be able to shut up in their own stronghold all evil influences, and by determined fidelity and courageous attack finally subdue all foes.

Then, shall the people of these United States stand before the world in the future, as did our ancestors in the past—for fair government, just taxation and lawful measures.

JULIA G. INNESS.

This well-appreciated address was followed by the announcement that Miss Lillian O'Connell has kindly offered to recite a Revolutionary poem. The young artist graciously responded to an encore. Repeated calls for Dr. Van De Water testified to the determination not to feel the day complete without a few words from the Chaplain-General, which were spoken in his usual happy vein.

During all the feast the soft music of mandolins and guitars made a tinkling undercurrent to the hum and buzz of lively conversation.

The officers of the General Society,

and Regents, officers and members from the city, neighboring towns and adjacent States assembled in goodly numbers, testifying to the growth of the

Society, its patriotism and enthusiasm. There was no discordant note to mar the perfect harmony of the meeting, which was in every particular a success.

PATRIOT'S DAY.

TO MRS. D. PHENIX INGRAHAM,
Secretary-General, D. R.:

DEAR MADAME:—It gives me pleasure to report to the Society through you how we, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, while regretting our inability to join in the general celebration of the 19th of April in New York City at the Hotel Waldorf, kept the day in our own State.

As a prelude let me say that in the New England States the 19th of April has been known and observed as "Fast Day." This year, however, that title was abolished and the day was rechristened "Patriot's Day," and will hereafter be so known and observed.

On the evening of the 18th Christ's Church—the "Old North"—from which flashed the lights that signaled to Paul Revere 119 years ago, commemorated this anniversary of that momentous event, so thrilling in history and song, by the restoration of its chimes, which for the first time in nearly three-quarters of a century were again ready to respond tunefully to the skill of the ringers. Among those invited to be present at the church celebration on this interesting occasion were the "Daughters of the Revolution." Enthusiasm and expectation manifested itself in the crowded streets and squares; every available place was utilized by the surging mass of humanity patiently waiting. What a shout rent the air when at the appointed hour the bells pealed forth, and the signal lights flashed as of old in the tower! On the opposite bank of the river a man stood by his horse, waiting, as did Paul Revere, those many years ago, waiting with almost breathless expectancy for the lantern's gleam—"One if by land, and two if by sea;" and when the flashing signal greeted his expectant gaze, gleaming from "the belfry tower of the 'Old North Church.'" Like Paul Revere, "He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns," and again there was

"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet."

We thanked God that
"The fate of a nation was" not "riding that night."

This second Paul Revere rode through "Medford town" and "Lexington" and "Concord town."

"And so through the night went his cry of alarm

To every Middlesex village and farm,"
"The people" *did* "waken and listen to hear

The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

Making prophetic these lines—

"A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!"

The following day (the 19th) the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington was very universally celebrated here.

The Daughters of the Revolution, Commonwealth of Massachusetts and invited guests met at the Ruby Parlor, 62 Beacon street, Boston. The portraits of George and Martha Washington with other pictures—scenes of national interest—covered the walls of these large parlors, which were artistically festooned with the Society's colors, buff and blue, and decorated with flowers in the same hue.

Buff and blue being the recognized uniform of the Continental army, have been selected unanimously by the people as being the proper colors to be worn by Americans on Patriot's Day, and a stranger entering Boston on the 19th of April would have concluded that men, women and children belonged now or in anticipation, to the

Societies of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution.

Edward Everett Hale, D. D., LL. D., as Chaplain of the Massachusetts Daughters of the Revolution opened the exercises with the invocation, and later favored the Society with some appropriate remarks in the interesting and happy style that makes him so famous as an extemporaneous speaker.

Mrs. William Lee, the State Regent, made the address of welcome. Miss Charlotte Hawes, the heroine of the day in Massachusetts, for her successful efforts and persistency to have the bells restored, gave an account of the Music of the Bells, and recited an original poem on the subject.

E. H. Goss, Esq., the author and historian, was the orator of the occasion, and gave an exceedingly valuable paper on "Paul Revere and his connection with the Revolution." "America," and the "Star Spangled Banner" were sung by the audience at the opening and close of the programme, the custom of the Society, D. R.

At the conclusion of the formal exercises the chairs were removed and the State Council held a reception. Patriotic and humorous recitations were given by Miss Eleanor Scott and Miss Mary Pierrepont Blair, and delightful music was rendered by Miss Greenwood, Miss Becker and Signor Liferro, the favorite tenor of the Colombian Fair.

In one of the smaller parlors tea and chocolate were served from tables daintily decorated with buff and blue and the national colors.

Accompanying is the address of our Regent, Mrs. Wm. Lee,

Very sincerely yours,

SUSAN LIVINGSTON STEDMAN,

State Secretary, Mass., D. R.

DEAR DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION :

As I look around and see assembled such splendid representative American women, my heart fills with joy and pride; for we are justified in being proud of such a nation and such a land.

Physically, mentally, spiritually, we have not, as a people, deteriorated since the days of the brave pioneers who gave us our liberty, homes and

country, but, on the contrary, viewed on any or all of these planes, we have advanced.

The sturdy wrestlings with the soil by our ancestors on this continent, and the conflicts and unceasing watchfulness required in protecting themselves from the natives, gave to their descendants a strength and elasticity of frame, and a keenness and subtlety of intellect which they, as products of the Old World and previous exemption from such hardships as were here encountered, did not possess. Their children, born in this New World, while it was yet free from man's limitations and boundaries, went forth into the open air and listened to Nature's teachings, while from all around came the still voice which, with mind attuned to better appreciation of God's love and wisdom, they understood, and, heeding, engrafted upon their former religious dogmas that liberality of thought and comprehension of spiritual truths which belong to their generations.

It has been stated that societies such as the Colonial Wars, the Cincinnati and those of the Revolution, engender and foster a spirit of aristocracy foreign to the principles of the Constitution of the United States. This is hardly a correct statement, unless the trustees of any noble institution to which is intrusted its welfare and continuance may be likewise so considered.

As Americans descended from the early settlers and from the "Heroes of '76," to us is intrusted the estate of constitutional liberty, and the land and properties belonging thereto, to have and to hold for our heirs, and adopted brothers and sisters, now and forever. We are bound to conserve its spirit, advance its interests and preserve its existence. Our fathers died to give us this republic—let us, then, be faithful stewards. All cannot be eldest born. All cannot be trustees, but there are equally important positions for the younger brothers and sisters to fill, and the success of any institution or organization is dependent upon the efficiency and faithfulness of its officers, whatever their work or station.

I would go still further and say that

in my opinion, its existence and usefulness depends also upon the loyalty of those who are its beneficiaries, or those for whom it was instituted. The fidelity of each is necessary for the welfare of the whole.

It is well that those whose grand-uncles, instead of grandfathers, were loyal to the colonies in their struggles for independence, should be represented. Yes, that even the descendants of the Tories of that time, whose fathers and brothers have since fought to preserve the Union established by our sires, and who to-day are loyal Americans, should form themselves into societies for the promotion of patriotism.

But a "collateral," or the child of a Tory, is not—cannot be—from such ancestors, the direct or lineal descendant of a patriot, any more than is the naturalized American or the child born of such parentage; yet each may be as loyal and patriotic as the offspring of a patriot. Each should be proved to have and to hold their own rank and position in this "grand army for the republic."

So let us all be honest and each enlist under his own banner, instead of stealing in under false colors. There is room for all. Let us have a "Collateral Revolutionary Society;" also the "Loyal Americans of Tory Sires," etc., and then, between these and other societies, each composed of its true constituents, let there be the harmony of sentiment and unanimity of action that exists between the States that form our glorious Union.

In the Christ spirit of universal love and brotherhood we extend an invitation to all the world to come and share with us our beautiful inheritance that our fathers bought for us with their blood and paid for with their lives, and we only ask of them in return that they should appreciate the gift and prove worthy of their adoption. We would not seek to interdict, but to control immigration. And it is our bounden duty so to do—the duty of every descendant of the men and women—yes, women, too—for they were heroes in the days that tried men's souls—and of all who have shared in the inheritance to protect it from the lawless and those who would subvert its constitution.

To those interested in the law of correspondences, who believe that nothing ever was, is or can be, except for a purpose—that nothing is by chance, but that everything has its mission—a lesson to learn or one to teach—and, so believing, try, through spiritual discernment, to read the hidden or esoteric message—what a revelation of God's love, of the gospel of freedom, equity and peace, is found in the events which occurred 119 years ago to-day!

The names of many New England towns have been lost since the Revolution, but "Concord and Lexington" remain unaltered, and, translated, stand for the law, harmony, union and strength that our sires, with prophetic vision, saw would, by their courage and fortitude, be the inheritance of their children's children.

Pursuing this line of thought still further, was the mother of Paul Revere indeed a "mother in Israel"—an inspired prophetess—that when her child was born to the name Revere, which name brings the thought of reverence—"revere" the rights of personal liberty and conscience—that she called his name "Paul?"—he who turned from the honors of Rome and the Sanhedrim, and considered himself more honored in that he was counted worthy to suffer for the cause of Christ; the apostle who spread the tidings that brought salvation. "God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and no instrument is too humble or exalted for his use.

Let us then turn to the lantern and see what it symbolizes. "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but in a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are within the house." "I am come a light into the world," declared Christ. Again he said: "And I, if I be lifted up, shall draw all men unto me."

That lantern's light, streaming from Christ's Church tower, fulfilled its mission, and has brought all races, peoples and creeds into this promised land of civil and religious freedom, where each can worship unmolested the supreme power—God, the eternal, according to the dictates of his church or conscience.

To-day we come to celebrate the patriotism of our forefathers in Concord and Lexington.

I have frequently heard it remarked that Americans seem to delight in commemorating and selecting for public holidays the days of their defeat. These apparent defeats won us the victory. It is results that tell! Well may our hearts rejoice and sing a jubilate, for out of the mouth of defeat these patriots plucked success, and from the jaws of death won immortality.

With wonderful discrimination and unanimity of popular sentiment this day has been rechristened "Patriots' Day." But do not think Fast day and the spirit which actuated its institution by our fathers has departed. Ah no! Its soul goes marching on! From the ashes of the latter has sprung, rejuvenated and invigorated, the spirit of the thought they had in mind—patriotism.

Such was their thought, and such was the character of the thought that was created, took form, and, by the fire of Paul Revere's words sprang into active existence in Concord and Lexington. * * *

The Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, was organized June 17th, 1893, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker

Hill, at the Old South Meeting House, which building was most appropriate for that day.

In the last six months its membership has steadily increased, showing that New Englanders appreciate a society that, having organized for the membership of those only who can prove direct or lineal descendants from a patriot, adhere to its objects and principles, and whose portals are as carefully guarded in these particulars as in the entrance to the society of the Cincinnati.

Before concluding my remarks, in a few words I would mention the loss we have sustained, and pay a tribute to the memory of our dear member and Historian, Mrs. Jane G. Austin. No, I need say no more! I see how she is missed by your sad faces, and that no panegyric is required to recall the memory of one whose place is found with those:

"Whose thoughts like bars of sunshine in shut rooms
Whose rich, dark ivy thoughts, sunned over with love
Flourish around the deathless stamen of their names;
Whose words, if winged, are with angel's wings,
Who play upon the heart as on a harp,
And make our eyes bright as we speak of them.
Whose hearts have a look southwards and are open
To the whole noon of nature. . . .
And whom we build our love round like an arch
Of triumph, as they pass us on their way
To glory and immortality."

LONG ISLAND CELEBRATION.

The Long Island Society of the Daughters of the Revolution commemorated the battles of Long Island during the Revolution, by an entertainment at the Pierpont Assembly Rooms, on the 10th of May. *The handsome rooms were appropriately hung with the Society and National Colors, while graceful palms and abundant flowers added beauty and perfume to the decorations. The Regent of this Society, Mrs. Horatio C. King, who presided with dignity and presence, invited the President and Secretary of the General Society, Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers, and Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham, to seats on the platform, where were also Mrs. Lyman Abbott and Mrs. Henry Beam, Vice-

Regent and Secretary of the Long Island Society. Mrs. J. Van Buren Thayer and Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, the other officers of this Society, together with the reception committee, were untiring and successful in their efforts for the comfort and pleasure of the many guests that filled the spacious hall. There was excellent music and the National Hymns were, as always, sung by the entire assemblage standing. Addresses were given by Rev. Lyman Abbott, Rev. Samuel Elliott, Gen. A. C. Barnes and Mr. Lyman W. Redington. We are glad to be able to give for the delectation of our readers the very able and interesting addresses of Gen. Barnes and Mr. Redington.

*The patriotic fire was kindled anew at the sight of an American Flag more than one hundred years old, which adorned one side of the room. It is the property of Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, Registrar of L. I. Society, who loaned it for the occasion. Not only was it "home-made," but "home-dyed" as well. It has the regulation stripes and a gigantic eagle with outspread wings, surrounded

GENERAL BARNES' ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

A very young lady at Packer Institute once wrote a composition on the subject of "The Creation" in which she said that the Creator, having finished the first man, obviously dissatisfied with the product, concluded to try once more. A lovely woman then stood forth, and to console the poor man for his own imperfections, she was given to him as a gracious supplement. Thus Eve was a daughter of Evolution. History repeats itself. An acute phase of Evolution is Revolution. The latter word took to itself a local and technical significance. Our Colonies revolved away from King George, and our grandmothers and grandfathers became revolutionary heroines and heroes. The blood that flowed in their veins and the spirit that animated their hearts are our most precious inheritance.

There is a country on the other side of the world where ancestors are worshipped. Let us not be too hard on those poor heathens while we are tending so strongly in that direction ourselves. This very occasion is one of our grand sacred festivals appointed to hang garlands on the altars of the mighty dead.

The Sons of the Revolution were instituted to cherish and perpetuate lofty ancestral sentiments. After them, in the due order of original creation, came the dazzling DAUGHTERS—a brighter, better, and more efficient agency. Beside their enthusiasm the ineffectual fires of the Sons would pale if we were not permitted to re-kindle them at the camp-fire of our fair leaders. For woman as ever is our guiding star, our inspiration to the noblest acts. She is the *Dea ex-machina*, not always visible on the world's heroic scene, but far more potential in fact than the dull instruments called men, who strut about the stage and calmly take all the credit which is due to their gentle monitors.

I am informed that we are gathered this evening to celebrate three principal revolutionary events.

LEXINGTON,
where "the embattled farmers fired

the shots heard round the world."

TICONDEROGA,

where Ethan Allen thundered his immortal summons "in the name of God and the Continental Congress."

LONG ISLAND,

where Sullivan's men nobly fought, and bravely died, "facing both ways."

The scene which took place on the soil which we daily tread has been allotted to me. Let me recall it to your minds in retrospective vision, reinforced by your own familiarity with all the localities. In August, 1776, a numerous British fleet lay in the lower bay of New York. A superb British army, 30,000 strong, composed of the flower of European troops, English and German, were encamped on Staten Island. General Lord Howe commanded the army, and Admiral Howe, his brother, the fleet. They were supposed to know how to reduce the rebellious Colonies to subjection.

One fine morning the army were ferried across under the guns of the fleet and landed at Gravesend. The ruler of that domain made no opposition, perhaps out of sympathy with his fellow sovereign King George, perhaps because he was reserving his strength to repel Colonel Bacon and his process servers.

The American inner line of defense at this time extended from Gowanus to the Wallabout enclosing the village of Brooklyn. Beginning at the corner of Butler and Nevins street hastily constructed earthworks made a continuous rampart, crossing Fulton street at Flatbush avenue then up DeKalb avenue and enclosing Washington Park (then called Fort Putnam and later Fort Greene), and finally by way of Myrtle avenue and Raymond street to the Navy Yard.

The American Army, of 9,000 poorly equipped farmers, was deployed in front of these entrenchments on a curved line facing south and east. The right, under Gen. Sterling, confronted Greenwood. Gen. Sullivan had command of the centre, massed on the Plaza of Prospect Park. The left extended as far east as New York Avenue. Stout old Israel Putnam, who bearded the wolf in his den, was in

by thirteen stars, representing the original States. This flag had been in the old Long Island Scudder family for a hundred years, and is of priceless value to the owner. A fine oil-portrait of General Washington by James Frothingham, after the original by Gilbert Stuart, occupied a conspicuous position on the platform. It is owned by Mrs. Henry Beam, Secretary of L. I. Society.

general command ; and one still higher in authority was present to superintend and advise, for Brooklyn is one of the honored places where

"Washington hath left his awful memory

A light for after times."

Between the patriots and the invaders was a long line of wooded hills through Greenwood and the Park. These hills were traversed by three passes, one along the bay shore, one at the Park (still called "Battle Pass"), and one beyond East New York. Why the Americans did not form on the crest of the range or occupy the passes, like the Greeks at Thermopylæ, has never been explained. The art of war was poorly understood even by their leaders. They were formidable only by reason of their courage and their cause.

The British army advanced to the assault in three columns, marching simultaneously through the passes. Their left was easily held in check by Sterling. Their centre, composed of the detested Hessians, met valiant resistance from Sullivan. All might have been well but for a fatal oversight by which the eastern pass, at Evergreen Cemetery, had been left totally unguarded. The third British column, much to their own astonishment, marched through it unopposed, came swinging down Atlantic avenue, and arrived in the rear of the American centre just as the Hessians stormed it in front. Then it was that Sullivan's men "faced both ways," and fought like heroes. But in vain ; the odds were too great. The trap could not be broken. Two thousand were killed or captured. It is said that the few survivors were afterwards permitted to wear plastrons on their backs as well as their breasts to commemorate their gallant conduct at Prospect Park. Washington viewed the slaughter from an eminence, and exclaimed in sorrow and despair, "What brave fellows I must lose this day!" Of those who fell it has been said :

"Gashed with honorable scars

Low in Glory's lap they lie ;

Though they fell, they fell like stars

Streaming glory through the sky."

A little later the unhappy remnant of our troops were gathered within their entrenchments, and the British, feeling sure of their prey, postponed the final assault. While biding their time they erected several batteries, notably one at the corner of Clinton and De Kalb avenues, to engage Fort Putnam.

When the shades of the second night had fallen a dense fog was sent, as many believe by the Divine hand, to increase the obscurity. By favor of the circumstance, Washington then performed his masterly manœuvre of removing his army from the closest proximity of the enemy and pushing it across Fulton Ferry. All night long that stern and silent figure on horseback (like the marble commandant in "Don Giovanni") was dimly visible, superintending the embarkation from Jewell's dock. Only once he was aroused to sudden animation, when the rear guard, having mistaken an order, arrived prematurely at the river side. "For Heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "get back to your post, Gen. Mifflin, before your absence is discovered." So Mifflin and his men trotted back at double quick, and were never missed until they had gone for good. When the tardy British troopers at last arrived at the water front in the glimmering dawn, they were just in time to fire a few harmless shots at the retreating bateau which conveyed the last company of the patriots to Manhattan Island.

Such, in the briefest possible outline, were the events and scenes which made Brooklyn revolutionary ground more than a century ago. What changes have since taken place ! For a while "There were domes of white blossoms where swelled the white tent, There were plows in the tracks where the war wagons went, There were songs where was lifted up Rachel's lament."

And yet another while, and the great city spread out its arms and gathered in the whole historic scene. Even Gravesend is now a part of our city, and our police and home guards would easily repel the old-fashioned army of Great Britain at the water front of Coney Island.

And what part you ask, fair ladies, did your sex take in the battle of Long Island? Why, the record is rather mixed. Several notable instances of activity on both sides may be cited.

There was a Tory lady, Dame Ralph, of Sands street, who sent her negro servant post-haste to inform Gen. Howe that the patriots were escaping. As providence would have it, he encountered the Hessian pickets. The Dutchmen could not understand his lingo, so they arrested him as a suspicious character and kept him in the guard-house until his message had lost its value.

In this battle, also, one Mrs. Garrett fought in the American ranks under the name of Robert Shurtliffe, and greatly distinguished herself. She served three years in the army before her sex was discovered, when she was honorably discharged with a pension, and always enjoyed the highest consideration of the Federal authorities.

But many heroines of equal fortitude did not appear in person on the field. In a peculiar sense, my gentle sisters, you represent your own sex in the struggle of 1776. Their achievements, like yours, are those of the household and the fireside. Their prayers, their faith, their courage are immortal, but they are not written in the chronicles of earth. The men, as usual, took all the credit, while the women, in their desolate homes, sickening with want and fear, bore the brunt of the conflict. Yet they never flinched, never recalled their wage earners, or begrudged their services. There's a rude excitement, amounting almost to pleasure, in the stirring events of a campaign—the march and bivouac, the glorious game called a battle. Our soldiers had this stimulus to reinforce their patriotism, but the weary and anxious souls at the rear endured true hardness—sacrificed the most for their country. The devotion of the Continental army was noble—the devotion of their mothers and wives was sublime!

All hail! then, to the women of the Revolution, and to these their radiant daughters—God's last, best gift to man.

ADDRESS BY LYMAN W. REDINGTON
BEFORE THE
LONG ISLAND SOCIETY,
DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

When I received the courteous invitation of this Chapter to participate in the commemorative exercises of this occasion, I immediately accepted, and accepted with alacrity. For I had often communed with my inner self and determined that if there was anything more desirable than being a Son of the Revolution, it was to be a Daughter. And knowing as I did that no possible combination of circumstances, alas! could ever constitute me a daughter, I determined to make a virtue of a necessity, and while remaining a Son, to avail myself of the privilege thus offered of celebrating with the Daughters the anniversary of the capture of Ticonderoga, and the L. I. engagements. Yet I hesitated about venturing any remarks on the occasion, as many years ago, in the palmy days of childhood, it was thoroughly inculcated in my mind, if not emphatically impressed on my person, that it was always best to be seen and not heard in the presence of the good, the beautiful and the true. And knowing as I do that never before has there been gathered into this room so much of goodness, of beauty and of truth, as is represented by the Daughters of the Revolution this evening, I must say that never before did the early precept that was so thoroughly inculcated rise up before me so forcibly as at the present moment. Yet from this confused state into which I have been thrown from early, if not exuberant, reminiscences, I will emerge for a moment to express my pleasure at being present to-night, a participant in these proceedings. Sure am I that just now I would not exchange places with any of my Revolutionary sires.

Over one hundred years have elapsed since the War of the Revolution, years fraught with events of great importance to mankind! How long a period compared with human life! Yet how short in the span of time!

A noted writer, long since deceased, said: "Time is the most undefinable,

yet paradoxical of things ; the past is gone, the future is not yet come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible because it has no limits, and it would be still more so if it had."

The human mind can hardly realize the flight of time, or comprehend in its full scope the significance of even an hundred years. "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh ; but the earth abideth forever." New actors continually strut before the scenes in the drama of life, while others pass away and are soon forgotten. The evanescent shadows of the past come flitting o'er us here to-night, reminding us of the transitoriness of all things human, and that we, too, must soon be numbered among the things that were ; yet, also reminding us that events transpire in the progress of the world which cannot be forgotten, and that great characters are occasionally born into the centuries whose deeds cannot be effaced, but are kept alive in the minds of future generations, and are indelibly stamped upon the pages of universal history by the importance and grandeur of their achievements and of the cause they represent.

The guns fired at Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775, started the War of the Revolution. Years of suffering, anxiety and bloodshed followed. But finally under the guidance of Providence victory was achieved. As a result, on the 25th day of November, 1783, stirring scenes were being enacted in this vicinity on the Island of Manhattan. The British ensign, which for seven years had waved over the City of New York, was being hauled down, while the Stars and Stripes, emblematic of the birth of a new Republic, were floated to the breeze midst the roar of artillery and the joyful acclamations of a disenthralled people. The War of the Revolution was over—had passed into history ; another star had arisen above the horizon of Euro-

pean despotism, and a grateful people were entering into possession of that for which for eight weary years they had devoted their best energies and spilled their best blood. About a year prior to this date provisional Articles of Peace had been signed at Paris by the British and American Commissioners, in which His Majesty acknowledged the united provinces of New Hampshire, Massachusetts-Bay, Rhode Island and Providence-Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia, to be "FREE, SOVEREIGN AND INDEPENDENT STATES."

They had declared themselves to be such on the 4th of July, 1776 ; they had been acknowledged as such by the King of France, January 30th, 1778 ; Holland had acknowledged them as such April 19th, 1782 ; Sweden, February 5th, 1783 ; Denmark, February 25th ; Spain in March and Russia in July of the same year. But the definitive treaty was signed September 3d, 1783, and on the 25th of November following, a noted procession, headed by General Washington and Governor Clinton, marched into the City of New York and took formal possession thereof. What must have been on that occasion the emotions in the bosoms of those men after their long years of anxiety and hardship ? Yet, how formidable the outlook for the future ! A people victorious, but a nation unformed ! Conflicting interests to be harmonized and a unification accomplished ! Commerce had been destroyed, private fortunes dissipated, manufacturing and agricultural interests neglected, and a currency rendered worthless. A heavy debt had accumulated, and an impoverished and unpaid soldiery were to be disbanded and returned to their long neglected families. But the spirit of the people under Providence was equal to the occasion. The minds of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and others, whose names are forever inscribed on the roll of history, gave us that Constitution which has ever since been the marvel of mankind. These actors have vanished from the scene ; their landmarks re-

main ; the results of their labor, industry and foresight survive ; their lives, consecrated to the establishment and perpetuation of the great principles underlying the superstructure of our political institutions, are ever before us.

Pericles, the greatest of Athenian statesmen, delivered his wonderful oration, which Thucydides has brought down to us, while standing on the battle-field in the presence of the inanimate bodies of those recently slain, and in the midst of the lamentations of those thus suddenly bereft of their companions, associates and friends. But instead of sorrow for the deceased and comfort for the afflicted, he devoted his oration to an analysis and consideration of Athenian institutions, for the purpose of demonstrating that those who had given up their lives that their country might live, had done a grand and noble thing. So with Washington and our Continental sires. The sufferings they endured and the lives they sacrificed resulted in the foundation and establishment of this invincible young Republic, which from small beginnings has finally taken her stand among the influential powers of the earth.

As we contrast the early period of the Republic with our present condition the mind stands aghast at the possibilities of the future. This country represents the constituent elements of all the nations of the universe ; she opens wide her arms to the downtrodden and oppressed of the earth, saying, come ye hither ; here find liberty ; here find opportunity ; here find a land where every man is born a prince and where success is the result of individual effort, untiring industry, unceasing toil. This amalgamation of all people is producing one of the mightiest nations upon earth. And let us not forget that the minds of the American people are essentially educated to great freedom of opinion, freedom of expression, freedom of action ; that liberty in all its aspects is inculcated in the immortal doctrines enunciated in the Declaration of Independence. Hence, in this atmosphere of liberty, we must guard against

gliding into the opposite extreme of unbridled license and immunity from law. By tempering this freedom with conservatism, a universal education, a strict adherence to the very letter of our Constitution, a wholesome restraint of socialism and communism, and a propagation of love and respect for law, we will thereby perpetuate our national polity. For in view of the peculiar construction of our Government and Constitution, it is a love and respect for the laws alone, based upon intelligence and a due appreciation of the same, and a strict obedience to their requirements, which will hold strong and firm for ages to come the cords which are to-day binding together the different States of this great Republic. We must plant ourselves firmly on principle ; facts are changeable, things made ; principles are unmade, unchangeable, eternal. Centuries may come and go, and the stream of life with its weighty problems flow on to the ceaseless end of time. Nations may rise and fall, great questions, social and otherwise, may agitate the world, but the immutable and unchangeable order of things still exists, and so long as the American people respect law, reverence their Constitution, reward honesty and punish recreancy to public trust, the Republic will live.

Hence in view of the future the necessity of constant, earnest and thoughtful study of our laws and institutions, criticising and changing when necessary, but remembering in the contemplation of our civic duties that there should be no North, no South, no East, no West for the American people. Peace, fraternity, love and unity should be the corner stone of our new temple erected and dedicated to the cause of universal liberty by a reunited people. Thereby will we be in accord with the sentiments of him whose name has consecrated and rendered forever famous and sacred the shades of Mt. Vernon. Rome had her Cæsar, France her Napoleon, England her Wellington, but America had her Washington, about whose name cluster the tender and sacred memories of deeds performed not for personal glory,

not for self-aggrandizement, but for the preservation of the liberties of a people, and the perpetuation of good government for posterity. So long as worlds revolve around the celestial orb, the grand and majestic figure of George Washington will fill the eyes of mankind.

All hail to the Sons of the Revolution! All hail to the Daughters of the Revolution! All hail to every lover of liberty throughout the broad face of the earth who to-day in a spirit of patriotism rises up and pledges anew his allegiance and devotion to those great principles of government for which our revolutionary sires contended.

Far out in the unknown Western seas ancient poets tell us of a beautiful island, Atlantis, which because of the discord of its people in a day and a night went down into the deep. It is the substance of a stray tradition of this Western world, America; and though but the fabric of a poet's dream, it may yet become a sad truth of history.

Let us trust that through the preservation of patriotic impulses and memories, our nation may gain the same prosperity that was sung of Atlantis. God forbid that through the decadence of patriotic ardor our nation should be involved in the destruction of that lost island!

MEETING AND DEBATE.

EAST ORANGE CHAPTER.

At a meeting of the East Orange Chapter, D. R., on May 17th, at the residence of the Regent, Miss Sara King Wiley, an interesting debate was held in the presence of a large audience comprising members of the other Orange Chapters, visitors from Montclair and Summit and a number of the officers of the General Society.

The papers read we give in detail.

The disputants were, affirmative, Mrs. Charles B. Yardley and Miss Adaline W. Sterling, and negative, Miss Josephine Canning and Miss Sarah Root Adams. After the formal debate the question was given to the house for discussion and a vote then taken. By a very close majority the negative side was declared to have won its case.

The question under discussion was:

RESOLVED, That the aid given to the United States by France during the War of the Revolution was prompted by hostility to England rather than by love of liberty.

FIRST AFFIRMATIVE.

MRS. CHAS. B. YARDLEY.

I have been invited to speak on the affirmative side, fortunately the side that appealed to my judgment. I find, however, I have never gone through a line of reasoning on the subject, but simply believed it because I believed it.

Since the question has been presented to me I have glanced into the books I had at hand, and will as briefly as possible review a little of our early American history, and try to show you why I am still in favor of the affirmative side of the question for the masses of the French people, though we have several noble examples of pure love of patriotism in individual cases, carrying out the old adage "that the exceptions prove the rule."

It will not be necessary for me to refer to the conflicting claims of France and England to the territory of North America, for when did the French and English ever pose as true friends? Jealousy and greed shown openly have ever been the attitude of these nations to each other, so that when the claims of these two rival nations comprehended nearly the whole of this great continent, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Hudson Bay and from the Atlantic to the uttermost regions of the unexplored West, they brought with them the inherited instincts of hatred and distrust, and began to dispute and ultimately to fight about a wilderness of which neither knew the boundaries or dimensions.

The French advanced step by step until they reached the Ohio and established, at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, Fort Du-

quesne, now the site of Pittsburgh.

The French seemed to be more friendly with the Indians, presumably because that nation had more courtesy of manner and tact than the English. So the French and Indians combined to hem the English speaking people into the country east of the Alleghany.

The kind of help that England sent to the colonies at this juncture shows that she was simply holding these people, as she was other nations, under her control in the interests of trade. She was so bigoted that freedom of thought or religious convictions opposed to her standards laid the offenders open to every kind of oppression, and, as Col. Barré expresses it, "to escape from her tyranny the colonies exposed themselves in the desert to all the ills that human nature can endure, and the descendants are animated by the same spirit of independence that caused the exile of their ancestors."

The English colonists who had made their homes in Virginia found themselves especially interested in these encroachments. They were at the mercy of French and Indian attacks on their western boundary, and terrible massacres, too pitiful to even mention, were committed upon these peaceful tillers of the soil, who begged for protection and relief from their more fortunate inland neighbors.

It was at this time that Washington, a mere lad, was asked by Lieut.-Governor Dinwiddie, then the representative of royalty in Virginia, to come to the rescue of his colony and people. The title of Adjutant-General of Virginia, with the rank of Major, was conferred upon him. Sometime in the spring of 1754, Washington, with two companies, penetrated into the Alleghanies, to a place called Great Meadows. The Blue Ridge was then the boundary of Virginia. This position brought him near the French posts. After a successful skirmish with the French he threw up an entrenchment called Fort Necessity. He then advanced upon Fort Duquesne, the French stronghold, with his handful of men, but was defeated by De Villier and fifteen hundred men. Shortly after this the military career

of Washington was arrested by an ordinance of Gov. Dinwiddie allowing His Majesty's troops to take rank of all those commissioned by the colonial government, and the insult was carried so far that the general and field officers of the provincial troops were divested of all rank when serving with those of a similar rank bearing the royal commission. Thus the mother country first showed her cloven foot. Of course Washington disdained to acquiesce in this insulting preference. He resigned his commission, and settled himself at his beautiful home at Mount Vernon, just bequeathed to him by his brother. Hardly had he taken up his peaceful life when the roar of cannon was heard on the shores of the Potomac, and Gen. Braddock with an English army landed at Belhaven, now called Alexandria.

Gen. Braddock inquired immediately for Col. Washington, "a lad of sense and spirit, who had acted as became a soldier and a man of honor." He wrote a pressing letter to Washington, begging him to assume the position of volunteer aid-de-camp. Washington accepted, and reinforced by three companies of Virginia riflemen, making an army of two thousand, they marched through the wilderness to their old station at the Great Meadows. There at the hands of the crafty French and bloodthirsty Indians, Gen. Braddock and every officer except Washington met their death; but neither he nor his Virginian soldiers ever ranked with English soldiers though they did their duty well.

Braddock was succeeded by Col. Dunbar, who thought that the better part of valor was to run away, so he safely ensconced himself at Philadelphia, leaving the poor Virginia colony to her own gallant Rangers.

The Virginian Assembly being in session when the news of Braddock's defeat and death and Dunbar's desertion arrived, saw with great anxiety the dangers to which they were exposed. They immediately raised 16 companies from their own colonies and offered the command to Washington with permission to select his own field officers.

The British Government seems at this time to have entirely deserted them. The governors appointed by England were inefficient, jealous and indifferent, and Virginia soon discovered that she must depend upon herself alone for her safety, and her savior was Washington.

Washington was one of those to whom the neglect and inefficiency of others was only a stimulus to new exertions and new sacrifices. I will quote again from Col. Barré, when one of the ministers in the British Parliament asked: "Are not the Americans our children, planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence and protected by our arms?" "*They* planted by your care! No, sir! Your oppressions planted them in America. Nourished by your indulgence! No, sir; *they* grew by your neglect. Your indulgence consisted in sending them hungry packs of your own creatures to spy out their liberties that you might assail them, encroach upon them and live upon them. You sent them men and promoted them to the highest seats of justice in that country, who, to my knowledge, have good reason to dread a court of justice at home. *They* protected by your arms! No, sir; they have nobly taken up arms in your cause, not their own. They have exerted a heroic valor in the midst of their daily labors, for the defence of their frontiers drenched in blood, while its interior contributed all its savings for your emolument."

These are the real causes which brought about the American Revolution, for the Colonies were loyal and faithful subjects to the power of England until she abused that power to such an extent that nothing was left for this young and struggling country but to take a stand for liberty, and live or die for it.

In 1760, when Benjamin Franklin was sent to France to represent our interests, he said: "It is said that the development of the Colonies may render them more dangerous and bring them to declare their independence. Such fears are chimerical. So many causes are against their union that I do not hesitate to declare it not only

improbable, but impossible. I say impossible, without the most provoking tyranny and oppression. As long as the government is mild and just, as long as there are civil and religious interests, the Americans will be respectful and submissive subjects."

In 1758, after many delays, where Governor succeeded Governor in Virginia, each more incompetent than his predecessor, Washington accidentally heard of the defenceless condition of Fort Duquesne, caused by the withdrawal of the French troops to Canada. The French Governor, fearing an attack from the British Government, desired these men for his own defence. The Indians deserted their French allies, and assuring Washington that the place was incapable of defence, he marched upon the fort, which was evacuated at his approach. They set fire to the buildings, sailed down the Ohio, and the French power ceased forever in that part of the world. The Indian war whoop was no longer heard, Virginians slept quietly in their beds, and the rangers reposed from their toils. At the age of twenty-seven, Washington again retired from the service, bade farewell to his brothers in arms, and returned to his tranquil home at Mount Vernon—rest was not yet to come.

The pretensions of power from the mother country began to be felt. Taxation without representation was looked upon as intolerable. England stood upon its prerogative, America on its rights. Perseverance on the one hand produced resistance on the other, and the virtuous opposition of a whole people was stigmatized by the advocates of parliamentary supremacy as rebellion.

The principles of freedom had now strengthened and expanded under threats and coercion and a Congress met at Philadelphia to concentrate and express the force and feelings of the Colonies. Washington was called to the aid, and the cry of Patrick Henry was destined to be fulfilled: "We must fight, Mr. Speaker, we must fight."

The first act of resistance on the part of the Americans was when an attempt was made to introduce a cargo

of tea into Boston, on which a duty of three pence a pound was laid by act of parliament, and though every effort was made by the Royal Governor to find out who composed the party, disguised as Indians, they were never discovered to this day.

But England was indignant, and reinforcements were sent to Governor Gage to enforce taxation. The people pledged themselves to abstain from everything of British manufacture, which then constituted nearly all their luxuries and most of their comforts.

At this time "a spark fell among the combustibles and lighted the flames" of the seven years' war. Congress ordered a deposit of stores and ammunition at Concord, a village thirteen miles from Boston. Governor Gage sent soldiers to destroy them. Dr. Warren sent word to the inhabitants of Concord and they prepared to receive the enemy.

Of course I must omit years of this interesting history of war, with its many vicissitudes, defeats and gradually exhausted treasury.

It was in 1776, three weeks before the Declaration of Independence, that the French government, while seeming to be neutral, yet allowing us to purchase arms and everything we wished at their ports, secretly sent us through Mon. de Beaumarchais, a million livres, and Spain sent us another million. Beaumarchais was instructed not to compromise his government too much in the eyes of the English, but in England people were irritated and disturbed. Lord Chatham exclaimed: "France has insulted us, she has encouraged and supported America, and be America right or wrong, the dignity of this nation requires that we thrust aside with contempt, the officious intervention of France, who receive ministers and ambassadors from these rebels and enemies. America is provided with aid, and our ministers do not protest. Is this maintaining the honor of a great kingdom, of that England which but lately gave laws to the House of Bourbon."

Washington did not like France. He told Congress "that nothing but interest attaches these people to us,

France only allows us to get our munitions from her because of the benefit her commerce derives from it." I quote as authority from Guizot's France, when I say that La Fayette, with a great desire for excitement and renown and great zeal for new ideas and a certain political perspicacity, offered his services to relieve America from the thralldom of England. He was received by Washington with distrust, but his courage and good sense and great deference to the American general at last won his love, and history tells us he loved him as a son.

"Anticipate your enemies," Franklin had said to the ministers of Louis XVI. "Let your ships put to sea before any declaration of war, it will be time to speak when a French squadron bars the passage of Admiral Howe, who has returned to ascend the Delaware."

But the French were timid and when Count d'Estanig sailed on the 13th of April, 1778, for America, it was too late, and open hostilities began between England and France, but not before Franklin had arranged a treaty of alliance to be signed with America at Paris in Feb., 1778.

England fired the first shot June 17th, 1778, in the English Channel. The success of this encounter, soothed the conscience of Louis XVI., and he at last yielded to the entreaty of the nation, which partly from sympathy towards the Americans and partly from hatred and rancor towards England, wished to hurry into war, though the treaty of 1763 weighed heavily on the honor of France.

"Misfortunes and disappointments are great destroyers of some barriers and prudent tact can overthrow others."

While Washington and the Americans felt coldly towards France, they were forced to welcome the auxiliaries with joy, and the French Government neglected its natural interests in its relations with the revolted Colonies. One of the strongest proofs in my mind that the inborn hatred of the French to the English, was a stronger factor than the desire of liberty, is the jealousy of these French soldiers

towards the Colonies and their many collisions in points of mere punctilio, until the appearance of the British army, when a good understanding was necessary, and after the surrender of Yorktown that struggle ceased.

Though I believe the French helped to shorten the war, I can find nothing in history to convince me that the Americans could not have won their victories alone.

From the time France allied herself to America, England's attitude was more severe, and the poor, tired Americans remitted their exertions in defence of their country; so that the outlook was gloomy indeed, with apathy at home and distrust abroad.

New acts of disobedience entailed on Great Britain a war with France, Spain and Holland, and the result of the French alliance was an augmentation of the British force in this country, which more than counterbalanced that of France.

The money became exhausted, and Col. Laurens was sent to France to negotiate a loan. With the aid of Franklin this loan was secured, and six million livres and the promise of a powerful naval support was pledged.

After the capture of Cornwallis and his army, the war was virtually closed. Count de Grasse took some of the French forces to the West Indies, and Count Rochambeau took the rest back to France. We claim we are not ungrateful nor unmindful of a friend in need, though we question the motives that actuated the French in helping us in our struggle for freedom.

SECOND AFFIRMATIVE.

BY MISS ADALINE WHELOCK STERLING.

In strolling through the streets of Paris the thoughtful observer may often read on the façades of public buildings an epitome of the history of France for the past century and a half.

Here over some disused archway one may see the Bourbon lilies, the insignia chiselled in stone, having long since outlived the haughty dynasty it commemorates; then, high up, perhaps, half effaced, the "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" of that mad carnival regime which knew not the

first principles of the theory on which its foundation was ostensibly laid; then pushing forward with parvenu insolence, the imperial arms of the cidevant Corsican sous-Lieutenant; again, the royal arms crowded to the wall by the golden bees of the Second Empire; and, lastly, the "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality" of our day standing out fairly enough, though a little scorched by the fires of the Commune.

Surely, we say to ourselves, here is an exemplification of the glorious principle of liberty ever struggling through the darkness to the light; here is the imperishable germ which bursts through the soil of tyranny and corruption to blossom under the sun of freedom; here is the undying sentiment of the brotherhood of man.

Then memory goes back to another people across the sea who after protest and remonstrance fought the fight for freedom against fearful odds, and sentimentality, getting the better of historical record, inspires the enthusiast to jump to the conclusion that the aid rendered to the United States by France during the Revolution was due to love of liberty pure and simple.

But the cooler-headed and perhaps more pessimistic individual looks across the Channel where the white cliffs of Dover shine in the sunlight, turns over page after page of history, looks at Gallic record of "perfidie Albion" and sagely concludes that the aid given the United Colonies during their struggle against the Mother Country had its prompting in a less lofty source—hostility to England.

This is our position—wretched pessimists that we are—and in substantiation of this attitude we ask your considerations of these reasons for our belief:

1. The hereditary jealousy between France and England.

2. The series of Continental Wars culminating in the Seven Years' War, in all of which France suffered loss through English agency.

3. The ruin of French commerce; the annihilation of her maritime power.

4. The internal condition of France at the outbreak of the American Revo-

lution. The policy of the ministry to use the American War as a means of retrieving the disasters caused by England in former years. The character of the French nation. The inability of the people to understand liberty in the larger, Anglo-Saxon sense.

1. The anomalous position of the Norman and early Plantagenet kings, combining in one person and vassal gave rise to the first contentions with France, involved the English people in a quarrel not strictly their own. Latent love of conquest speedily made the private feuds of the French duke the national cause of the English King.

Consider for a moment the long stretch of war resulting from the claim of Edward III. to the French throne, the victories now on the one side, now on the other, the French intrigues in Scotland, the English intrigues in Flanders with Burgundy coquetting with both parties. Follow the spirit of enmity in the succeeding reigns, sometimes showing itself openly, more often hiding behind cabal and plot. Was there ever a disturbance in Scotland that the hidden impelling force was not the French diplomat or the French priest? Did Flanders ever rise in revolt that English gold did not secretly first furnish the arms?

Though in the course of years treaties were made again and again between the two nations, history shows that France never lost her hatred for her insular neighbor, and that England never disguised her contemptuous dislike of her ancient foe, her kings even, as a menace, as it were, quartering on the royal shield the arms of a country in which they did not own an inch of territory.

2. Turning over still further the pages of history we come to the series of Continental wars, the rough and tumble skirmishes of nations, from which England always emerged, a little dishevelled perhaps, but reasonably intact and in the calm consciousness of having severely punished her Gallic neighbor.

The great emperor Charles V. used to say that fortune was no friend to old men, and the greatest of Bourbon

kings, Louis XIV., in an old age of senile piety made this experience in person.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes met with a response in the English Revolution, and the year 1688 found the Catholic James II. an exile, dependent upon his brother of France, and the Calvinist William of Orange seated on the throne of his—wife's—ancestors.

From this time England became the centre of all the coalitions against the House of Bourbon. A war to the death broke out between the two countries, a contest involving a new feature—royalty by public consent and constitutional government opposed to royalty by divine right and absolutism.

Beginning with the attempt of Louis XIV. to place his grandson on the Spanish throne until the end of the 18th century, Europe was a great chess board on which the game of war was always playing.

The War of the Spanish Succession, known in the colonies as Queen Anne's War, was a step in the series which ended in giving England colonial and maritime supremacy at the expense of France. Coming next in order was that charming scheme of plunder known as the War of the Austrian Succession, a plan in which Maria Theresa of Austria was to play lamb and Prussia, Bavaria and France, wolves—though the latter singularly enough made no stipulation as to a share of the spoils. But the scheme contained an uncertain factor in the person of that restless military genius, Frederic II. of Prussia, who with brutal frankness left his allies in the lurch when the first convenient opportunity presented itself of obtaining his own demands by private treaty. Time forbids us to follow in detail the chances and changes of this war and of its successor, the Seven Years' conflict, or to speak at length of the vicissitudes to France following upon the entrance of England upon the scene of action. When in 1763 the treaties of Paris and Hubertsburg were signed France had spent for her individual share 1,350,000,000 livres, and Canada, Acadia and Cape Breton passed to her bitterest foe.

"The war," said Frederic II., whom it was specially designed to crush, "had begun on account of two or three wretched huts; the English gained by it two thousand leagues of territory, and humanity lost a million of men."

3. But a still more serious loss to France was the blow to her foreign commerce and the almost complete ruin of her maritime power. While engaged in continental warfare stern necessity had compelled the maintenance of the land forces at the expense of the navy, a neglect which Great Britain was swift to seize. The English fleet blockaded French ports, not a ship went out that did not fall into their hands, and descents were made at will upon the coasts of Normandy and Brittany since France was unable even to protect her own shores. Thirty-seven ships of the line and fifty-six frigates became the prize of the enemy and France's naval power succumbed to a vital blow.

4. When the smoke of war cleared away and France, as it were, took account of stock, the condition presented was an empty treasury, whose deficit even excessive taxation failed to relieve, a starving peasantry, impoverished lands, greedy monopolists grinding from the poor the scanty remnant left after royal demands had been satisfied.

"Matters will go on as they are as long as I live," cynically remarked Louis XV.; "my successor may get out of the difficulty as well as he can." "After us the deluge," added Mme. de Pompadour by way of benediction.

Louis XVI. succeeded to this wretched inheritance in 1774. Reforms were put into execution at once, but throughout the kingdom a spirit of discontent was smouldering, the teachings of the encyclopedists were fanning the embers to flame, though the conflagration was far distant as yet. It was a time which demanded prompt action and measures which would win popular support. England was at peace with France, there was neither pretext nor occasion for hostility. Great Britain was busied in a quarrel with her American colonies. Their independence had not yet been de-

clared, so the dispute was still in the nature of a family quarrel.

Vergennes, Minister of Foreign Affairs, saw in this quarrel an opportunity to retrieve the losses inflicted upon his country by England, and early in 1776 drew up a memorial on American affairs and presented it to his master. In this he advises that the British ministry must be cheated into a belief that France and Spain are pacific, while the insurgents are to be secretly helped with military stores and with money; meanwhile, the two countries are to strengthen their own forces with a view, at a favorable moment, of striking a blow which should reduce England to a secondary power. No word here of love of liberty—nothing but the plainest statement of wily diplomacy. Turgot, Minister of Finance, took a more pacific view; peace must be maintained at all events, but the ministers might shut their eyes if the insurgents made purchases in French harbors. Again no evidence of love of liberty. The counsel of Vergennes prevailed and the French government while giving the English ministry repeated assurances of strict neutrality, nevertheless subsidized the revolt.

We are apt to think that French aid was the direct result of the appearance of Franklin, clad with Republican simplicity in the midst of the splendor of Versailles. But, as a matter of fact, in May, 1776, two months before the arrival of Silas Deane, and six months before the arrival of Franklin, Vergennes sent a loan of a million livres to America, choosing as his secret and confidential agent Beaumarchais, whom we know better as the author of the "Marriage of Figaro." Spain sent a similar loan, and there is absolutely nothing in the history of tradition of that country to warrant the belief that it ever gave aid for liberty's sake.

The American commissioners themselves bear testimony to the motive underlying the aid granted. "All Europe," they wrote about this time, "is for us. Every nation in Europe wishes to see Britain humbled, having all in their time been offended by her insolence, which in prosperity she is apt to discover on all occasions."

Under the ministry of Pitt, England had acquired dominion on the sea as wide-reaching and as inimical to other nations as had been the power of Charles V. and Louis XIV. on land. It was to the interest of all governments to reduce this preponderance, while the merchants of every country looked forward to the opening of the great field of American commerce, of which England had hitherto had the monopoly.

Besides, kings, ministers and courtiers knew full well that the country was financially bankrupt and politically infirm. The king was reaping a harvest he had not sown. The spirit of liberty rife in America might find a responsive echo in a monarchy whose foundations were already undermined. But a successful attack on their hereditary enemy might bridge over the crisis and national conquest might blind eyes to national misery.

In the light of history, it seems to us that it was purely a matter of policy that aid was given the American cause, even though it came at a time when assistance was doubly precious. The secrecy with which help was at first granted brought with it compensation for lack of public acknowledgement. For, as the commissioners themselves shrewdly observed, "Enjoying the whole harvest of plunder upon the British commerce, which otherwise France and Spain would divide with us, our infant naval power finds such plentiful nourishment as has increased and must increase its growth and strength marvelously."

Lastly, we maintain that the aid given the United States by France could not have been inspired by love of liberty from the very character of the nation, from the inability of the people to understand freedom from the calm, dispassionate Anglo-Saxon standpoint, to understand from remonstrance, respectful protest, and a resort to arms as a final extremity. Contrast, for a moment, French speculation and French philosophy with the Calvinism of New England, and see if there was any tie of kinship between freedom which meant abolishment of all restraint, and freedom which meant preservation of personal right.

Franklin, it is true, became the idol in France of society and populace alike; poets and courtiers, philosophers and savants, women of fashion and women of the fish market worshipped at his shrine. Vergennes pronounced him the only American in whom he had confidence, an encomium which would have been more valuable had the minister's acquaintance with Americans been more extensive. Turgot wrote of him: "Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis." Voltaire was fulsome in compliment. But of what value was this ovation from a people to whom, even after it was translated and scattered broadcast over France, the Declaration of Independence, with its immortal principles, was a sealed book?

Take, with a few exceptions, the character of the swarms of French officers who came to America. Most of them were mere soldiers of fortune, the type of the eighteenth century mercenary, animated by love of adventure, by hatred of England, by hope of advantage, and tempted by Deane's promises of high pay and high rank. That there were glorious exceptions no one will deny. No one questions the pure enthusiasm of Lafayette. But then the Lafayettes were very few and far between, and even Washington was once tempted to express the heartfelt wish that there was not a single foreigner in the army except this same youthful general.

In later years, when the French Revolution broke out, what was the picture then presented?—a spectacle of unbridled license and of daily crimes against the sacred principles of liberty. The American Revolution produced an Adams, a Jefferson, a Hancock, a Washington,—the French Revolution evolved a Robespierre, a Danton, a Marat, a Bonaparte.

When Mme. Roland, at the foot of the scaffold, uttered her famous apostrophe to the Statue of Liberty, she gave unconscious condemnation to her country people. "In the name of liberty" forsooth—but never in the higher comprehension of liberty—never in the comprehension which animated American patriots—never in the comprehension which was their guiding

motive, which we, their descendants, have made our watchword, the liberty bound inseparably with home and country.

In conclusion, we think we have shown historical proof for the first four of our propositions, and we hold that the fifth is a logical deduction, especially when read in the light of subsequent events with the glare of the French Revolution to illuminate the page. We rest our case and pray our hearers to give the verdict in accordance with what we presume to think the facts and evidence.

FIRST NEGATIVE.

BY MISS JOSEPHINE CANNING.

It was with no little hesitation, I am free to confess, that I consented to argue the case under debate from the negative side, as my ideas upon the subject coincided more with the affirmative, but—since giving the matter thought and consideration, together with a fair amount of research into the feelings expressed by prominent historians, I am fully prepared to say, from what I have culled, that my opinions have undergone a very decided change.

"Many causes combined"—Bancroft tells us—"to procure the alliance of France and the American Republic; but the *force* which brought all influences harmoniously together, overruling the dull reluctance of Louis XVI., was the movement of *intellectual freedom*."

Now the condition of affairs in France previous to the trouble between the American Colonies and England, and also at that time, certainly has largely to deal with the subject in question—viz.: the *cause* of the aid rendered by that country to America.

Knowing that peace was declared not only between France and England, but was generally felt throughout Europe in 1763, and that peace was still preserved at the time the trouble began, it is hardly probable that France, owing to the perturbed condition of affairs in her own country, was prepared to show hostility toward England.

"The reign of Louis XIV., it is

known, has been called, 'The Era of Fine Arts;' that of Louis XV. was 'The Era of Philosophy,' while both united to characterize that of Louis XVI. as 'The Age of Reform,' and a vigorous and enlightened public opinion was formed at that time, tending not only to free, but to republican principles."

At the time of the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, we are told, "The nation had not only become weary of arbitrary power, but it had begun to be restless and uneasy under its burdens." Many of the young nobility fired with the spirit of freedom, went to assist the Americans in their struggle for independence.

La Fayette, whose name is loved by every true American, most enthusiastically espoused the cause. "At the first news of this quarrel," he says in his memoirs, "my heart was enrolled in it." And although the King forbade his leaving the country, he had no trouble in inducing several of his friends to embark with him secretly from a port in Spain for America. There they threw their energies and courage most thoroughly into the noble cause.

The refusal of the King to allow La Fayette to go shows most plainly, that personally, he did not wish to enter into the trouble with the American Colonies. This feeling comes to us from no less an historian than Bancroft, who says: "The King felt all the while as if he were wronging the cause of Monarchy by his acknowledgment of rebels, and engaged in the American Revolution against his own will, in obedience to the advice and opinions of some members of his Cabinet on his duty to France. Personally he was irritated and did not disguise his vexation. But it was the age of personal government in France, "and the Parisians," he tells us, "felt the reverses of the Americans as if they had been their own."

"The King felt for the Americans, neither as insurgents against wrongs, nor as a self-governing people, and never understood how it came about that contrary to his own faith in unlimited monarchical power and in the Catholic Church, his kingdom had

plunged into a war, to introduce to the potentates of the civilized world a revolutionary Protestant republic." "But the years which followed," we are told by the same historian, "are the most glorious in the history of France, for they were those in which she most consistently and disinterestedly fought for the liberties of mankind, and so prepared the way for her own regeneration and the overthrow of feudalism throughout Europe."

I do not think further proof is needed to show that there could have been no particular hostility toward England, otherwise *had* the King any such feeling, what, but the fear of revolutionary principles in the insurgents, would have deterred him from joining in the struggle?

"The assistance he gave," we are told, "he was urged and forced to do, for public opinion, which cannot be doubted, was that of liberty." Washington Irving tells us of the sentiments which led Baron Stuben to help the Colonists. He quotes the following from one of his letters to General Washington :

"The object of my greatest ambition is to render your country all the service in my power, and to deserve the title of a citizen of America by fighting for the cause of your liberty."

The same principles were felt by Rochambeau and others. "Voltaire," Bancroft tells us, "everywhere appeared as the friend of America—and more than Louis XVI., and more than the cabinet of the King, represented France of that day."

Franklin was desirous of having him give his benediction to his grandson, and he gave it in these words: "God and Liberty," and "when in company with the young wife of La Fayette" he asked that she might be brought to him, he kissed her hand and spoke to her the praises of her husband, and of the cause which he served."

Again we learn: "That at the time of the settlement, when, in the presence of Franklin and his colleague, John Adams, Voltaire was solemnly received by the French Academy, philosophic France gave the right hand of fellowship to America as its child by adoption.

The numerous assembly demanded a visible sign of the union of the intellect of the two continents, and in the presence of all that was most distinguished in letters and philosophy, Franklin and Voltaire kissed each other in recognition, that *war for American Independence* was a war for freedom of mind.

It is well known that Franklin was highly respected and honored during his ministry at Paris, for the glowing terms in which Bancroft alludes to him at that time proves without doubt the esteem in which he was held; and as his sentiments were most pronounced as regarded the American cause, it is only natural to infer that these sentiments were also approved.

John Adams said of him: "Not Nelson, not Frederic, or Voltaire had a more universal reputation, and his character was more beloved and esteemed than that of them all."

La Fayette's principles were so thoroughly appreciated that, upon his return to France at the time of the revolutionary state of Paris, he was, owing to his liberal sentiments and generous cause to American liberty, made the idol of the populace, whose cry was—and had been previous to those times—"Liberty! Equality! Fraternity! or Death!"

So enthusiastic was La Fayette, and so unchangeable in his desire to serve the colonies, that so far from being discouraged by any difficulties that presented themselves, he allowed *nothing* to stand in the way which would prevent his giving his aid; and everyone familiar with the history of the Revolution knows how bravely and unflinchingly he served the cause, which was dearer to him than life.

And just here let me ask this question: Would it have been natural for a nation such as the Americans, to have, at the very beginning of his career, admired, nay *loved*, the noble, brave, impetuous, liberty-loving La Fayette, had his aid been given from as puerile and contemptible a motive as that of animosity? No; I do not believe his memory would be held in the esteem it is in America to-day had his services been given from such an ignoble cause.

The same spirit—"love of liberty"—possessed Mirabeau, "for he wrote a fiery invective against despotism, from a prison, of which his passionate exploring for leave, to serve in America, could not open the door."

I could quote, if time permitted me, the feelings of one and all who gave their assistance to the colonies, but it would be only a repetition of the sentiments of those I have mentioned, and as the subject given is the *spirit* of the aid rendered to the United States, I do not see that any further proof is needed in asserting that it was unquestionably that of *Liberty*.

SECOND NEGATIVE.

BY MISS SARAH ROOT ADAMS.

There is no doubt that there was a feeling of hostility between France and England. Various authorities give this feeling as a *partial* motive for the aid rendered to us. For example, one says (Eggleston): "France had from the first taken a lively interest in the fate of America, partly from a jealous dislike of England, partly from the love of liberty that was growing among the French people." Guizot makes a similar reference to the mixed motives inspiring the assistance received by us from France. But an analysis of the situation shows that the nature of these two motives differed according as they were held by one or the other of two classes. In one class, comprising the court and ministry, the hatred of England seems to have been so governed by a spirit of self-interest that those belonging to it would not incur risk to help a young and struggling people unless they thought it would benefit their own nation; and even this motive would hardly have availed had it not been irresistibly reinforced by pressure brought to bear by the other class. "The king," says Guizot, "at last yielded to the passionate feeling which was hurrying the nation into war, partly from sympathy toward the Americans and partly from hatred * * * toward England." John Quincy Adams clearly makes this distinction in the following description of the situation: "Europe saw a people struggling for liberty against oppres-

sion; and the *people* in every part of Europe sympathized with the people of the American colonies. With their governments it was not so, * * * all governments abhor insurrection. The great maritime powers of Europe had colonies of their own, to which the example of resistance against oppression might be contagious. The governments of Europe, therefore, were at heart on the side of the British government in this war, and the people of Europe were on the side of the American people."

In the second of the classes before referred to, the spirit of "liberty, equality and fraternity" was rapidly gaining ground. "A philosophic spirit," as Balch says, governed the age. "Sympathy toward the Americans, hatred toward England" meant to them deliverance to the oppressed—war upon the oppressors. This subordination of the personal standpoint to that of the ideal is proved by the swift and terrible impartiality with which this hostility was transferred to their own countrymen in the time of the French Revolution. This class comprised the mass of the French people, including many of the nobility—in a word, *was France*.

For the king is not the country, nor is the ministry. Napoleon's "Moi, c'est l'Empire" may have been more than mere vaunting as applied to the government, but even Napoleon was not France. Much less was his weaker predecessor and his scheming ministers. John Quincy Adams recognized this fact when he said, in 1834: "In this war (the seven years' war) the father of La Fayette fell in the cause of his king, *but not of his country*. When his son came to an age capable of reflecting upon the cause of his father's fate, there was no drop of consolation mingled in the cup from the consideration that he had died for his country." Franklin, moreover, when in France, "quickly comprehended that the true sovereign of France at this time was neither the king, the queen, nor the ministry, but opinion, and it was upon opinion that he resolved to act." (Hist. de Marie-Antoinette, de la Rocheterie.) His influence will be referred to later.

Balch says, contrasting these two classes: "The young French nobility had received with sympathy the news of the revolt of the English colonies in America. * * * It must, however, be admitted that neither Louis XVI. nor the queen was enthusiastic for the cause of the Americans. Ideas of political independence and religious liberty, loudly proclaimed on the other side of the Atlantic, could not well find an echo in a throne occupied by Bourbons imbued with the principles of absolutism. * * * But the public feeling was against England and for the colonies."

"The king himself," says another historian, "never sympathized with the American cause;" and in 1776 the king's principal advisors, the Count de Vergennes, Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Turgot, the Prime Minister, and Necker, the financier, were in favor of outward neutrality, considering that "the insurrection should be suppressed" (J. Q. A.) on account of its example to their colonies. M. de Vergennes said: "Far from seeking to profit by the embarrassment in which England finds herself on account of affairs in America, we should rather desire to extricate her." (Guizot.)

"Count de Guines, ambassador in London, wrote to M. de Vergennes: 'Lord Rochford confided to me yesterday that numbers of persons on both sides were perfectly convinced that the way to put a stop to this war in America was to declare it against France, and that he saw *with pain* that opinion gaining ground.' 'Assure the English government of the king's pacific intentions,' M. de Vergennes had written to the Marquis de Noailles, then French ambassador in England." (Guizot.) M. Turgot said that it would be a departure from neutrality even to furnish the Americans with secret aid in money, fearing that this would excite "just complaints on the part of the English." (Guizot, p. 271.)

Even if it is claimed and conceded that these friendly professions of the ministry were but the mask assumed by self-interest, the foregoing proves that the enmity it concealed was not strong enough to overcome the pru-

dential reasons restraining them from aiding the United States, namely, first, the effect of American success upon French colonies; second, that (Sumner, p. 380) the French court was not prepared for an open break with England.

It was to the interest of France not to put herself in an openly hostile attitude toward England; and we therefore assert that a jealous and revengeful spirit was not the actual cause of the aid bestowed. The roots of a tree are more truly its foundation than the strong and prominent trunk. M. de Vergennes, who especially advised the secret supply of funds to the United States, had been powerfully supported by the arguments presented by M. de Rayneval, senior clerk in the Foreign Office. The latter was himself urged and incited by the most intelligent, restless and passionate among the partisans of the American rebellion, Beaumarchais. "French citizen," as with all the spirit of the French Revolution he proclaimed himself to be, "Beaumarchais was quite smitten with the American citizens; he had for a long while been pleading their cause, sure, he said, of its ultimate triumph." (Guizot, p. 271.)

Under this pressure the proposed funds were secretly furnished, and later, troops were sent. "When the French Admiral [Count d'Estaing] arrived in America, hostilities had already commenced between France and England without declaration of war, by the natural pressure of circumstances. *England fired the first shot.*" (Guizot, p. 277.)

Meanwhile, another influence had been making for our cause, namely, Franklin's ministry to France. His "scientific reputation, as well as his dignity of character and practical wisdom, gave him influential access to the leading minds in France, and he powerfully contributed to secure for his country French recognition and material aid." (Library of Univ. Knowl., Am. Ed.) His influence certainly tended to promote the spirit of liberty. To quote from a French historian (de la Rocheterie): "Le bonhomme Franklin," as some called him, "the good and

venerable doctor,' as he was called by others, was not slow to become the idol—or, as he himself said, 'the doll,'—of the Parisians, and at the same time his country and his cause became popular. Men spoke of nothing but America, dreamed only of the United States; hats were made 'aux insurgents,' men played 'Boston' and went wild with enthusiasm both for republican ideas and for their representative."

"The spontaneous spirit of the people gradually spread itself over the rank corruption of the court," (J. Q. A.) and "public opinion, which in the French nation inclines to generous ideas, was moved by the news of a distant people waging a contest for Human Rights. Court and king were obliged to bend before the popular will." (Sumner, p. 386.) "'France alone wages war for an idea,' said her sovereign in these latter years. Never, perhaps, was such a course of conduct carried out with so much disinterestedness and perseverance as at the period of the French intervention in the war of American independence." (Balch, p. 3.) Guizot, writing of the close of the war, says that France saw "a triumph for her arms, and for the generous impulse which had prompted her to support a legitimate but for a long while doubtful enterprise. She had promoted the foundation of a republic based upon principles of absolute right; *the government* had given way to the ardent sympathy of the *nation*, for a people emancipated from a long yoke by its deliberate will and its indomitable energy."

Among the men who came to our aid before La Fayette, "in behalf of the cause of independence" (Balch, p. 79), were de Bois Bertrand, "a young man full of honor, courage and zeal," [who not only paid his own expenses, but those of a companion;] and the Chevalier de Kernovan, of whom Dr. Dubourg, a zealous agent of America in Paris, wrote to Dr. Franklin: "He has already accepted your principles, [and asks for nothing before having made his mark.]" Our principles were not hatred of other nations, but liberty for all. [This officer came in 1776, and

did good service.] The description of these young nobles indicates men who were moved by the generous enthusiasm of the time rather than by a narrow sectional hatred. Other volunteers are mentioned, who came either with La Fayette or closely following him, influenced by his motives.

As to Rochambeau and others sent by the King, they had no choice but to come. Their motives, therefore, need not be considered, but we are interested in the spirit in which they rendered their aid. Rochambeau said: "We come to defend with you the most just of causes," and an anecdote told of him points still further to his principles. "At that period different deputations of Indians came to the French camp (in Newport.) * * * One day, one of the chiefs said to Rochambeau at a public audience, 'My father, it is very wonderful that the king of France, our father, sends his troops to protect the Americans in an insurrection against the King of England, their father.' 'Your father, the king of France,' Rochambeau answered, 'protects the natural liberty that God has given to man. The Americans have been overloaded with burdens which they were no longer able to bear. He has found their complaints to be just; we shall everywhere be the friends of their friends and the enemies of their enemies. But I can only exhort you to preserve the strictest neutrality in all these quarrels.' This answer was consistent with the truth, as well as with the policy of France." (Balch, p. 125.) But what an opportunity lost for vengeance by inciting the Indians to war, if vindictiveness against England had been Rochambeau's motive.

No mention of the aid rendered to the United States at this time is complete without mention of La Fayette as the central figure, and no true American can read John Q. Adams's oration on this friend of our country, or Charles Sumner's speech on "La Fayette, the Faithful One," without being filled with admiration of his noble character. "By his position and condition in life, he was one of those who, governed by the ordinary impulses which influence

and control the conduct of men, would have sided in sentiment with the British or royal cause." (J. Q. A.) But Irving's "Life of Washington" says: "Full of the romance of liberty, he had torn himself from his youthful bride, turned his back upon the gayeties and splendors of a court, and in defiance of impediments and difficulties multiplied in his path, had made his way to America to join its hazardous fortunes."

Guizot says that Washington suspected France of interested motives in helping America. "He did not understand that enthusiasm, as generous as it is unreflecting, which easily takes possession of the French nation, and of which the United States were just then the object. M. de La Fayette was the first who managed to win the General's affection and esteem." (p.273). "Washington complimented him in a gracious manner on his disinterested zeal, and the generosity of his conduct." (Irving.) We can but conclude that the ardent friendship which followed modified Washington's opinion of France.

La Fayette's influence on the powers in France were no less marked. "The example of La Fayette touched the heart of France." (Sumner, p. 386.) We learn from Balch that the treaty of Alliance "should be attributed in a

great degree to the influence that La Fayette had given to public opinion in France." "The papers of La Fayette attest the ability with which he pressed upon the French government an active participation in the contest, and especially prompted the decisive expedition of Rochambeau." (Sumner, p. 389.)

Thus we see that a large part of the aid received from France we owe to La Fayette, of whom Sumner says, "More than any other man in history, he was the impersonation of Liberty." (p. 427.) In reviewing this evidence, I conclude that—

1. The enmities and friendships of the court and ministry, as a class, were ruled by self-interest.

2. This class was not France—France was the people.

3. The enmities and friendships of the people, as a class, were ruled by generous enthusiasm and by ideals.

4. The chief object of their enthusiasm, which for years before and after our revolution tended toward "liberty, equality and fraternity," was at this time the cause of American independence.

5. La Fayette, "the impersonation of liberty," was the leader in the aid rendered by France to the United States; consequently we owe that aid to the love of liberty.

OBITUARY.

MRS. EDWARD PAULET STEERS,

PRESIDENT-GENERAL D. R. :

DEAR MADAME :—It is my sad duty to inform you of the loss sustained by our Society, in the death of one of its illustrious members—Mrs. Jane G. Austin, late Historian of the Daughters of the Revolution, Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

I enclose a copy of resolutions passed by the State Council and an accompanying note.

Yours respectfully,

SUSAN LIVINGSTON STEDMAN,
State Secretary D. R. Mass.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

In meeting assembled passed the following resolutions on the death of Mrs. Jane G. Austin :

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from our midst, from a field of usefulness, our gifted Historian, Mrs. Jane G. Austin; be it

RESOLVED, That in her departure this Society is deprived not alone of her loved presence and congenial companionship, but also of her advice and assistance, in which her associate members placed unlimited confidence and respect.

RESOLVED, That her absence from our midst will be to her family, to those friends who were honored with her love, to the community in which she lived, and to the public at large, an irreparable loss.

RESOLVED, That our heartfelt sympathy be extended to her family.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Cor-

poration and that a copy thereof, signed by the State Secretary, "Daughters of the Revolution," Commonwealth of Massachusetts, be sent to the immediate relations of the deceased.

The distinguished company who gathered at the funeral of Mrs. Jane Goodwin Austin bore witness to the unusual regard in which she was held as woman and writer.

The church was filled with the perfume of flowers and the altar and casket were almost hidden by their abundance. Among these was a wreath of ivy covered with daffodils and bunches of violets, the offering of the Mass. D. R. and composed of the Society colors, buff and blue.

And prominent among the honorary pall-bearers—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Helen Winslow, Hon. E. Rockwell Hoar, Prof. William H. Goodwin, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn and Mr. H. O. Houghton—were Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Chaplain, and Mrs. William Lee, Regent of the Massachusetts Society of the Daughters of the Revolution.

All bore unmistakable witness to the sorrow they felt in the irreparable loss, the reality of which was so real that the solemn and impressive ritual of the church, with all its appropriate ceremonial, of surpliced choir following the casket preceded by reverend priests and chanting processional and recessional hymns with fresh young

voices, could scarcely add to the all too apparent grief.

Mrs. Austin's recent works dealt almost wholly with characters from Colonial and Revolutionary history. At the time of her death she was engaged upon a story which followed the fortunes of the Aldens and others of the Plymouth Colony in their migration to Little Compton or Sakonnet Point, R. I., that unspoiled paradise of New England country side and seacoast of which she was so fond, and where she and her kinswoman, Mrs. Charles L. Alden, Regent D. R. of Troy, N. Y., whose summer home ("Alden Cottage") is there, together unearthed many a curious bit of Colonial and Revolutionary history.

Mrs. Austin's devotion to the Pilgrims came naturally by heredity and association. Sixteen of her ancestors came over in the "Mayflower," and her family, in several branches, held high and honored places in New England life. Her husband, Loring H. Austin, was of the old Boston family which figured so largely in the Revolution. Her mother was well known as a poet and song writer, and recited to the little daughter many of the traditions and anecdotes which were afterwards woven into historical romances.

Mrs. Austin's work was distinctively American, and her stories were not only full of interest but historically correct. With these qualities Mrs. Austin's work will not prove to be of ephemeral worth.

ANCESTRAL REGISTER, D. R.

STEERS, SUSAN C. MERSEREAU (Mrs. Abraham Steers), great-granddaughter of Joshua Mersereau (1728-182-), member of Provincial Assembly of New York, which met at Kingston and Poughkeepsie during the Revolutionary War. Joshua Mersereau represented Richmond County from 1777 to 1786. Also was Deputy Commissary General of Prisoners for the Continent. His headquarters were what was known as the State Store in Rutland, Mass. Numerous manuscript records show that his services were continu-

ous in various capacities during the entire war; also:—

granddaughter of Joshua Mersereau, Jr. (1758-1856), Quartermaster at Rutland, Mass., 1777; guide for Col. Hazen's Regiment, 1780; was also a prisoner on the British Prison Ship "Scorpion," 1782; Judge of old Tioga County, New York, 1791; also:— great-great-granddaughter of Josiah Butts, private soldier in Captain Bacon's Company, Col. John Chester's Regiment, Gen. Wadsworth's Brigade, Connecticut State Troops, 1776; was

also private soldier in Captain Moses Branch's Company, Col. Obediah Johnson's Regiment, 1778.

RASINES, AMELIA FERRIS (widow of Antonio Rasines), granddaughter of James Ferris, of Westchester County, New York (—1776), patriot. Was taken prisoner by the British and confined in the Old Sugar House in New York.

MCGOWN, MARY EMMA DEMAREST (Mrs. Henry P. McGown, Jr.), great-granddaughter of Peter D. Demarest (1765–1843), private, Bergen County, New Jersey; also:—

great-great-granddaughter of David Demarest, Lieutenant Captain Blanch's Company, Bergen County, New Jersey; Captain of the same; also Captain of State Troops.

MORRIS, LUCRETIA (Miss), great-granddaughter of Richard Morris, New York (1730–1810), Senator 1778. On October 22d, 1779, he was appointed Chief Justice of the State of New York. He was also a member of the State Convention which ratified the Federal Constitution.

EVERETT, JENNIE ADAMS (Mrs. De Volney Everett), great-granddaughter of Andrew Adams (1735—), 2d Lieutenant, 2d Company of 3d Suffolk Regiment, Massachusetts.

FRENCH, ANNA MAUD STEERS (Mrs. John Wesley French), great-great-granddaughter of Joshua Mersereau (1728–182–); also great-granddaughter of Joshua Mersereau, Jr. (1758–1856); also great-great-great-granddaughter of Josiah Butts (services previously given in this register).

MATHER, EMILY EUNICE (Miss), great-great-granddaughter of Joshua Mersereau (1728–182–); also great-granddaughter of Joshua Mersereau, Jr. (1758–1856); also great-great-great-granddaughter of Josiah Butts (services previously given in this register).

THORNTON, MARY FRANCES DERAISMES (Mrs. George Thornton), great granddaughter of Joseph Alexander Vail

(1765–1828), private Orange County Militia, N. Y.; also great-great-granddaughter of Gilbert Townsend Vail, private Orange County Militia; killed at Menizink Massacre, July, 1779.

RASINES, A. MANUELA (Miss), great-great-granddaughter of James Ferris, patriot of Westchester County, New York; taken prisoner by the British and confined in the Old Sugar House, New York.

SLUYTER, JOANNA KUYPERS (Miss), great-great-granddaughter of John Schureman (1729–1795), member of Committee of Correspondence, 1775; member of Provincial Congress of New Jersey, which met at Trenton, 23d May, 1775; also a member of the Committee of Safety, to exercise the power of Congress during its recess, from 17th August to 20th September of same year; also:—

great grand-daughter of James Schureman, of New Brunswick, N. J. (1756–1824), Second Lieut. in Capt. Taylor's Company, Col. John Nelson's Battalion of Minute Men, 10th January, 1776; captain of a volunteer Militia company in the Battle of Long Island; member of Congress from 1786 to 1799; U. S. Senator, 1799 to 1801.

READ, HELEN BARROW (Mrs. William Read), great-great-granddaughter of William Hickman, private, Surry County Militia, North Carolina.

NEWTON, EMILY J. MERSEREAU (widow of John B. Newton), great-granddaughter of Joshua Mersereau (1728–182–); also granddaughter of Joshua Mersereau, Jr. (1758–1856); also great-great-granddaughter of Josiah Butts (services previously given in this register).

BERRY, FRANCES A. D. MERSEREAU (widow of Thomas J. Berry), great-granddaughter of Joshua Mersereau (1728–182–); also granddaughter of Joshua Mersereau, Jr. (1758–1856); also great-great granddaughter of Josiah Butts (services previously given in this register).

QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

Our increase during the quarter ending June 1st, 1894, has been exceedingly encouraging, as the following names of officers, statesmen and soldiers will show. Some of them have already been mentioned in my previous reports, and will be again, now that their numerous descendants, in various States are beginning to appreciate what their ancestors did and suffered in that great struggle for *Freedom*. Some of these names could be repeated several times, for their Revolutionary services have added many members to our roll during the quarter just closed.

Ensign Benjamin Webb, sergeant, in 1776 and 1777; ensign, 1780 to 1781, in Connecticut Militia.

Archibald Wilson, private soldier, of Penna.

Joseph Bennett, private soldier, of Tiverton, R. I.

Ensign Charles Hoffman, in Brinkerhoff's New York Regiment.

Corporal Eliphalet Spencer, served in Connecticut from 1776 to 1778. Also,

Eliphalet Spencer, Jr., served in the New Haven Alarm, 1779.

John Vicory, private, in Rhode Island and Conn.

Samuel Sinclair, enlisted in Kidder's 1st New Hampshire Regiment; service from 1777 to June, 1780.

Lieut. Amos Farnsworth, corporal, 1775; Ensign, Mass. Militia, 1777; Lieutenant, 1778 to close of War.

George Eyser, private in a Pennsylvania regiment.

Thomas Clark, member of Provincial Congress of N. J., 1775 to 1776.

Maj. Andrew McClary, of 1st New Hampshire Regiment.

Col. Charles Mynn Thruston, of Virginia, Continental Line.

Col. John Cushing, Colonel of Plymouth County Regiment, Mass., from 1777 to 1779.

Philip Taylor, Member of General Assembly of R. I., 1777 to 1778.

Isaac Bailey, Deputy to Provincial Convention of Rhode Island, 1781.

Maj.-Gen. Philip Schuyler, Major-General of Continental Army, June 19th, 1775, to April, 1779; Member of New York Provincial Convention, April 20th, 1775; Member of Continental Congress, 1775 to 1781; Member of New York State Senate, 1780 to 1784.

Moses Foster, private soldier, of Maryland.

Lieut. Henry Waring, in Connecticut Artillery, from 1777 to Sept. 1781.

Benjamin Garland, statesman, from Rye, New Hampshire.

Col. Increase Mosely, Jr., Colonel of Connecticut Militia, from 1776 to 1779.

Dr. William Cogswell, private in Capt. Cogswell's company, 26th Continental Infantry; Hospital Surgeon's Mate, 1778; Surgeon-in-Chief of the Continental Army, June 20th, 1784.

Captain John Rogers, of Virginia State Line, from 1776 to 1782.

Capt. Jonathan Brown, Member of Mass. Provincial Congress in 1775.

Capt. Jonathan Bardwell, of Brewers' Mass. Regiment, May to Dec., 1775.

Lieut. Jonathan Hall, of Vermont.

Isaac Tucker, private soldier, of Massachusetts.

Elisha Holman, Minute Man of Sutton, Mass.

Alexander Craig, private soldier of Pennsylvania.

Thaddeus Sterling, private soldier, of Conn., service from 1776 to 1781.

Lieut. Asaph Trumbull, of 6th Conn. Battalion, Wadsworth's Brigade.

Corp. Seth Meeker, of Capt. Thomas Nash's Company, Col. Samuel Whitney, Connecticut Regiment.

Lieut. Isaac Russell, in 13th Massachusetts, from 1777 to 1778.

Lieut. Ruben De Witt, of New York Militia.

Moses Long, private in the 9th Mass.

William Smith, of Somerset County, Maryland.

Lieut. Charles Bevin, Ensign of 6th Maryland, in 1777; Lieut., 1778.

Benj. Wood, private soldier, of Conn.

Wentworth Lord, private soldier, of Maine.

Sergt. Job Sheldon, of 1st Rhode Island Regiment.

Jasper Rand, private soldier, of Massachusetts.

Gideon Pelton, private soldier of New York Militia.

Captain Hendk. Van Keuren, of New York Militia.

Lieut. John Jones, of Wadsworth, Connecticut Brigade.

Sergeant Samuel Fitch, of Col. Israel Putnam's Connecticut Regiment, May to December, 1775.

Josiah Lobdell, private soldier of Connecticut.

Sergeant Moses Gilbert of Connecticut, enlisted 1777, sergeant 1780.

Captain Samuel Flint, appointed Captain in 8th Regiment, Essex County Militia, July 8th, 1776.

Col. John Brooks, of Massachusetts, Captain of Minute men in Lexington Alarm, 1775; Major in Bridge's Regiment at Bunker Hill; Lieut. Colonel of Jackson's 8th Regiment, 1777; Col. of 7th Regiment Nov., 1778 to 1783.

Simeon Griswald, of Connecticut, private soldier in Lexington Alarm, 1775, also at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Edward Howard, private soldier, Pratt's Regiment of New York Militia.

Philip Livingston, member of Continental Congress, 1774 to 1778; Signer of Declaration of Independence; President of New York Provincial Convention, April 20th, 1775; member of New York Committee of One Hundred, May, 1775; member of New York Provincial Congress, 1776-1777.

Nathan Ainsworth, private soldier of 11th Conn. Militia, raised to reinforce Washington at New York, 1776.

William Ellery, of Rhode Island, signer of Declaration of Independence; member of Continental Congress, 1776 to 1785.

Matthew Loring, member of Boston Tea Party; afterwards in the Revolutionary War.

Whitney Hill, corporal and sergeant from Massachusetts.

Major Ebenezer Backus, of Connecticut. Commanded a battalion of light horse in 1776.

Daniel Denison, Sergeant in Van Rensselaer's Regiment, New York State Troops.

Capt. Cornelius Lansing, of Col. Stephen Schuyler's 6th New York Regiment.

Col. Jacobus Van Schoonhoven, Colonel of 12th Albany Regiment.

Jonathan Whipple, private of Vermont Militia.

Lieut. Jonathan Freeman, in Capt. Jonathan Chace's Company, Col. Francis Smith's Regiment, New Hampshire Militia.

Corporal Theophilus Cass, N. H.

Sergeant Garrett Broadhead, of New Jersey Militia.

Ensign Francis Joseph Smith, of France; commissioned by Congress.

John More, private in Col. Van Bergen's Regiment, New York State Troops.

John Anabel, private soldier in Capt. Holman's Company, Wadsworth Brigade, Connecticut.

Giles Slocum, who served in a Wyoming Valley Company.

Jonathan Slocum, who was murdered and scalped after the Wyoming Valley Massacre, by Indians and Tories, also

Ira Tripp, killed at the same time and place.

Capt. William Nott, served in the Connecticut navy.

Capt. Benjamin Parke, of Westerly, Rhode Island, mortally wounded at Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1775.

Col. Nathaniel Sartell Prentice, of New Hampshire Militia, 1776.

Eldad Taylor, member of Massachusetts Provincial Congress, member of Governor's Council, member of State Senate during the Revolution.

Col. Nathaniel Terry, Connecticut Militia, also member of the Connecticut Assembly 1776.

Phineas Scott, private soldier of Col. Robinson's Regiment, Bennington Militia.

Ezekiel Harmon, private soldier of Bennington, Vermont, Militia.

Noah Chapin, Ensign of 2d Connecticut from May to Dec., 1775.

Lieut. Col. Samuel Carlton, of 12th Massachusetts, 6th Nov., 1776 to 1778.

James Upshaw, 2d Lieut. of 2d Virginia, 19th Feb., 1776; 1st Lieut. 13th Aug., 1776. Afterwards Capt. of a Virginia State Regt.

Capt. Ezekiel Hyatt, of 1st Regiment New York Line.

Thomas Caldwell, private soldier from Ipswich, Mass.

Josiah Munroe, Ensign in 16th Continental Infantry 1st Jan., 1776; 2d Lieut. of 1st New Hampshire, 8th Nov., 1776; 1st Lieut. 2d of Sept., 1777; Capt. July, 1780, to close of war.

Edward Rumney, 1st Lieut. in Capt. Popkin's Company, Col. Gridley's Regiment, Massachusetts.

Sergeant Andrew Peters, of Capt. Peter Poor's Company, Col. James Frye's Regiment, 1775.

Lieut. Col. Hugh Maxwell, of Mass. Continental Line; service 1776 to 1783.

Col John Bailey of Mass. Continental Line; service, 1775 to 1778.

Brig.-Gen. Joseph Cushing, of Massachusetts Militia during the war.

Samuel Bailey, Jr., Massachusetts, killed at Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1775.

Isaac Allen, private soldier of Mass.

2d Lieut. Ebenezer Stickney, of Bridge's Mass. Regt.

Samuel Nevers, private Soldier of Mass.

Claudius Martin, private soldier of Penn. Continental Line.

Nathaniel or Tan. Sisco, private soldier of Bergen County Militia, N. J.

Daniel Sherwood, private soldier of Connecticut.

Lieut. Daniel Bradley, of Connecticut, member of Connecticut Society of Cincinnati in 1783.

John Alvord, private soldier of Connecticut.

Lieut. Bradstreet Spafford, of New Hampshire.

Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, member of Virginia Convention; member of Continental Congress, 1774 to 1778; signer of the Declaration of Independence; Chairman of the Continental Board of War; and Governor of Virginia 1782.

Col. John Cleves Symmes, of 3d Battalion Sussex County Militia, resigned May 23d, 1777 to accept the appointment of Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey.

Capt. Elijah Hunter, of New York Continental Line.

Samuel Ashe, Statesman of North Carolina 1775 and 1776; Judge of the Supreme Court 1777 to 1795.

Lieut.-Col. Tench Tilghman, Military Secretary and Aid-de-Camp to Gen. Washington from 1776 to close of war.

Capt. Philip Leonard, of Middleborough, Mass.

Capt. Nehemiah Allen, of 4th Plymouth County Regiment.

Josiah Bacon, killed at Bunker Hill June, 1775.

Lieut.-Col. Alexander Campbell, Capt., August, 1775; Lieut.-Col. of 6th Regiment, Lincoln County, Mass., Militia 1776.

Col. John Chandler, of Newtown, Conn.; Lieut.-Col. June 20th, 1776;

counted in service as Colonel of the 8th Continental Line.

Lieut.-Col. Ebenezer Gay, of Sharon, Conn.; service from 1777 to 1783.

Edmond Rice, private soldier, of Wayland, Mass.

Warwick Palfrey, Naval Officer, of Salem, Mass.

Lieut.-Col. Elijah Clark, 2d Battalion Gloucester; resigned Nov. 6th, 1777, to become Member of the New Jersey Assembly.

Saxton Squires, private soldier, and Drum Major from 1775 to 1780 in various Connecticut regiments.

William Thompson, private soldier, of Conn.

Eliakim Waring, private soldier, of Conn.

Ezra Thompson, Dutchess County, N. Y.

Isaac Cook, Captain from May to Dec. 1775; Major, 1780; Lieut.-Col. 1783; Connecticut Militia.

Lieut. Matthew Scott, 1st Lieut. of Miles' Penna. Rifle Regt., March, 1776.

Major John Canfield, Adjutant 2d Regt. Continental Dragoons; Brigade Major, Brig.-Gen. Wolcott's Detachment, Conn. Militia, at Saratoga, 1777.

Capt. Samuel Cunningham, of Peterborough, New Hampshire.

Richard Sweetser, of Falmouth, Me.

Capt. Timothy Corey, marched from Brookline, Mass., in the Lexington Alarm, 1775; in service in 1779.

Daniel Dow, of Plaistow, New Hampshire, record of service from Jan. 1778 to July, 1779.

Col. John Allen, Colonel of Infantry and Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Eastern Department, and Commander of the Post at Machias, Maine, from 1776 to close of war.

Robert Williams, of Pittsylvania, Virginia, Chairman of Committee of Safety, 1775; Member of Virginia Convention, 1776.

Gilbert Thornton, private soldier, of New Jersey.

Capt. William Blackler, of Col. John Glover's Marblehead Regiment.

Lt.-Col. Stephen Moulton, Conn., in Lexington Alarm, 1775; taken prisoner at N. Y. Sept. 15th, 1776; exchanged March 1st, 1777.

MARY C. MARTIN CASEY,
Registrar-General, D. R.

SKETCH OF GEORGE LANGFORD.

He entered into the service of the United States in April 1775. I do not find his name in the Lexington Alarm list, but in the Index to "Bunker Hill," and "Service Around Boston"—known often as the "Eight Months' Men," he is found in Col. Fellows' Regiment, and Capt. Allen's Company. His oldest two granddaughters often heard him speak of being in the *Battle of Bunker Hill*. One of these granddaughters was my mother. His affidavit, made in Utica, N. Y., in 1819, is now in Mr. N. P. Langford's possession, of St. Paul, Minnesota. A copy of the same is hereunto annexed.

Sylvester Judd's Manuscript History of Northampton says: "George Langford served in Capt. Oliver Lyman's Company in 1777." "This Company was on duty at Dorchester from August 1st, 1776, to March 1st, 1777." "He was also detailed from the Second New Hampshire Regiment, Third Company, in 1777, to reinforce Ticonderoga."

We find on Page 123, Vol. 18, of Revolutionary Rolls, Boston, the following:

"A statement of the roll of Capt. Simeon Clapp's Company, commanded by Col. Wells, Esq., in an eight months' expedition" (paper torn off) "deroga-George Langford, private. Time of engagement May 1st, 1777. Time of service two months, nine days. Time of discharge July 10th, 1777."

Again on Page 22, Vol. 21, we find the following: "Pay roll of" * * * (paper torn off, but on the back of paper is Capt. Oliver Lyman's name—no Colonel mentioned) "belonging to * * * Northampton, who marched to "East Hoosie" under the command of Capt. Oliver Lyman, on the "Alarm of August 17th, 1777, for their bounty at one pound a month."

"George Langford, private, seven days."

In Vol. 24, Page 105, Mass. Rev. Rolls, we find: "A State Pay Roll of Capt. Jon. Wailes' Company of the Massachusetts Bay Militia in the Regiment, whereof Ezra May, Esq., is Col. in late expeditions to Stillwater and Saratoga. Private George Langford engaged 22nd September, 1777; discharged October 15th, 1777."

Sylvester Judd, in his History of Northampton, says that in 1779 George Langford served under Jos' Clapp, in what Mr. Judd calls Claverack "Four" or "Tour." In Revolutionary Rolls, Vol. 13, Page 121. This roll has been torn, and in mending it part of another roll has been inserted and consequently it does not make perfect sense. The parts improperly inserted are in brackets. "A State Pay Roll of the Third Regiment, Joseph Clapp's Company of Massachusetts Bay Mili[tetas commanded by Col. I. Chapin] In the service of the United States, said Regiment was raised to reinforce [viz.: Oct., Nov., Dec., 1779.] Continental Army for three months. George Langford entered Nov. 4th, Private, one hundred miles, served one month, twelve days." * * *

Vol. 9, Page 429. * * * "A pay roll of the officers and men belonging to the Second Company in the County of Hampshire, commanded by Capt. Hezekiah Russell, who turned out voluntarily in May and June 1782, in support of Government against the Insurgents who endeavored to overthrow it. Northampton Springs and Hadley. Corporal George Langford. Times and places where they served. Northampton Springs and Hadley. June 15th, one day; June 16th and 17th, one day each. Days served, three."

He was with the army at Valley Forge where, he said, they ate "raw pumpkins," but as yet no official record has been found of this service.

George Langford's name is among the "Minute Men" of Northampton in the Revolution, inscribed on a marble tablet in the hallway of the Northampton Library.

Copy of Affidavit of George Langford:

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
ONEIDA COUNTY. } ss.

George Langford, being duly sworn, deposeth and saith, that at the time when he enlisted in Captain Allen's Company and Colonel Fellows' Regiment, which was in April, 1775, as stated in his affidavit hereto annexed, he did enlist for the space of eight months. And at the expiration of the said term of eight months, the dis-

charge of the Eight Months' Men at that time weakened the army so much that he did not leave the service, but on the particular request of General George Washington, he continued in the service for about the space of six weeks after the expiration of his said term or period of enlistment. And this deponent positively swears that he did serve for the space of more than nine months in one continuation of service in the said Company and Regiment, and was then honorably discharged.

GEORGE LANGFORD.

I, Jonas Platt, being one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, do certify that George Langford, within named, appeared before me and made oath that the within affidavit by him subscribed is true on the day of the date hereof.

Dated March, 8, 1819. JONAS PLATT.

I certify that Jonas Platt who signed and before whom the above affidavit was sworn, was at the time of the date thereof a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, which Court is a Court of Record.

HENRY R. STORRS,

One of the Members of the House of Representatives from the State of New York.

Dated May 28th, 1819.

His wife was descended from Hon. Andrew Elliott, of Beverly, through Hon. Andrew, William, John, Nathaniel, and she had three brothers serving during the war—Nathaniel, John and Francis.

MARY LANGFORD TAYLOR ALDEN,

(Mrs. Chas. L. Alden.)

A REVOLUTIONARY ROLL.

TO THE EDITOR :

The Roll of Capt. Elijah Dewey's company in Battle of Bennington, Vt., was supposed to be lost, but was finally found, and is now in possession of Miss Gertrude Hubbell. Mr. Geo. W. Harmon copied this carefully, but later the roll was printed in the *Bennington Banner*. There were a number of mistakes in the printed copy. At my request, Mr. George W. Harmon has sent me the exact copy, which I send for publication in the MAGAZINE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION :

MARY L. T. ALDEN,
(Mrs. Chas. L. Alden).

"List of Capt. (Elijah) Dewey's Company in the Revolution, August 16, 1777 :"

Capt. Elijah Dewey ; Lieut. Joseph Rudd ; Lieut. Thomas Jewett ; Ensign Nathaniel Fillmore ; Sergeant Daniel Harmon ; Thomas Haynes ; Jedidiah Merrill ; Jonathan Griswold ; Seth Partee ; Aaron Haynes ; Jonathan Haynes, Jr. ; Ezekial Harmon ; David Towslee ; Silas Harmon ; Caleb Harmon ; Joshua Harmon ; Abner Marble ; John Partee ; Joseph Robinson ; John Burnham, Jr. ; Shadrach Harris ; Thomas Henderson ; Roger

Ladd ; George Christie ; Ezekial Smith ; Chistopher Cluff ; Jonathan Parsons ; Amos Page ; Samuel Rood ; Daniel Kinsley ; Joseph Wickwire ; Nathan Clark, Jr. ; John Smith ; Libbeus Armstrong ; Hezekiah Armstrong ; Hopestill Armstrong ; John Kinsley ; Eleazur Hawks ; Samuel Tubbs ; John Rudd ; Elijah Story ; Benajah Story ; Nathaniel Holmes ; Elnathan Hubbell ; Griffin Briggs ; Elijah Higgins ; Ilthamar Hebard ; Cyrus Clark ; Benajah Hurlburt ; Joshua Carpenter ; Jessee Field ; Amos Herriek ; Simeon Harmon ; Nathan Clark ; Shadrach Norton ; Stephen Cleveland ; Theophilus Clark ; John Stewart ; Gaius Harmon ; Nathaniel Kinsley ; Job Green ; Wm. Aylesworth ; Phileman Wood ; Samuel Cutler ; Lemuel Geers ; Jacob Story ; Joseph Tinney ; Edward Corbin ; Oliver Rice ; Christopher Brackett ; Robert Blair ; David Powers ; Phineas Scott ; *Mosely ; *Wilsby ; *Hunt ; Daniel Cark and Elish Cark.

*Mr. Harmon writes : "In the last paragraph appear these surnames with no Christian names. I cannot supply them, and I imagine the last two were of the Clark family."

ALDEN-AVERY GENEALOGY.

1. CHRISTOPHER¹ AVERY, b. 1591, came from England to Mass. in 1640; to Groton, Conn., 1665. He died 1684. His only child was
2. JAMES² AVERY (Christopher¹), married Joan Greenslade, and had,
3. JAMES³ AVERY, married Deborah Sterling, daughter of Edward Sterling (1st immigrant of the name) and had
4. JAMES⁴ AVERY; married Mary Griswold, daughter of Matthew Griswold, granddaughter of Henry Wolcott, and had
5. COL. EBENEZER⁵ AVERY, born in Groton, Conn.; died in South Groton; married Lucy Latham, granddaughter of Capt. Carey Latham (1st immigrant of the name). He was Lieut. Col. of Conn. Militia, Eighth Regiment, under Col. Samuel Coit, from April and May, 1775, to Oct., 1776, when, being such an old man, he resigned. He was in the siege of Boston and part of this regiment in expedition to Quebec. He had at least one daughter,
6. KATHERINE⁶ AVERY, who married Daniel Dennison, Jr., 1756.
They went to Stephentown, N. Y., and Daniel Dennison was Sergeant in Col. Kilian Van Rensselaer's Regiment, Captain Stephen Niles' Company, Albany County, N. Y., Militia. Their son, Griswold⁷, b. 1765, married, 1793, Rhoda Tift. Their son, George⁸ T. Dennison, married, in 1819, Nancy Niles. Their son, Pardee⁹ N. Dennison, married Aurora F. Stratee and had Mary Louise¹⁰ Dennison, married James F. Cowee, of Troy, N. Y. (member of Troy Chapter, D. R). Col. Avery had, among others,
6. LIEUT. EBENEZER⁶ AVERY; (Col. Ebenezer⁵, James⁴, James³, James², Christopher¹.) married Phebe Denison, 6th in descent from Wm. Denison, who came from England in 1631. He was killed at Fort Griswold, Groton, Conn., Sept. 6th, 1781. They had, among others,
7. COL. EBENEZER⁷, born Sept. 8th, 1762; died Sept. 8th, 1842; married Hannah Morgan, 6th in descent from Capt. James Morgan (the Indian fighter), and also 6th from Christopher Avery.
8. LUCY⁸ AVERY, their daughter, married Capt. David Mitchel, Oct. 10th, 1802. He was 9th in descent from William Cheeseborough (1st immigrant of the name). He was 5th in descent from Capt. Carey Latham and 4th from Capt. John Leeds, each the 1st of his name in Connecticut. He was 6th in descent from John and Priscilla Alden. He was the son of Capt. Francois Mitchel and Mary Leeds. Capt. Francois Mitchel's father was Francois Michel, who came to Connecticut (an exile) from France to the Cape de Verde Islands in 1740.
9. Their seventh child, Mary Mitchel, on the 9th of July, 1843, in Ashley, Pike County, Missouri, married John Henry Brown, of Texas,

ALDEN.

1. JOHN¹ ALDEN, born 1599; died 1687; (the last male survivor of those who signed the "compact,") married about 1622-3, the second (probably) or third marriage in the Colony. The first was Edward Winslow and widow Susanah White, in May, 1621. The fourth marriage in August, 1623, Governor Wm. Bradford and Alice (Carpenter) Southworth, she was the widow of Edward Southworth, and had by him two sons, Constant and Thomas, who followed her to this country. Priscilla was of French Huguenot family, from Leyden and afterwards England. Her father and mother, Wm. and Alice Molines. They had eleven children. Elizabeth (the first white woman born in New England), John, 1625, Joseph, 1627, Sarah, 1629, Ruth, 1631, Jonathan 1633, Zachariah, Mary, Rebecca, —and David 1646.
2. DAVID² ALDEN, (John¹), born 1646; married, near 1672, Mary Southworth, dau. of Constant and Elizabeth (Collier) Southworth, granddaughter of Alice (Carpenter) Southworth Bradford and also of Wm. and Jane Collier. David Alden died in Duxbury 1719. They

had a number of children. Their oldest, Henry Alden, ancestor of Mr. Charles L. Alden of Troy, N. Y. Two of his daughters married and went into Connecticut. Elizabeth married John Seabury, the grandparent of the first Episcopal bishop in America. Her sister

3. PRISCILLA³ (David² John¹) married January 4th, 1699, Samuel Cheeseborough, born February 15th, 1675.
4. PRISCILLA⁴ CHEESEBOROUGH, married Jabez Cheeseborough, Dec. 23, 1723. Her second cousin.
5. PRISCILLA⁵ CHEESEBOROUGH, baptized May 15th, 1727; married Captain Thomas Leeds, a Revolutionary soldier.
6. MARY LEEDS, married Francois Mitchel, (Michel).
7. CAPT. DAVID MITCHEL, born June, 1774; died November 24th, 1835. Married Lucy Avery, born June 11th, 1784; died Nov. 4th, 1852.
- 8 MARY MITCHEL, D. R., married Col. John Henry Brown, of Texas.

SKETCH OF COL. AND MRS. JOHN HENRY BROWN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

Mrs. Mary Mitchel Brown was born in the heroic and patriotic village of Groton, in whose cemetery repose eleven generations of her relatives, from Christopher Avery, in 1684, to the present time. The names of eleven of that family are carved on the Groton monument, besides seven or eight others, names of her kindred, who fell under the assault of Benedict Arnold and the British on Fort Griswold, September 6th, 1781.

Mrs. Brown was educated at noted institutes of Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and in 1843 married Col. John Henry Brown, also a descendant of Revolutionary stock, viz: the Welles, Kerrs, Stephensons and Browns. His father also having served in the War of 1812, and from 1824 until his death in 1834 in numerous conflicts with Indians in Texas, besides commanding a company at *Velasco*, the first battle between the colonists of Texas and the troops of Mexico.

Mrs. Brown has been a faithful

"daughter" of her adopted land, first the "Republic" and since then the "State" of Texas. Her earlier years were passed in the thinly settled parts of Texas, sometimes on the Indian borders. During the Civil War her husband and sometimes both sons were in the army, during which time she toiled and prayed, but complained not, instructing her household in books, in handiwork, in self-denial, in charity.

After the war the entire family passed five years in the "Tuxpan Valley," in Mexico, where Mrs. Brown, by her kind and gentle intercourse, so won the hearts of the Mexicans that when it was known she would return to the United States they came from all directions, on ponies, in canoes and on foot, to bid her farewell. On their return they settled in the village (now city) of Dallas, in July, 1871.

Since their return to Texas, Col. Brown has held many positions of trust and honor in the State, and has written much for the press. Among historical works his "Life and Times of Henry Smith"—first American Governor of Texas (1835-36)—but his greatest work, recently published in two volumes, is the "History of Texas from 1685 to 1893," in all of which work his hands have been upheld by his faithful wife, who, after writing much in both prose and poetry, has compiled a "School History of Texas," now in press in New York, which is highly commended by all for its accuracy and impartiality.

The fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of this honored couple was celebrated at their home in Dallas, on the 9th of July, 1893, and was in every respect touching and beautiful. Many were present who had known them from 35 to 50 years. Letters of congratulation were sent from Connecticut, New York, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Illinois and Mexico.

Mrs. Brown is a member of the General Society, Daughters of the Revolution, New York City, and a member of the State Society of Texas.

Col. Brown is a member of the Advisory Board of the Texas State Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution."

MOLINES.
Wm. Molines=Alice.

ALDEN.

SOUTHWORTH.
Edward Southworth=Alice Carpenter.

AVERY.

John Alden=Priscilla Molines.

Constant Southworth=Elizabeth Collier.

David Alden=Mary Southworth.

Christopher Avery.

Priscilla Alden=Samuel Cheeseborough.

James Avery=Joan Greenslade.

James Avery=Deborah Sterling.

Priscilla Cheeseborough=Jabez Cheeseborough.

Lt. Col. Ebenezer Avery=Lucy Latham.

James Avery=Mary Griswold.

Priscilla Cheeseborough=Capt. Thomas Leeds.

Rev. Soldier.

Lieut. Ebenezer Avery.

Katherine Avery.

Mary Leeds=Francois Michel.

Phebe Denison.

Daniel Denison, Jr.

Col. Ebenezer Avery=Hannah Morgan.

Griswold Denison=Rhoda Tift.

Captain David Mitchel=Lucy Avery.

George T. Denison=Nancy Niles.

Pardoe N. Denison=Aurora Streeter.

Mary Mitchel=John Henry⁷ Brown.
Texas, D. R. Advisory Board,
Texas, D. R.

Mary Louise Denison=James F. Cowee.

D. R. Troy, N. Y.

Troy, New York.

Harvey Denison Cowee,
Troy, N. Y.

SKETCH OF GENERAL ANDREW PICKENS.

Gen. Andrew Pickens.=Rebecca Calhoun.

Ezekiel Pickens=Elizabeth Bonneau.

Elizabeth Bonneau Pickens=Patrick Noble.

Ezekiel Pickens Noble=Sarah M. Calhoun.

Elizabeth Bonneau Noble=John M. Bennett.
D. R.

Patty Noble Bennett=Edward C. Lasater.
D. R.

GEN. ANDREW PICKENS was born in Paxton Township, Penn., September 19th, 1739. His parents were from Ireland; his ancestors from France, who after the Edict of Nantes, went to Holland, thence to Scotland, from there to County Donegal, Ireland, where they met the Colquhouns (Calhouns).

When he was a child his father removed to the County of Augusta, Va., and in 1752 to the Waxhaw Settlement in South Carolina. Bred on the Indian frontier, his first occupations were hunting and war, those in which our best patriots were nursed. In the French War, which was concluded by the peace of 1763, he served as volunteer in Grant's expedition against the Cherokees. In the Revolutionary contest he took an early and spirited part; was Captain, Major, Colonel and Brigadier-General successively in the Militia of South Carolina, and by his constant and gallant exertions contributed in an equal degree with Sumter and Marion to the liberation of the Southern States.

He served in the Legislature of South Carolina from the close of the War until 1774, when he was elected Major-General of the first division of the South Carolina Militia, and was repeatedly appointed by the Federal Government a Commissioner to treat with the Southern Indians in conjunction with Gen. Hawkins, Gov. Blount and Gen. Wilkinson. In all his public

stations his conduct was faithful and efficient, satisfactory to his country and honorable to himself.

In 1763 he married Rebecca Calhoun, daughter of Ezekiel Calhoun, Hopewell Meeting House, Calhoun Settlement, Abbeville District, South Carolina. She was considered very beautiful and attractive, and tradition says it was the largest wedding ever known to that part of the country; the beauty of the bride was the theme of all tongues, and the bridegroom was in the full flush of joyous manhood, and was not of the kind "that said never a word and stood dangling his bonnet and plume," but was a "faithful in love as dauntless in war."

Before the breaking out of the Revolution Gen. Pickens built a block house at his residence as a place of refuge to the settlers in case of danger from the Indians. Many a youthful warrior received his first training there and caught the spirit, the fire of which prepared him to be a freeman, and made him a soldier in the cause of his country. It was on these occasions that Mrs. Pickens exerted her powerful influence upon those who flocked to her husband's standard. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and her piety was without the slightest touch of bigotry. Gen. Pickens was an Elder in the same Church. They had three sons and six daughters. The sons graduated at Princeton and Brown Universities; two of them were mem-

bers of the bar ; one, Andrew Pickens, Jr., was Colonel of the State Brigade of South Carolina.

Col. John E. Calhoun, Senator of S. C., was Mrs. Pickens' brother, and *John C. Calhoun* her cousin. She died in 1815, and reposes beside her husband in the sweet and hallowed vale that surrounds the "Old Stone Meeting-house" of Pendleton.

Col. Lee of Virginia, Pickens of So. C., and Clark of Ga., besieged Augusta, Ga., then in possession of the British, under Brown. Several desperate battles were fought. Great military skill was displayed on both sides. On June 5th, Brown was compelled to surrender a garrison of over three hundred men, and a large amount of ammunition. The Whigs flocked to the standard of Sumpter, Marion, Pickens, and Clark, who began a partisan warfare which finally resulted in the expulsion of the invaders from the State. At the "Battle of the Cow-pens," Jan. 17th, 1781, Morgan drew his men up into two lines. The whole Southern Militia with one hundred and ninety from N. C., were put under Gen. Pickens ; the second under Lieut.-Col. Howard with a small corps of Virginia Riflemen and Lieut.-Col. Washington with Cavalry, and forty five militiamen. Morgan's conduct on that memorable day was honored by Congress with a gold medal, a silver medal to Lieut.-Col. Howard and a sword to Gen. Pickens. This defeat was the first link in the chain that drew down ruin on the royal cause in North and South Carolina.

In 1779 he defeated Col. Boyd, at Kettle Creek, at the head of a body of Tories and Indians, double his own force in numbers. This action, in which Col. Boyd was killed, dispersed and greatly dispirited the Tories, in the western part of South Carolina and Georgia, and gave an ascendancy to the Whigs. In the assault on Ninety-Six, Lord Rawdon pursued Gen. Greene as far as the Enoree, when the retreat was ordered. Gen. Pickens exhibited a remarkable example of republican virtue. His family and property were sent off with the baggage of the army ; this precaution gave alarm to many

who had not the same means of transportation to encourage the men to remain in camp and leave their families on their plantations. Gen. Pickens ordered his family back to his house, within twenty miles of the British garrison. This example saved the country from depopulation and the army of Gen. Greene from sustaining a diminution of their number. In 1781 he was efficient and successful in the expedition against the Cherokee Indians.

This great and good military chieftain died on August 11th, 1817, at "*Tennessee*," in Pendleton District, a seat at which he had long resided, and which was especially interesting to him from having been the scene of one of his earliest Indian battles. He was a sincere believer in the Christian religion and a devout observer of the Presbyterian mode of worship. His frame was sinewy and active, his habits simple, temperate and industrious. His characteristics were taciturnity and truth, prudence and decision, modesty and courage, disinterestedness and public spirit.

His letter to Gen. Harry Lee details the chief particulars of his life, and closes with sentiments which harmonize so perfectly with his character, that they form a suitable conclusion to a sketch of his life. "At the siege of Ninety-Six, of Augusta, and at the Battle of Eutaw, and in the services with the army, *you* know whether I did my duty. And I leave it to my country to say whether I have been a humble instrument in the hands of Providence to its advantage. But, whatever the public sentiment may be, I have a witness within myself, that my public life and conduct have been moved and actuated by an ardent zeal for the welfare and happiness of my beloved country."

Compiled from "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the U. S."—Henry Lee, of Va., and

From "Women of the American Revolution."—Mrs. Ellet.

Approved :

Julia Wilson, Historian, A. C. D. R.
Mrs. J. Townsend Woodhull, State
Historian, D. R., Texas.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION—GENERAL SOCIETY.

Founder General—Mrs. Flora Adams Darling.

—*—

President—Mrs. EDWARD PAULET STEERS, 2076 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Vice President—Mrs. LOUISE FRANCES ROWE.

Secretary General—Mrs. D. PHENIX INGRAHAM, 2052 Madison Ave., New York.

Treasurer General—Miss LUCRETIA V. STEERS.

Registrar General—Mrs. MARY C. MARTIN-CASEY.

Assistant Registrar—Mrs. H. S. BEATTIE.

Historian General—Mrs. LOUIS DE B. GALLISON.

Librarian General—Mrs. LOUISE SCOFFIELD DAVIS.

Chaplain General—Rev. GEORGE R. VAN DE WATER, D.D.

Executive Committee, 1894.

MRS. DE VOLNEY EVERETT,	MRS. GEORGE INNESS, JR.
MRS. A. F. RASINES,	MRS. CHAS. F. STONE,
MRS. HENRY A. WARREN,	MRS. CHARLES F. ROE,
MRS. EDGAR KETCHUM,	MRS. JOHN F. BERRY,
MRS. SMITH ANDERSON,	MRS. SETH C. HUNSDON,
MRS. CHARLES W. DAYTON,	MRS. WILLIAM G. SLADE,
MISS ADELINE W. TORREY,	MRS. CHAUNCEY S. TRUAX.

Advisory Board.

HON. CHARLES W. DAYTON,	RT. REV. WM. STEVENS PERRY, D.D.,
HON. GEORGE L. INGRAHAM,	DR. GUSTAVUS SCOTT FRANKLIN,
HON. CHARLES H. TRUAX,	HON. ASHBEL P. FITCH.
MR. WILLIAM LEE,	MR. LOUIS J. ALLEN.

—*—

GENERAL SOCIETY ROOMS—64 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y. CITY.

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REPORT OF THE SECRETARY-GENERAL.

Many subjects of interest and importance have claimed the attention of the Executive Board of the General Society during the past quarter of the year, among which, perhaps, the most important was the "protest" received from the New Jersey Society, Daughters of the Revolution, "against the introduction into the Society as a subject for discussion any topic not connected with the objects of this Society as set forth in Section 2 of the Constitution," and the action of the Board will be shown in the notice to Regents published below.

Objection had also been made to members belonging to more than one Chapter, and the consideration of the

question by the Board requested. The following resolution unanimously passed by the Board is the result :

RESOLVED, "That no woman holding office in one Chapter can, during her term of office, be a member of any other Chapter."

The following Regents and officers have been appointed since the last announcement :

Mrs. Nathaniel Seaver Keay, State Regent of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Chas. W. Sparhawk, State Vice-Regent of Pennsylvania; Mrs. J. Price Ewing, State Secretary of Pennsylvania; Miss Mary Augusta Kent, State Treasurer of Pennsylvania; Mrs. J. Gibson Lindsay, State Registrar of Pennsylvania;

Mrs. Charles Francis Withington, Assistant Registrar for General Society, of Massachusetts Records; Mrs. J. Alden Bennett, State Regent of Montana; Mrs. Charles L. Alden, Organization Regent for New York State.

Valuable donations have been made to the Library, and the thanks of the Executive Board are extended to the generous donors and friends of the Society in all parts of our land.

The Executive Committee will continue to meet regularly during the summer for the transaction of business and the admission of members.

I am happy to state that the "Daughters of the Revolution" was never in a more prosperous condition, historically, socially and financially, than at present.

F. ADELAIDE INGRAHAM,
Secretary-General.

TO STATE AND CHAPTER REGENTS.

The attention of the Executive Board of the General Society of the "Daughters of the Revolution" has been called to the fact that topics have been introduced into the Society for discussion, not in conformity with the objects of the Society as set forth in Section 2 of the Constitution, and a "protest" having been also received, I beg to call your attention to the following resolution unanimously passed by the Executive Board at their meeting on May 7th, 1894.

RESOLVED, "That a statement of the objects of the Society, be prepared for publication, and the attention of the Regents called to the fact that the introduction of topics for discussion, in the Society of a religious, political, or literary character—otherwise than as set forth in Section 2 of the Constitution—is prohibited."

ARTICLE 2 OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The objects of the Society shall be to keep alive among its members and their descendants, and throughout the community, the patriotic spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence; to collect and secure for preservation the manuscript rolls, records and other documents relating to the war of the American Revolution, and provide a place for

their preservation and a fund for their purchase; to encourage historical research in relation to such Revolution and to publish its results; to promote and assist in the proper celebration of prominent events relating to or connected with the War of the Revolution; to promote social intercourse and the feeling of fellowship among its members; "and provide a home for and furnish assistance to such as may be impoverished, when it is in their power to do so." F. ADELAIDE INGRAHAM,
Secretary General.

REPORT OF THE COLONIAL CHAPTER.

In making my quarterly report I am gratified in saying that continued interest is shown at the meetings of the Colonial Chapter, and that more names have been added to its list of membership during the last three months than ever before in the same length of time.

The General Society of the Daughters of the Revolution requests each Chapter to confine its membership to "a drawing room gathering." This being rather an indefinite requirement, a resolution was adopted at the last meeting limiting the membership of this Chapter to two hundred. At the present rate of increase this number will soon be reached.

The recent meetings have been of more than usual interest, and there is an earnestness shown by the members which augurs well for the continued prosperity of the Order.

On the 13th of May the Continental Chapter was invited to attend the regular monthly meeting. On this occasion a most delightful literary and musical programme had been arranged and was rendered in a manner to reflect great credit on the performers.

It consisted of a song by Miss Withington; reading by Mrs. Williams; violin obligato by Miss James; recitation by Miss Hatie; song by Miss Larendon; recitation by Miss Condrey; song by Mrs. Thomson and harp solo by Mrs. Salmon.

The Chapter has recently, I am grieved to state, suffered a great loss in the death of one of its oldest and most esteemed members, Mrs. A. L. A. Mackie. HELEN B. READ, Rec. Sec.

REPORT OF THE TROY CHAPTER.

Since writing my last report the Troy Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution has had a season of great interest and rejoices in greatly increased numbers. We have had two monthly meetings, held to commemorate events occurring one hundred and nine years ago.

We have, in spirit, held the last of the Provincial Assemblies, and issued the call for the second Continental Congress. We have celebrated the Battle of Lexington, sounded the Lexington alarm, ridden in spirit with Paul Revere and other messengers through Connecticut and New York in the Lexington Alarm, celebrated the taking of Ticonderoga, Crown Point and St. Johns, and the meeting of the Second Continental Congress.

Our second monthly meeting was held at my home; the third at the home of Mrs. H. O. R. Tucker, at the invitation of our youngest member, Miss Harriet F. Tucker. These meetings were confined to members only.

Mrs. Charles S. Francis, our Treasurer, very kindly threw open her home for a celebration of the Battle of Lexington. The hall and stairs and large drawing room were draped with the Stars and Stripes; in the dining room the Blue and Buff appeared at the windows, and again in the china and decorations of the tea table.

Each member brought a friend, and more than sixty were present. We had Bancroft's description of the Battle of Lexington, read by Miss Ross, and extracts, from the same history, of the "Lexington Alarm," with a few remarks on the ancestors of those present, who participated in it. Miss Ross then recited "Paul Revere's Ride." The Society was presented with a miniature flag, supposed to be a facsimile of that used at Bunker Hill.

Since March 2d we have had twenty-one members join us, and many more are preparing their papers.

The Troy Chapter will probably have but one more formal meeting, and then we will scatter to the sea shore and mountains.

MARY L. T. ALDEN,
(Mrs. Chas. L. Alden.) Regent.

A LETTER FROM MARYLAND.

MRS. EDWARD P. STEERS :

MADAM PRESIDENT—It gives me pleasure to report that the Maryland Society of the Daughters of the Revolution is increasing in numbers and, I hope, usefulness.

We have held since our organization, on 18th January, 1894, six meetings, at four of which carefully prepared Revolutionary historical papers were read by the members.

At the last meeting of June 1st the subject was "The Friendship of the French, especially the services of La Fayette, in Our Struggle for Freedom," and I was glad to be able to show some chairs I own which were carried in the trade procession given in honor of La Fayette when he was a guest of the city of Baltimore. The council chamber of the city of Charleston, S. C., is furnished with similar chairs.

Yours, respectfully,

SARA A. B. ROCHE,

(Mrs. Geo. W. Roche),

State Regent of Maryland, D. R.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF

AVALON CHAPTER, D. R.

MADAME PRESIDENT AND DAUGHTERS OF
THE REVOLUTION :

The first quarterly report of the "Avalon Chapter" of Baltimore City is, of necessity, little more than a resume of what has already been written of its previous meetings for the past few months. The Society here is slowly but steadily increasing in numbers, and there is evidence of much enthusiastic interest in the history of the nation in her past struggles for that Independence of which her Daughters are so justly proud.

Since the organization of the "Avalon Chapter" in January, 1894, six monthly meetings have been held, including an anniversary meeting, February 22d, and again another commemorative of the battle of Lexington, April 19th, 1775. The literary features

of the meeting, February 22d, which took place at the house of the Baltimore Regent, Mrs. Thomas Hill, were an interesting paper on the "Life of Washington;" a statement prepared by the State Historian upon the differences in the organization of the "Daughters of the Revolution" and the "Daughters of the American Revolution;" and an original poem by Mrs. Marguerite Easter, after which a luncheon was served.

Miss Anna B. Hill was the special historian at the meeting commemorative of the battle of Lexington, and presented a very able and interesting account of the condition of the colonies previous to the breaking out of the Revolutionary War.

Miss Bansemer's account of the origin of the popular song of the day, "Yankee Doodle," was also well chosen and well told.

Other papers have been read at different times; one an original poem on the veritable flag that floated over Fort McHenry when Francis Scott Key wrote the "Star Spangled Banner," and a very clear and clever account of "La Fayette's Influence" and the "Friendship of the French," the latter by Miss May Waters, read at the meeting June 1st, at the house of the State Regent, Mrs. George W. Roche, who also tendered the "Daughters" assembled a pretty luncheon.

Under the capable management of the Regent, "Avalon Chapter" bids fair to be a sympathetic and growing arm of that main body whose aims are the perpetuation of all that is brave and glorious in our national history, and whose successes are assuring and assured, though on the "distaff" side, for where should patriotism be more deeply and strongly fostered than in the hearts of the "mothers of men?" It is given to *these* to hold that chalice of the purest and most unselfish love known to mortals to the lips of their dearest and to bid them drink deeply, "even unto death?" Who, then, are fitter guardians for their immortal legacies of Pain and Victory than "Daughters of the Revolution."

MRS. WM. D. BOOKER,
State Secretary Maryland D. R.

CONTINENTAL CHAPTER.

The Continental Chapter of New York City held its regular meeting at the General Society rooms, 64 Madison avenue, on Thursday, May 31st. Mrs. Francis E. Doughty, Vice Regent, presided.

The announcement that Mrs. Charles Francis Roe had reconsidered her resignation, tendered on account of ill health, and would resume the duties of Regent, was received with delight by every one present, for the withdrawal of Mrs. Roe from the active duties of her office had been a source of much regret to the members of the Chapter.

Rev. Charles Edward Brugler, of Portchester, N. Y., a member of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, was unanimously elected Chaplain of the Chapter.

At the close of the business meeting the members present adjourned to the assembly room, where they tendered a reception to the Colonial Chapter of New York City. An attractive programme was furnished. America was sung in unison by the entire audience. Mrs. Robert Gregory, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, then read a paper prepared by Mrs. George A. Ludin, Treasurer of the Continental Chapter, entitled "The Wife of La Fayette." That the sentiments of the paper touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the listeners was fully demonstrated by the hearty applause elicited.

Miss Alice Purdy sang sweetly "Orpheus With His Lute" and "Love's Proving." Mrs. Henry T. Bartlett read a selection, "Women of the Revolution," which was thoroughly patriotic in its tone. Miss Edith Ketchum was the recipient of high praise for her exquisite rendering of a transcription for the piano from Tannhauser. Mrs. Gregory read an original humorous sketch, "My Pedigree," which was very witty, and its telling points were well emphasized by the reader. A recitation by Mrs. J. Wesley French and Miss Hatiè, "Ideal of the Period," was so thoroughly enjoyed that an encore was demanded, to which the ladies responded separately, Mrs.

French's "Paganini" being particularly effective. All joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner." Refreshments were served in the Society rooms, which had been tastefully decorated with buff and blue, the Society colors, and our National flag. At the informal "Tea" which followed, Mrs. Francis E. Doughty, Vice Regent, and Mrs. Montgomery Schuyler, Secretary of the Continental Chapter, assisted by Mrs. Robert Gregory, Mrs. Henry T. Bartlett and Mrs. Francis P. Furnald, Jr., of the Entertainment Committee, received the guests.

The Regent, Mrs. Charles Francis Roe, was unable to be present, much to her regret, having already left town for the summer. She sent flowers and a cordial greeting.

In every particular this first entertainment of the Continental Chapter, combining as it did the literary and social element in a satisfactory and thoroughly enjoyable manner, was, it is believed, an earnest of its successful and popular future.

A CHAPTER AT ENGLEWOOD.

In response to invitations sent by Miss A. W. Sterling, State Historian of New Jersey, some twenty ladies met at the residence of Mrs. Charles B. Platt, Englewood, New Jersey, on May 7th, for the purpose of forming a Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution in that place.

The visitors on this occasion were Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers, Mrs. D. P. Ingraham, and Miss Lucretia V. Steers—the President, Secretary and Treasurer of the General Society—Miss Adeline W. Torrey, State Regent of New Jersey, and the Misses Caroline, Frances and Gertrude Duryee, of the 1776 Chapter, of Fairview, N. J.

Miss Torrey called the meeting to order and spoke a few words of welcome. Miss Sterling followed, explaining the purpose of the meeting and the objects of the Society. Mrs. Steers then made the following remarks on the relationship between General Society, State Society and Chapters as they exist in the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution.

Ladies:—Believing that you would

be better pleased at this organization meeting to hear an exposition than a eulogy, I will tell you the relationship between General Society, State Society and Chapters, as they exist in the Society, and under the Constitution of the Daughters of the Revolution.

The *General Society* is the *whole* Society; every Daughter of the Revolution is a member of the General Society first and foremost, just as every American is a citizen of the United States of America irrespective of the particular State and Town in which he (or she) chances to live.

The division of the whole or General Society into States and Chapters to facilitate the workings of the Society, and for its beauty and symmetry as well, make necessary the State Regent and the Chapter Regent.

The State Regent is the governing power in the State; she organizes Chapters in towns and localities and appoints Regents and officers for the same; she has her cabinet of State officers, and reports to the Executive Committee of the General Society annually, or oftener if expedient.

The Chapter, formed wherever there are a sufficient number of members to make such organization practicable and desirable, for social, patriotic and historical purposes, is a necessary part of the great whole, just as one grape is necessary to the beauty and perfection of the cluster; for how much more beautiful is a perfect and symmetrical cluster of grapes than the just as symmetrical but large, coarse, yellow ball called grape fruit! how much easier to manipulate and sweeter to the taste—though in reality not more healthful. One grape plucked from the bunch is not particularly an object of beauty, and is then not much cared for, so a Chapter; it might, by itself, last for a little time, but would soon perish without the other essential parts of the organization to keep it healthful.

Therefore you may see how necessary to the growth and welfare of our Society are all these parts, the General Executive Board, the State Executive Board and the Chapter, these three making a perfect one, united in the

cause of patriotism and family interest.

When a man, a citizen of these United States, registers his name at an hotel or elsewhere as from such a town in such a State, he does not mean it to be understood that he is any the less a citizen of the *United States*.

A man pays his proper share towards the maintenance, law, order and all public interests of the town where he lives; he feels a pride in having it grow and flourish equally well or better than the neighboring towns; also he pays his proportionate share towards the State Government and affairs, and is justly proud of its standing among the other States of the Union.

Yet each citizen from town, county and State pays a legitimate tribute to the General Government for its maintenance, and to enable it, as the strong stem, to support the branches from which depend the succulent and beautiful grapes; on the strength and vitality of the stem depends the goodness of the fruit.

It is not with us *true* Daughters a question of personal aggrandizement or utility, or for social advancement, but the general good and the advancement of the united interests, that the Society which perpetuates the memory of our noble and patriotic ancestors, and inculcates love of "Liberty, Home and Country," should be supported with proper dignity.

I cannot tell you with what pleasure we who were the pioneers in this noble work—a society of the *lineal* descendants of Revolutionary patriots among women—hail the advent of a new Chapter; an horticulturist might thus welcome the budding of a flower on the plant he has tended and cherished, thus watch its growth and development, thus help to guard it from chilling frost or withering heat, from parasites, trespassers and marauders, until the bud had blossomed into perfect flower and borne grateful fruit.

We have labored untiringly on this patriotic structure that is so dear to us, building it brick by brick, room by room, story by story; the bricks are real bricks, not made with straw, and they are welded together

with the genuine cement of *lineal descent*, the rooms are purely and beautifully restful with Colonial grace and Revolutionary severity, and the structure grows toward completion in perfect harmony.

In such light you will know with what gladness we contemplate each new room, each added story, each completed corridor and rising column, and know that my greeting to you for myself and my sister officers is both genuine and cordial, and that I hope for success beyond your anticipations.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Steers' remarks the business of organizing the Chapter was begun. Mrs. L. K. Miller was appointed Regent, Mrs. J. H. Peters, Treasurer, and Mrs. E. W. Clarke, Secretary. The meeting was closed with the hymn "America," which was sung with enthusiasm by all present. The Chapter has already fifteen members, and as Englewood contains many more eligible candidates it is expected that this number will soon be greatly increased.

A Chapter of the D. R. numbering eleven members was formed on May 8th, at Fairview. Miss Gertrude Dur- yee was appointed Chapter Regent. The district includes Ridgefield and Hackensack.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

As we go to press the New Jersey Society, D. R., are celebrating the Battle of Monmouth in the old Tennent Church, Tennent, N. J., near the spot where the conflict was fought. A special train carries members of the Society and their friends to Tennent to take part in the all day celebration. The speakers on the occasion are Mr. Schuyler C. Woodhull, of Camden, New Jersey, and Mr. Alexander R. Thompson, Jr., of New York, both Sons of the Revolution, Mr. John Miley, of Lakewood, Rev. Frank Symmes, of Tennent, Miss Marie Potter Rogers, of Tom's River, and others. Music and patriotic songs will complete the programme, and if the weather is fair lunch will be served in the open. The affair is under the charge of a committee of which Mrs. Geo. Inness, Jr., Chapter Regent of Montclair, is chairman.

BOOK REVIEWS.

EDITED BY MRS. H. S. BEATTIE.

THE REFUGEES, by A. Conan Doyle (Harper & Brother, N. Y.).

In this historical story is a vivid picture of life in France, and particularly in the French Court, in the latter part of the 17th century. The rivalry between Mesdames Montespan and Maintenon, and the triumph of the latter, are graphically portrayed. The banishment of the Huguenots, which followed shortly after the marriage of Louis XIV. to Maintenon, and the suffering caused thereby, furnish scenes for thrilling adventures which remind one strongly of Dumas.

AN UNOFFICIAL PATRIOT, by Helen H. Gardener. (The Arena Company, Boston, Mass.)

Mrs. Gardener is so well known as a writer on heredity and kindred subjects that a historical story from her pen will find many readers. It is literally true, being a history of the life of Mrs. Gardener's father. The scene is laid in the South at a time just previous to and during the Civil War. The embarrassment of an honest, conscientious man who was impelled by a stern sense of duty to liberate his slaves, in disposing of them to their advantage, reveals to us of the North a phase of the slavery question with which we are not familiar. There are many incidents, strictly historical, in connection with the war that will be read with interest by all who are identified with American affairs. The book is written in Mrs. Gardener's happiest style, disclosing a reverence for the religious principles of both her father and mother that can scarcely be expected from an avowed agnostic.

THE JOURNAL OF MARTHA PINTARD BAYARD, edited by S. Bayard Dod. (Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.)

Mrs. Bayard was the wife of Samuel Bayard, who was appointed by Washington to prosecute in the British Admiralty Courts the claims of American citizens, as provided for in the Jay Treaty. She accompanied her husband and in this journal records her impressions of the pomp and ceremony which prevailed in England at the time of her sojourn there—1794–1797. Both Mrs. Bayard and her husband were of Huguenot origin, but her democratic tastes made monarchical customs obnoxious to her.

THE VERMONT SETTLERS AND THE NEW YORK LAND SPECULATORS, by R. C. Benton, Minneapolis, Minn. (Published by the author.)

This work treats of the "New Hampshire Grants," a controversy in American history which began before the Revolution and ended only when Vermont was admitted to the Union. Mr. Benton is undoubtedly a descendant of the "Settlers" and deals with the subject in a way that shows perfect familiarity with it. The legal aspects of it are presented in a very forcible manner, and in the delineation of character there is evidently a desire to combine justice with truth. It is a valuable addition to American historical literature.

ROGER WILLIAMS, THE PIONEER OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, by Oscar S. Straus, late U. S. Minister to Turkey. (The Century Co., N. Y.)

In these days of religious toleration, the history of Roger Williams reads like fiction. He is certainly one of the strongest characters in American history. The biographies of Williams that have been written are out of print, and since their publication much information in regard to him has been discovered. Mr. Straus endeavors to present the truth as it is, and his book is not only valuable as a history of the time it pictures, but is written in a style that makes it highly entertaining to any lover of good literature.

THE ARENA for June is an exceptionally attractive number of this excellent periodical. It commences Vol. X. and shows no diminution in the independence, energy and ability that have characterized its management from the beginning.

Books received too late for notice in this number, will receive due attention in our next issue:

Books, magazines and publications desiring review or notice, and all communications concerning presswork may be sent to the address of this magazine, 64 Madison avenue.

To those of our readers interested in the working of organized charity, we commend the Altruist Interchange—the organ of the Needle Work Guild of America—published quarterly at 10 East 14th street, N. Y. City.

NOTES AND INFORMATION.

Applications for membership in the "Daughters of the Revolution" must be made in duplicate upon the blanks issued by the "General Society," subscribed by the applicant, endorsed and acknowledged before a notary.

Each applicant must furnish undoubtable proof of *lineal* descent from a *patriot* of the Revolution, and must be endorsed by two members or two persons of acknowledged standing. No person shall endorse an application for membership unless the candidate is known to be worthy, and will, if admitted, be a desirable member.

The Society does not accept Encyclopedias, Genealogical Works, or Town or County Histories, except such as contain *Rosters*, as authorities for proofs of service. In referring to printed works, volume and page should be given.

Reference to authorities, in manuscript, must be accompanied by certified copies, and authentic family records must be submitted, if required.

Life membership in this Society may be had on due application, by the payment of fifty (\$50) dollars, which shall be in full of all annual dues.

Blanks for bequests and endowments to the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution will be furnished on application.

Annual Meeting.—SECTION 17.—(From the By-Laws.) The Society shall hold an annual meeting in the city of New York on the first Monday of January in each year, except when such day shall fall on New Year's; then it shall be on the following Monday, at which an election by ballot shall take place.

Every member belongs to the General Society, and, if present, is entitled to cast her vote at the Annual Meeting. This is preferred to the system of delegates, who may not always carry out the wishes of the bodies they represent.

Upon the approval of an application for the organization of a State Society or Chapter, this Society shall issue its certificates authorizing such State Society or Chapter to be formed.

The term "General Society" is National in its character and comprises all the State Societies and Chapters.

The managing officers of the General Society have the word "General" attached to their office to distinguish them from those of the State Societies.

The relation of State Societies to the General Society is that of an independent State to the General Government.

The management of a State Society is vested in its Regent and Executive Committee, subject to the constitution of the General Society.

Chapters are supposed to meet monthly for historical instruction and social intercourse, keeping their membership within the limits of a drawing-room gathering, and when a Chapter has attained that object another Chapter may be organized.

Address communications to the Secretary General, by whom all the correspondence of this Society is conducted.

The badge of the Society, stationery stamped with the seal of the Society, a rosette of the colors of the Society—buff and blue—will be furnished to *members* by the Treasurer General, only upon order from the Secretary General.

PENSIONS.

The government passed no general pension laws until 1818, when it granted to those who had served nine months or more in the Continental Army or Navy. In 1832, pensions were granted to all officers and soldiers, whether Continental, State or Militia, who had served in one or more terms, a period of two years. If the applicants have reason to believe their ancestors drew a pension under these Acts, they can get a record of their military service by writing the Honorable Commissioner of Pensions, at Washington. There is no cost for obtaining this data, and it takes about thirty days to get a reply.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The "Open Letter" published in the April number of this magazine has elicited many inquiries and commendations. We suggest to all who feel an interest in this subject a careful reading of the address of the Regent of Massachusetts—Mrs. William Lee—made at the celebration of the battle of Lexington, in Boston, April 19th, and published in this number.

18



94.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

To the High School Scholars in the Cities of Albany, Binghamton, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Elmira, Ithaca, Oswego, Rochester, Syracuse, Troy and Utica :

THE SOCIETY OF SONS OF THE REVOLUTION was instituted in New York City, February 22d, 1876, and a National organization perfected in March, 1890.

The purpose of the Society is to perpetuate the memory of the men, who, in the military, naval and civil service of the Colonies, and of the Continental Congress, by their acts or counsel achieved American Independence ; to promote and assist in the proper celebration of the anniversaries of events connected with the War of the Revolution ; to collect and preserve military rolls, records and other documents and memorials relating to that War ; to inspire the members of the Society and their descendants with the patriotic spirit of their forefathers ; and to promote the feeling of friendship among them.

Its membership is composed of male descendants of ancestors who either as military, naval or marine officers, soldiers, sailors or marines, or officials in the service of any one of the thirteen original Colonies or States, or of the National Government, effectively assisted in establishing American Independence during the War of the Revolution.

As an incentive to the study of American History, the SONS OF THE REVOLUTION IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK offer to the High School Scholars in the above-named cities, *Medals of Gold, Silver and Bronze*, as first, second and third prizes, to be awarded in order of merit for Original Essays upon the subject :

"NEW YORK IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION."

Competing Essays are to contain not less than 1,775, nor more than 1,895 words—to be written on one side of the paper only—to be signed with a *nom-de-plume*, and to be accompanied with a sealed envelope, having the *nom-de-plume* written on the outside, and to contain the writer's *real* name, address, school, and a certificate from the Superintendent or Principal that he believes the Essay to be original.

All Essays must be mailed to the Secretary of the Society before December 1st, 1894. A Committee of Award will receive the Essays, and the Secretary will retain the sealed envelopes containing the writers' real names until the Committee has reached a decision, when the envelopes will be opened in the

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

presence of the Committee. The names of the successful competitors will be announced at the Annual Banquet of the Society, on Washington's Birthday, February 22d, 1895, and the prizes immediately forwarded to them.

The First Prize Medal of Gold will correspond in pattern upon its face with the Seal of the Society reduced in size, and upon the reverse will have an appropriate inscription with the recipient's name. It will be suspended by a buff and blue silk ribbon from a bar bearing the word New York. The Second and Third Prize Medals will be copies of the Gold Medal in Silver and in Bronze.

NEW YORK CITY, May 14th, 1894.

FREDERICK S. TALLMADGE, *President*.

THOMAS E. V. SMITH, *Secretary*.

56 Wall St. (Room 5), New York City.

THE SOCIETY OF SONS OF THE REVOLUTION IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK offers to the Members of the Junior and Senior Classes in the College of the City of New York, a Gold Medal of a pattern to correspond with the Seal of the Society, reduced in size, as a prize for the best Original Essay on the subject :

"THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION."

Essays must contain not more than 2,000 words, and must be written on one side of the paper only. They must be signed with a *nom-de-plume*, and accompanied with sealed envelope having the *nom-de-plume* and the letters C. C. N. Y. on the outside, and containing the writer's real name and address and a certificate from the President of the College that he believes the Essay to be original.

All Essays must be mailed to the Secretary of the Society before December 1st, 1894. A Committee of Award will receive the Essays, and the Secretary will retain the sealed envelopes until the Committee has reached a decision, when the envelopes will be opened in the presence of the Committee. The name of the successful competitor will be announced at the Annual Banquet of the Society, on February 22d, 1895.

FREDERICK S. TALLMADGE, *President*.

NEW YORK CITY, June, 1894.

THOMAS E. V. SMITH, *Secretary*,

56 Wall Street (Room 5), New York City.

The Colorado Society of the Sons of the Revolution inaugurated "Flag Day" in that State on June 14th, with appropriate ceremonies.

The Continental Congress, on the 14th day of June, 1777, passed the following resolution :

"RESOLVED, That the flag of the thirteen States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in blue field, representing a new constellation."

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OCTOBER, 1894.

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OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION



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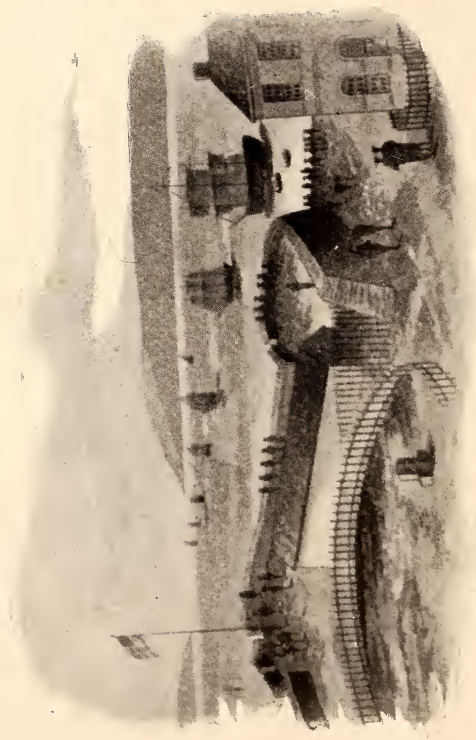
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EVACUATION OF NEW YORK CITY BY THE BRITISH,
NOVEMBER 25TH, 1783.

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MAGAZINE

OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1894.

No. 4.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION,

GENERAL SOCIETY,

CELEBRATION OF THE 111TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE EVACUATION OF THE CITY
OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH.

“AMERICA FROM COLUMBUS TO THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION,”

IN HISTORICAL MUSIC, PICTURE AND SONG.

A BEAUTIFUL AND NOVEL ALLEGORY COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

SILAS G. PRATT.

To be produced for the first time, November 24th, 1894, under the auspices of the
DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Celebrations of the great events in the history of our country are, thanks to the efforts of patriotic societies, more in vogue than formerly, being recognized as one of the best means of teaching our vast alien population that the blessings of free government they here enjoy have been won only at the sacrifice of most precious blood of our patriotic American forefathers. The “Daughters of the Revolution,” in fostering this sentiment, so essential (especially at the present time) in preserving our existence as a nation, have arranged for a *grand celebration* of “*Evacuation Day*” at Chickering Hall, Saturday evening, November 24th. For this event, which will be made one of the social functions of the season, the society have arranged with Mr. Silas G. Pratt to give the first production of his new “allegory” with a select chorus, an orchestra of fifty musicians and military band, and a celebrated solo artist.

In addition to the music, every number of which will be an interesting novelty, nearly 200 historical pictures, comprising many rare works of art, will illustrate each of the episodes. Thus the most thrilling events of American history will be presented in an attractive manner never before equaled, appealing to the æsthetic senses of sight and sound at the same moment, and stirring the loftiest emotions of the human heart with such feelings as made heroes of our ancestors and inspired to those deeds which claimed the homage of the civilized world.

The new “allegory” is divided into eight parts, representing “Columbus and his Discovery,” the “Early Colonies” (The Dutch in New Amsterdam, the Puritans and the Virginians), “Paul Revere’s Ride” and “The Revolution,” “Martha Washington’s Court Minuet,” “The War of 1812–14,” “Westward ho!” “Allegory of the War in Song” (Civil War), and “The Triumphs of Peace” (apotheosis of Columbus) at the Columbian Exposition.

The musical features will include some of the most beautiful selections from the allegory, “The Triumph of Columbus,” for orchestra and chorus; quaint music of the 16th century for the colonies (favorite Dutch songs, etc.), a new

tone picture, "Paul Revere's Ride," of the most stirring and thrilling character; a new and brilliant descriptive Symphonic Sketch, "The Revolution;" "The first American folk song," the later folk songs, the celebrated "*Battle Fantasia*," which made the vast audience in Madison Square Garden rise in their seats and cheer, and, to close, "Columbus' Triumphal March," with chorus, orchestra and band.

It will at once be seen that the scope of the new allegory is unprecedentedly comprehensive, and the committee having the matter in charge believe it will challenge the admiration of every member of our order and excite their enthusiastic co-operation. While the magnitude of the programme is colossal and the combination of forces so unique as to awaken curiosity, it is in no sense a tentative effort. The previous efforts of Mr. Silas G. Pratt, and the high reputation as a composer achieved in the productions of large works, especially the famous "Allegory of the War in Song," guarantees a performance worthy the important event we celebrate.

The patriotic societies of New York and vicinity will be invited to send their most distinguished representatives that the audience shall be commensurate with the dignity of the event. Indeed, some have already applied for an allotment of seats. The committee are especially desirous that the *Daughters of the Revolution* should grace the event in such numbers as to be a credit to their order, assuring them that the magnitude and patriotic character of the work, no less than its artistic value, is such that all who participate may esteem it a privilege and a pleasure.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: A special feature of the "Allegory" will be the presentation of historical pictures. This will be in charge of Prof. Wm. Latham, with whose assistance some of the most marvellous and beautiful effects ever secured by novel mechanical devices will be produced. Thus, the movement of waves, sunrise on the ocean, flight of birds, in connection with Columbus' voyage, rising of the moon on the landscape in "Paul Revere's Ride," and, in "The Triumphs of Peace," sailboats, steamboats, and an elevated railroad train in motion, "the Brooklyn Bridge, illuminated by electricity," and other "wonders of the New World" will be shown.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE, IN MUSIC.

A NEW and remarkable "tone picture," written especially for the new allegory "America from Columbus to the Columbian Exposition," illustrates in music one of the most romantic and thrilling episodes in American history. As we listen to the music we can, with the exercise of but little imagination, see the friend of Paul Revere ascending the tower of Old North Church with lanterns in hand; the gleam of the signal lights as they swing high in air, like some sacred fire upon the altar of liberty, and flash their message in flaming song, is beautifully suggested. Then the motion of the boat as it is pushed from the shore, the quiet dip of the oars (muffled to prevent discovery from the vigilant enemy), a sudden alarm, and the signal discovered in the distant church tower, are all plainly indicated. Thus continuing in this realm of imagination, we see the patriot finally reaching the shore, hastening to mount his faithful steed, which spurred into a rapid gallop leaps forward on his momentous mission as the full moon illuminates the scene in the distant city. Even the animal seems to feel inspired with the excitement and importance of his master's task, and springs eagerly forward, swiftly flying past the ever-changing scene. Paul Revere is heard loudly shouting the warning without stopping his speed, and the answering cry of defiance by groups of patriots, gathered at the farm-houses and taverns on the way, is quickly lost as he vanishes into the shades of night and distance. Suddenly he discovers the three mounted sentinels in the



roadway awaiting to intercept and arrest him. Quickly turning, his good horse soon carries him beyond the reach of his pursuers, and by a circuitous route he continues on his way. A feeling of triumph and exultation now possesses him, and a pæan of hope and victory fills his heart and bursts from his lips, while the faithful steed continues to devour the receding roadways. Anon the peaceful landscape, sleeping in the white mantle of the midnight moon, attracts the rider's attention, and the soothing influence of gentle, pulsating nature enchants him for the moment, crowding into the background more sanguinary thoughts. Thus, with alternate shouts of warning, urging on of the steed to his utmost speed, thoughts of the triumphant success of the cause of liberty, and the gentle influence of the calm spring night, amid these and other conflicting emotions of fear, anxiety and hope, he rapidly gallops into Lexington, reaches his destination, springs from his horse and enters the house of his friend, Dr. Clark. An exultant song of triumph here finds expression, closing the episode.

The work is full of vigor and appropriate rythmical motion, which the most obtuse listener cannot fail to be affected by. The galloping of the horse, the warning shouts of the rider, the dramatic episodes, pæan of triumph, and moments of calm contemplation of the moonlit scenes, are so vividly depicted, and with such rare enchantment of musical art and masterly instrumentation, that any one at all fond of music must be thrilled and delighted. But the composer, not satisfied to furnish his listeners with the musical "tone picture" alone, vivid and dramatic as it is, will present pictures of all the chief incidents of the "ride" during the performance, thus giving a panorama of the famous ride simultaneously with the music, so that even one who cares nothing for music may be charmed and entertained.

If the new allegory contained no other feature than this it would be an event of uncommon interest; this is, however, but one of the episodes which form the evening's entertainment.

SILENT WITNESSES.

By EMMA MERSEREAU NEWTON.

AUTHOR OF "A BIT OF BUNTING," "A BREATH OF HEAVEN," "A WINTER IN FLORIDA," "A PHANTOM PICTURE," ETC.

I GAZED at them with a growing sense of awe,—these witnesses, whom it was impossible to confuse or gainsay.

They were the palpable ghosts of a past age, whose yellowing faces confronted me in nerveless silence. No rustle of sear garments, no sound of sepulchral voice, nor any uncanny noise disturbed the midnight quietude; yet these hosts, of the dead years, marshalled their forces in methodical ranks; and with inaudible tongues, but in sentient language, related the secrets of sealed lives.

What a paradox on human longevity that the shadowy tracery of a pen still lives, when the vigorous hand that formed the letters has long since mouldered into dust! The most resounding eloquence dies with the last echo of speech; the keenest sight fails; strength passes away; the stoutest heart ceases to beat; and the brightest brain to throb; but the mere scratch of a pen may endure, and bridge the gulf of oblivion, by adding its deathless records of the past to the growing chronicles of the present.

With my thoughts following this train of reasoning, I wiped the dust from a curious document, to which was attached a strange seal. It was larger around than the top of a coffee cup, and nearly half an inch in thickness. On one side was the crown and royal crest of England; on the other the figure of a woman, with civilized man (flanked by an Indian) kneeling as if to do her reverence. The queer old-time instrument attached to this seal is a piece of parchment two feet four inches wide, by a trifle over a foot in length; and the lettering is peculiar to a degree: The "e's" being merely two dots, one forming the top, and the other the bottom of the letter; while many of the other letters are so oddly different from those in present usage, that it took hours of labor to decipher writing which is sufficiently legible and neat to compare favorably

with printing. The wording of this antique instrument is in keeping with its unique appearance. It runs as follows:

"Anne by the grace of God Queen of Great Brittain France and Ireland defender of the Faith and To all to whom these presents shall come or may in any wise concern greeting WHEREAS OUR LOVING subject Harmen Gorisse by his petition presented unto Our trusty and well beloved Robert Hunter Esquire Captain Generall and Governor in chief of our provence of New York and the territories depending thereon in America in Council hath prayed Our grant and Confirmation of a certain small gore of Land with its herediments and appointments situate lying and being upon Staten Island in the County of Richmond on the north side of the said Island and is in breadth by the water side forty-five rodd and runs into the woods by the Lines of the lotts formerly laid Out for John Lee and Ananias Turner untill the said Lotts intersect and is bounded East by John Lee's lott west by Ananias Turner's Lott and north by the bay or sound containing thirty one acres three rodd and five perches and also four acres of salt meadow near John Thennisses next adjoining to the meadows laid Out for the Lotts of the aforesaid John Lee and the aforesaid Ananias Turner together with a messuage and tenement thereon standing which said gore of Land and premises are and have been fully cleared and improved and held and enjoyed by the said Harmen Gorisse and those from whom he hath purchased the same for thirty six years past or thereabout without interruption at his and their great charge Expense and Labour which petition we being willing to grant KNOW YEE that of Our Especial grace certain knowledge and mention we have given granted ratified and confirmed and by these presents for us Our heirs and successors give

grant ratify and confirm unto the said Harmen Gorisse all that said tract or gore of Land meadow and premises above mentioned and described with the hereditments and appointments thereunto belonging within the limits and bounds aforesaid together with all and singular houses messuages barns buildings fenses improvements trees timber feedings pastures waters water-courses and all other profits benefitts priviledges Liberties advantages to the said gore of Land meadow and premises belonging or in any wise appertaining and all Our Estate right title interest benefitts advantages claims and demands whatsoever of and to the same gore of Land meadow and premises and of every part and parcell thereof Except always and reserved out of Our present grant unto us Our heirs and subjects all such firr trees and pine trees of the diameter of twenty four inches at twelve inches from the ground or roots as now are or shall be fitt to make masts for Our royall navy and also all such other trees as are Or shall be fitt to make planks and knees for the use of the navy aforesaid only which now are standing growing and being and which hereafter shall stand grow and be upon the said tract or gore of Land meadow and premises or any part or parcell thereof with free liberty and Lycense for any person or persons whatsoever (by us Our heirs and successors thereunto to be appointed under our sign Manuall) with workmen horses wagons carts and carriages or without to Enter and come into and upon the same gore of Land meadow and premises or any part thereof hereby granted there to sell pull down root up hew saw use have take cart carry away the same for the uses aforesaid also Except all gold and silver mined to HAVE AND TO HOLD all that said gore of Land meadow and premises with the hereditments and appointments hereby granted as aforesaid Except as before Excepted unto the said Harmen Gorisse his heirs and assigns forever to the sole and Only proper use benefitt and behoof of the said Harman Gorisse his heirs and assigns forever To BE

HOLDEN of us our heirs and subjects in free and common soccage as of Our manor of East Greenwith in the County of Kent within Our realm of great Brittain YIELDING rendering and paying therefore yearly and every year forever unto us Our heirs and successors from henceforth at Our Custom house of New York to Our collector or receiver Generall there for the time being at or upon the last day of Saint Michael the archangell (commonly called Michaelmas day) the yearly rent or sum of one shilling and two pence current money of Our said province in Lien and stead of all other rents dues duties services and demands whatsoever PROVIDED always and these presents are upon the Condition that if the said Harmen Gorisse and his heirs or assigns or any of them or any other person or persons by his Or their consent order or procurement shall sett on fire or cause to be sett on fire and burn the woods on said gore of Land meadow and premises herein before granted or any part and parcell thereof to thear the same then and in that case Our present grant and every article and clause herein contained shall cease deliverance and be utterly void anything herein contained to the contrary thereof in any wise notwithstanding AND we do hereby will and grant that these Our Letters patent and the record of them in Our Secretarys office of Our province of New York aforesaid shall be good and Effectual in the law to all intents and purposes notwithstanding the *nota bene* and wellreciting and mentioning of the premises or any part thereof or of the limits and bounds thereof of the mean covenants of them from whom he formerly held or of any former or other Letters patents or grants whatsoever made or granted of the same gore of Land meadow and premises or of any part thereof by us or of any of Our progenitors unto any other person or persons whatsoever body politiel or corporate or any Law or other restraint uncertainty or interpretation whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding IN TESTIMONY whereof we have caused the great seal of Our province of New York aforesaid

to be hereunto affixed and these presents to be recorded in Our secretaries Office aforesaid WITNESS Our trusty and well beloved Robert Hunter Esquire Captain Generall and Governour in chief of Our province of New York province of New Jersey and the territories depending on them in America and Vice admiral of them yet in Councill at Our Fort in New York the twenty-second day of May in the Eleventh year of Our reign."

[SIGNED.]

One requires a long breath to read the instrument, for there is no pause with the exception of two parentheses in the whole of it; and the capitals are thrown in so promiscuously that even Great Britain is spelled with a small "g." I tried to picture the period in which this patent was given. The eleventh year of the reign of Queen Anne was 1712—nearly two centuries ago. That was almost one hundred

years before the first steamboat navigated the Hudson; and over a century before railroads were introduced in America. Franklin's kite had not yet rifled the clouds, nor the electric spark begun its race with time; and the lapwing of sound was yet unbegotten. New York was still a province of England, and Staten Island a remote territory of the Queen, who, in giving grants reserved the fir and pine trees for the masts of her royal navy. Who was this adventurous Harmen Gorisse, who built a home on the borders of barbarism? And who enjoyed the queen's favor to the extent of only having a nominal rent of one shilling and two pence levied on him on the "last day of Saint Michael the archangell"? Wonder was still rife when I folded together the parchment, and observed on the reverse side a note indicating that the name of Gorisse was a corruption of Gareson.

(To be continued.)

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

AN ORATION

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF BLACK FRIARS,

By SAMUEL LATHAM MITCHELL, NOVEMBER 11TH, 1793.

(Concluded.)

VI. Our forefathers, who fled from Europe and hazarded a voyage across the wide ocean to settle themselves in a wilderness, underwent all the difficulties and dangers of such an enterprise for the sake of obtaining *Religious Freedom*. Their wishes were attended with success, and in this sequestered land they offered up their prayers and thanksgivings in the manner which their persecution and conscience judged to be right. Whatever persecutions might for a time have existed against other sectaries, or what illiberalities soever may yet remain in some places, this sentiment is firmly established in our Federal Constitution, that "*no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.*"

Though Constantine may have thought it politic in the posture of

affairs in his time to take the Church into partnership with the Government; though the Princes who lived after him in Europe have never undertaken to dissolve it; and though in several of the old political systems the two are so interwoven that a separation of the one from the other would lead immediately to a revolution in both, it does not, therefore, follow that the connection is either necessary or proper in a state of society like ours.

On the other hand, with the spirit of true Catholicism, modes and forms of faith and worship are not prescribed by legislative authority, but the true seeker of his own soul's happiness is left, under the guidance of the *light*, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, to intercede and have charity for *all men*, for this is good and acceptable in the sight of

God, who will have *all men come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved*. Instead, therefore, of being established on the narrow basis of a sect, Religion here stands upon the broadest of possible foundations, *the equal protection of all*.

This liberality is so far extended that the Hebrews, ten of whose tribes had been carried into captivity by Sennacherib, King of Assyria, whereby the kingdom of Israel was extinguished; whose two remaining tribes of Judah and Benjamin were afterwards conquered by Nebuchadnezzar, and subjected to the Babylonians; whose returning captives, tributary to the Persians, Greeks and Romans by turns, except a small interval of independence under the Maccabees, were finally scattered over the face of the earth, after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus; the Jews, I say, are treated with so much liberality that they possess the same municipal rights and privileges of citizenship with other persons, and though not collected into a political society, are, after a long subjugation, once more a Free People.

O Religion! thou who dwellest not on the tongues and lips but in the hearts and minds of men, pure, plain and evangelic as thou wert when Jesus of Nazareth revealed thee, visit, O visit us with thy comforting presence! descend from Heaven in thy white and spotless form, so that seen without disguise we may know, and knowing love thee! for from thee, when worldly enjoyments lose their relish or fade away, proceeds the lively assurance of a happy immortality beyond the grave! The full and perfect enjoyment of religious freedom offers itself as another inducement for you to love your country.

VII. The privileges of a *free press* are so great that I consider them essentially necessary both to the existence and continuance of a free government. The domestic consumption of paper in this country is very great, and of the quantity consumed a large proportion of the coarser sort is worked into gazettes and pamphlets. These, which are the vehicles of every sort of intelligence, are carried by the mail

and by private posts to all parts of the country. The actual state of things is in these ways laid before every man in his own house, and he may inform himself how matters are circumstanced in the most distant places without quitting his business or leaving his home. The means of obtaining knowledge are then so much facilitated that he who remains ignorant of public measures has nobody but himself to blame. While he enjoys an opportunity which he will not improve, he cannot complain of governmental interference to stop the channel of intelligence; but these channels are not only free, they are also rich and tintured with everything that is poured into them. Hence it comes to pass that proceedings concerning elections, transactions of the legislature, decisions of courts of law and equity, proclamations by the executive, appointments to offices and removals from the same, are quickly laid before the people, that they may know what their interest requires them to do with regard to the choice of representatives, and then what those who are elected have done or are going to do. Strictures on the conduct of public men and speculations on the tendency of public measures form a large proportion of newspaper discussion, as a review of the publications made while the Federal Constitution was under consideration, while the last contested election for the office of Governor of New York was the object of inquiry, and while the conduct of the Minister from the French Republic was the topic of animadversion, amply evince.

The liberty of the press is not only free but *uncontrolled*, for it does not appear that anything like a ministerial authority is exercised in the suppression of anything which an author wishes to publish, nor in the tortuous prosecution of a printer for what comes from his shop. If in any case, therefore, a printer enlists on the side of a prevailing party, it arises from his particular political sentiment.

In this respect our condition is greatly preferable to that of the English, where the name and semblance of a free press indeed remains, but where

informations for libels have of late so often been *filed* by the Attorney-General, and brought to issue with a vengeance before *special juries*, that under the forbidding threats of royal proclamations a writer who has no desire to undergo a trial must applaud the existing government or lay down his pen. And this opposition to free discussion has been carried so far that in June, 1793, the first number of a periodical work called the "British Critic" appeared, whose object is to gain celebrity and profit to writers in favor of the Crown and Church of England. When you then consider, my fellow citizens, the *real freedom* of the American press, and compare it with that which exists in what has been called the most free country in Europe, you will see cause enough for admiring and preferring in this respect the unequalled advantages of the land in which you dwell.

VIII. The establishment of a militia, in which the most able bodied and middle aged men are enrolled and furnished with arms, proceeds upon the principle *that they who are able to govern are also capable of defending themselves*. The keeping of arms is, therefore, not only not prohibited, but is positively provided for by law; and these, when procured, shall not rust for want of employ, but shall be brought into use from time to time, that the owner may grow expert in the handling of them. The meeting together of the youth now and then to exercise in arms, and to discipline themselves for reviews at regimental and brigade parades, is intended to infuse a martial spirit and qualify them for defensive operations.

I enter not into the discussion of the question whether such a militia be wisely established or not. I only remark the prudence of the people is such that government is not afraid of putting arms into their hands, and of encouraging expertness in the use of them. These weapons serve for the defence of the life and property of the individual against the violent or burglarious attacks of thieves, a description of persons happily very small among us. They are ready at hand, if

need require, to suppress any mob or insurrection, which, by the bye, is a rare occurrence, that may threaten mischief within the government; and also, by their means, security is afforded against foreign incroachment and invasion; while, at the same time, the bearer, unfettered by oppressive *game* and *forest* laws, and without the restraint of a license, may amuse himself with hunting and fowling when he pleases.

These are great privileges, and as such ought to be highly valued; and misery may be expected to follow with hasty strides any attempt to deprive you of them. A comparison of our situation in this respect with the great body of people in other parts of the world cannot fail to turn the balance so completely in our favor that this consideration offers itself as another very cogent reason, very cogent, I say, for prizing this—this—this, Gentlemen, singularly favored country.

IX. The conversion of all our *old* tenures of lands, in New York particularly, into Free and Common Socage, and the granting of all *new titles* from the Land-office, in pure Allodium, are noble advantages indeed! The purchaser enjoys his property free and clear from all superiors, and, if he be a poor man and can buy but little, that little is his own; he is its master and proprietor; he enjoys it independent of exacting landlords; if he improves it, the improvements are his own; if he grows weary of it, he sells it to whom he will; if he makes a testament, he can devise it according to his pleasure, provided he entail it not; if he dies intestate, the laws make equal distributions among his children, or, in default of these, his other representatives. Hear how the poet describes the condition of an American farmer:—

In fair Columbia's realms how chang'd
the plan!

Where all things bloom, but first of all
things, Man!

Lord of himself, the independent
swain

Sees no superior stalk the happy
plain;

His house, his herd, his harvest, all his own,
His farm a kingdom and his chair a throne.*

Compare this with any other region, and judge if there is any in the world that equals it. But why should I insist on comparisons where there is no analogy? Contrast the above description, then, and see the difference between such a situation and tythepaying, rack-rented, tax-oppressed, poverty-stricken peasantry throughout the greater part of Europe, and rejoice that your better fortune has given you a substantial interest in such a soil as this.

These blessings which we enjoy will, I trust, under the smile of Divine Providence, be continued to our people, and go on to increase, unless by their perverseness the bright day of their happiness be overcast. Our present possessions are a sacred deposit in our hands, and it is our duty to deliver them not only unimpaired, but *improved*, to our children, who are bound by a similar obligation to transmit them in a still more improved condition to their children, through whom they, as a rightful inheritance, ought to defend to their children's children, and proceed improving as they pass to the latest posterity.

It would seem that a country upon which the Blessings of Heaven were so bountifully poured out, must contain a collection of people attached to a man of its free and liberal government; yet, strange as it may appear, sorrowful to relate! almost incredible to tell! there is reason to believe the existence of persons within it strongly disaffected to this beneficent system. Prejudiced in favor of monarchy, they pant for crowns and royal distinctions; or, jealous of republican equality, they wish to establish an aristocracy.

Weep over thy degenerate sons, O my afflicted country! mourn, for thou hast cause to mourn their disobedience and ingratitude! they who have been nursed in thy lap and cherished in thy bosom, unmindful of former favors, now injuriously spurn at thee! They who participate the good things thou afforest, revile, even in the act of

enjoyment, the hand that feeds them! with unaccountable folly they perplex and disturb thy peace, and in desperate madness prefer, genuine parent, an ungenerous step-mother to thee! reclaim them with gentle management, if thou canst; if not, cause the weight of thy indignation to fall heavy upon them; but thou art good, and wilt spare the scourge as long as forbearance from chastisement is safe; yet, when provocation is added to neglect, and repeated insults to provocation, thy patience will at last get exhausted, and rising terrible in thy anger, thou shalt reduce them to an observance of order, or send them howling from the land.

I wish, my dear friends, what has been offered may be kindly received, as I address you not in the style of a holiday orator, but under the full conviction that the genuine and candid sentiments now communicated are *right*. When I speak to you in sincerity, I hope no exceptions will be taken at the freedom of discussion. "Who is here so base that would a *bond-man* be? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a *freeman*? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that would not *love his country*? If any, speak, for him have I offended."

Although so much has been said in favor of this country, I would not be thought blind to its faults. Blemishes are discernible, not to be concealed by hyperbolical eulogium nor varnished over by the gloss of words. Where find we perfection? The fairest day has its clouds, and the sun himself is not without his spots. I shall not dwell long on this part of my subject, but merely enumerate the glaring deformities which disfigure it, to show you that I see them, and earnestly hope they will be soon removed.

Imprisonment for debt, capital punishments, domestic slavery, the Indian war, neglect of the old soldiers, duelling, retention of insignificant titles, carelessness about education, seem to be the chief objects of reproach to us, which doubtless will be done away when right reason shall gain the ascendancy over the human mind, and

* Dwight's Epistle to Humphreys.

the actions of men be regulated by its dictates.*

Such are the sentiments I had to communicate to you; but I cannot take my leave without congratulating you, as brethren, on the happy return of this *festive day*. As often as the year revolves the social principle of our Institution draws together its members, to participate in one general meeting the glow of brotherly affection. Under the presiding influence of our worthy Father, this happy family enjoys, on occasions like this, one mind and one soul; for unanimity and concord shine forth from each countenance and seem to have taken possession of every breast. Rightly, you remember, that while great principles of conduct already touched upon regulate your deportment to the Brotherhood of Mankind, the smaller, though not less strict, are the bonds that connect you together as members of this Association. And it is here that, to the duties you owe to the great body of your fellow creatures, are superadded those which in a more particular manner are due to this Institution and its

members. Actuated by such noble and laudable motives, I hope the Fellows of our Order may stand conspicuous both as good citizens and honest Friars. In this double capacity they will have ample scope for the display of public spirit on the large theatre of the world, and of private benevolence on the smaller stage of the Friary, where, if each acts well his part, he will make his exit at last, not only amidst the plaudits of men, but under the favor of approving Heaven.

That this may be the lot of all who are within the reach of my voice, and of all beyond it, is my fervent prayer, so that after practising the offices of patriots and brothers in the land of their residence and nativity, men may be so habituated to good deeds, and so perfected by the practice of them, that their passage shall be easy from this their earthly dwelling-place to that happier Mansion above, where the spirits of the virtuous free revel in millennial joys, and participate the good things in store for such as live a life of rectitude!

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS,

MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

In the winter of 1779-1780 Gen. Geo. Washington had his headquarters at Morristown, N. J., on a high hill, commanding a fine view of the town. About one mile away from where he and his family resided Washington's troops were encamped. It was a long, hard winter; the officers shared the hardships with the men, and everything was a scene of desolation. Washington, to give the men something to do, and to keep them from mutiny, caused an earth-work to be thrown up on a hill just outside of Morristown, and called it "Fort Nonsense." A stone now

marks the spot where this fort was situated.

The house which Washington occupied with his family that memorable winter still stands, a memento of the great Commander. Some advised destroying it, but a Revolutionary Society has taken it under its protection, and it is now kept in good repair. This old type of Colonial days remains unchanged, except for a new coat of paint, and a few repairs necessary to its preservation.

As we enter the gate we see before us a large, well-kept lawn, and at the

* If we attack oppression (says Mr. Condorcet) before we have taught the oppressed, we shall risk the loss of liberty and rouse them to oppose the progress of reason. History affords proofs of this truth. How often, in spite of the efforts of the friends of freedom, has the event of a single battle reduced nations to the slavery of ages! And what is the kind of liberty enjoyed by those nations who have recovered it by force of arms, and not by the influence of philosophy? Have not most of them confounded the *forms of republicanism* with the *enjoyment of right*, and the *despotism of*

numbers with liberty? How many laws, contrary to the rights of nature, have dishonored the code of every people which has recovered its freedom during those ages in which reason was still in its infancy! The perfection of political wisdom (adds Mr. Stuart) consists not in incumbering the machine of government with new contrivances to obviate every partial inconvenience, but in removing gradually and imperceptibly the obstacles which disturb the order of nature, and (as Mr. Addison somewhere expresses it), "grafting upon her institutions."

end of this lawn the house of Gen. Washington. It is painted white; the old door is truly antique. It opens in the middle, and has two posts on each side. Between these posts are windows, cut up into small panes. Let us first explore the grounds of this historic mansion. If we go to the right corner of the front lawn we are standing on the very spot where Washington's body-guard was encamped, in plain sight of the house. Two brass cannons are pointed from the grounds—one toward the right, the other toward the left. If one were to go to the right side of the house, he would see there three old cannons standing in a row. One of these guns is called "Old Nat." It was furnished to Capt. Nathaniel Camp by Gen. Washington for the defence of Newark, New Jersey. These guns seem ridiculously small in comparison with the cannons of these later days.

At the back of the house is an old-fashioned garden, laid out very prettily, in which are all kinds of flowers grown in Washington's time. In the west corner of the garden is "a part of the steeple of the First Presbyterian Church of Morristown, N. J." This church was erected in 1792.

Let us now return to the house. We ascend three steps to the door. Entering a room to the right, the first thing that commands our attention is the original commission given to Washington, dated June 19th, 1775, and signed by John Hancock. We pass from this room to the one back of it, in which is a collection of old crockery. The next room is the kitchen, where one is at once attracted by the old-fashioned fire-place. There are many old kitchen utensils, some of them quite unique. Returning to the hall, we enter the second room to the right, which is the Autograph Room. Here are letters written entirely, or signed by Washington, some written from Morristown (then called "Morris Town") by him. There is also a letter written by an officer, who assisted in the execution of Maj. Andre, telling about that event.

In the hall of this old house are pictures of Washington, Lady Washington and Lafayette. The portraits of Washington are by Stuart and Peale. We

now ascend a winding staircase into the second and top story of the house. There is one large room in the center, with two smaller rooms on either side.

In the largest room are medals, guns and old books, pertaining either to Washington or to the Revolutionary War; also bullets from several battles, and in a corner is one link of the chain which was stretched across the Hudson River at West Point, May, 1778, to keep the English ships from coming up the river. This one link weighs one hundred and four pounds. The two rooms to the left are portrait rooms, in which are small portraits of all the great Revolutionary heroes. The two rooms to the right contain a miscellaneous collection of relics, pictures, etc. In one of these rooms is a clock, said to be one of the first used in this country. In the other room the principle things are the sword and suit of clothes, consisting of coat, knickerbockers and vest, worn by Washington at his first inauguration as President of the United States, April 30th, 1789. The garments are made of silk.

When we go down stairs, we enter the rooms to the left, which we have not yet visited. In the first one are pictures. There is a very good engraving here of Washington crossing the Delaware, also pictures of the marriage of Geo. Washington with Martha Custis (1759), and of Paul Revere.

Two of perhaps the most unique things in this old mansion are paintings on glass. The glass is cut out so that the characters stand out from the back-ground. The first picture represents two old ladies taking tea, and the second, a man cutting out the model of a ship. They are very well executed.

May posterity remember that the foot-steps of that great Commander, and still greater *man*, reverberated through those halls, and hear the echo down the long corridors of Time, as they themselves tread those sacred rooms, and may the house long stand a monument to the immortal name of Washington, who made it his abode through the dreary winter of 1779-'80, and the stars and stripes wave long from the flag-staff of Washington's headquarters at Morristown.

RUTH F. BLACKLER.

BITS OF HISTORY.

COMPILED BY MARGARET CARPENTER HODENPYL

FROM A BUNDLE OF OLD LETTERS.

Broadway in the springtime! Instantly, at the words, there flashes into mind the great busy thoroughfare of the metropolis, with its miles of tall buildings, each seeming to vie with the other in trying to reach the sky overhead, each teeming with busy workers. A long, broad, treeless street whose pavements burn and blister with heat in summer and are a menace to life and limb when snow-covered in winter. The street itself is a confusing mass of horses and wagons, clattering noisily over the stones; and added to all is the constant clanging of the cable car's gong! What an indescribable scene of noise and confusion, so familiar to us all, and what a contrast to the Broadway in the springtime of 1777.

Then it was also a broad street, but not a treeless one. Its earth sidewalks, lined on each side with stately and beautiful trees, extended from the Battery, with its picturesque park, fine houses, and lovely unobstructed sea view, away up into the *country*, namely, to the City Hall Park, or Commons, as it was called. How quaint and quiet it was, with the comfortable homes of New York's prosperous citizens on either side of the street, and the prim hedges of box, the groves of locust trees so fragrant in the springtime, and the gardens filled in summer with holly hocks, and poppies and white roses. The beach, elm, and tulip trees vanished long ago with the people who moved under their pleasant shade, and into the velvet lawns the iron car track has cut its ruthless way.

The City Hall stood then (on its present site), so *very* far up town, thought the wise men of that day, that the city would surely never grow much beyond *that* limit, and therefore it seemed an useless expense to their frugal minds to build the *whole* building of marble, as the *back* of it would never be noticed. So they decided that brown stone would do for the part that was never to be seen, and there it stands to-day, with its marble front and brown stone back, a quaint memorial of old time economy.

On either side the Commons, stood handsome houses with pretty gardens.

Where the *Times* Building now stands was the Brick Presbyterian Church, in whose graveyard many of my ancestors were buried. In one of the comfortable houses on Broadway, near what is now Park Place, not far from the Commons, lived my ancestress, Nancy Thompson.

Picture to yourselves a large roomy house, with great pillars reaching to the roof, with gables over doors and windows, and a broad reception hall extending from front to rear. The high ceilings and walls of the antique dining-room were of oak blackened with age, whose joists and big panels were imported from England, in the days of Colonial splendor that preceded the Revolution. It had a quaint old mantel piece whose tiles told the youngsters of that day the story of the prophets Elijah and Jonah, and of the Prodigal Son, with a serene disregard of all known laws of perspective. In the parlor an old mirror, extending from floor to ceiling, often reflected the forms of the brave men and lovely women who gathered in that hospitable home.

Up and down the broad staircase, with its high mahogany baluster, had often swept in colonial days the belles of old New York, robed in silken gowns and satin petticoats, high-heeled shoes, patches and powder, escorted by gentlemen as elegant in velvet breeches and brocaded waistcoats, lace ruffles and long silk stockings, and shoes with gold, silver, or even diamond buckles. No mere fops, they, but gallant men ever ready to draw their sword in defence of honor.

The lofty walls of the parlor, old letters tell us, were painted in light colors; the cut-glass chandelier filled with candles, hung from the ceiling, and similar clusters of glass pendants were on the mantel-piece, side by side with the quaint silver candlesticks, which are still so highly prized by the present generation of the family. Heavy carpets of a very large pattern covered the floor, and the parlor furniture of satin and ebony, stiff and uncomfortable in shape, and that of the sitting-room, still more stiff and uncomfortable, of mahogany and horse hair, were dear to Aunt Nancy's heart.

We cannot fail to notice, as we turn in from the quiet shady street, the spotlessly clean porch with its bench on either side the steps, and the big brass knocker on the door, whose brightly polished face beams a benignant welcome. In front of us stands the City Hall in its well-wooded park. Trinity Church, and old St. Paul's with its back turned towards the street as if in mute appeal to passers by to turn aside from every day affairs and cast their thoughts on better things, standing where they do to-day, their spires showing through the trees.

The Battery was only half as large then as it is now; its walks were not the twisting Chinese puzzle of cement that they are to-day, but rambling, unkempt places, with here and there wooden benches. There was no seawall; the tide ebbed and flowed among the rocks, making pleasant music as it lapped their huge sides and ran singing up the white beach, or in stormy weather, lashed the shore in fury and died away in a seething mass of foam. The breezes were fresh from the salt sea, and the air in the spring and summer, full of the harmony of whispering leaves, and song of birds. No deafening shriek and rumble of elevated trains marred the peaceful beauty of the scene. Castle Garden loomed up on one side as a mighty fortress, and in these troublous days a few cannon pointed their mouths towards the bay. It was these very guns my great-grandfather Elias Nexsen, a merchant of old New York, with others of the Sons of Liberty, carried away from the Battery under the steady fire of the British ship Asia.

Here in this lovely spot the belles and beaux of fashion daily bent their steps, and here, no doubt, in little groups and knots the earnest hearted patriots met and talked over the stirring events of the times. But a stone's throw away, on Bowling Green, was the British Headquarters, and a bitter black blot upon the sweet beauty of the scene, to loyal eyes, must have been the British ships down the bay. Worse still, a blacker, crueller blot over towards the Brooklyn shore the prison ships lay, in whose terrible

confines, huddled together, dying like cattle of a plague, more brave men gave up their lives than fell during the whole war on the field of battle. I am sure many an eye was wet with bitter tears as it looked yearningly over towards these awful mouths of the pit, in which were imprisoned its heart's best and dearest, never to come out alive again. We have but to read Philip Treneau's "British Prison Ships" to learn what these brave men endured for their country's sake. I find in some old papers accounts of their sufferings almost too dreadful to read. It was a treat to them to be one of the party detailed to go ashore to bury their companions who had died, easy victims to fever's dreadful sway; and be able to dig their bare feet in sand, and feel the grass and earth touch their flesh once more. Little handfulls of dirt were carried furtively back to the ship to be hoarded as a precious possession, and bits of it were given to less fortunate comrades.

But let us turn away from this sad scene, and enter the hospitable house-door, now open, and meet the sweet-faced, bright-eyed woman, whose cordial hospitality was a by-word among her friends. God-fearing, upright, devoutly loyal to her church, the dear old Dutch Church, and to her country, until now Aunt Nancy's life had been a very happy one in her lovely home with her mother and brothers. But the war brought sad changes, as war always does. Her youngest brother, Alexander, my great-grandfather, was in the army with Washington, and dreary work it must have been to wait the long time required in those days of slow travelling for word from the seat of war. Handsome and impetuous, a boy under twenty, this harum-scarum young lieutenant, was very dear to the faithful hearts at home, as many old letters testify, and the anxieties and fears for his welfare, both physical and spiritual, are very pathetic reading even after a hundred years have passed, even though their stilted style and ceremonious phraseology call forth a smile.

Lots of good times had had their day in this house before the war began. Aunt Nancy was very popular

among her friends. She was a famous cook. "Aunt Nancy's mince meat" means yet to the fifth generation of her descendants a something so savory and toothsome, as to make both the eating and the remembering of it a delight. Of brave old Colonial stock, lineal descendants of Governor Peter Stuyvesant on one side, and Baron Resolve Waldron on the other, the Thompsons kept open house to all the old New York families of the day, and a great grief it was to both Aunt Nancy and Uncle John, that so many of the friends they loved and honored chose to hold to the British crown, instead of joining the Federalists. A budget of old letters gives bright and quaint descriptions of many lively gatherings and assemblies, and of some very fascinating toilets worn there. One short extract I quote: "Madame Hamilton, (wife of Genl. Alexander Hamilton), had tea with us to-day. She wore a gown of primrose satin over a petticoat of brocade. She is an exceeding sweet and gracious woman."

It will be hard for the women of to-day, who are too young to remember the late Civil War, to realize the ardor and enthusiasm of the women of the Revolution. Our grandmothers and our mothers put *self* aside, and the idea of *patriotism*, giving up that which is near and dear for *country's* sake—was to them second only to their devotion to God.

Those were stirring times in the little city of New York. The Sugar House was a word of terror. James Thompson, Aunt Nancy's second brother, was one of the men imprisoned there by the British, and all his property and belongings were confiscated, and his wife and children turned out of house and home, because he was known to be an ardent Federalist, and could not be induced to take out a British protection. "*British protection*," the words were to Aunt Nancy until the day of her death as is the proverbial red rag to the mad bull. How she sniffed at and scorned those who had so great a love of ease and so much fear of personal discomfort and danger that they preferred paying allegiance to the hated English King

than to be willing to endure hard things for principle's sake!

When the hard time came, and James was imprisoned, and it was plainly told them that they, too, must take out a "British protection" or leave the city, their friends flocked around them begging them to submit to the inevitable. But little they knew Aunt Nancy! In the few hours' grace that was given them she went swiftly to work, and with pale face and tightly drawn lips she prepared to leave her home, not knowing if she would ever see it again. The silver was buried secretly in a safe place, and, sorely against her will at being compelled to ask any favor of those of whom she felt such great impatience, other valuables were stored with the friends who had knuckled under to King George's power, and so could remain safely at home. They were allowed to take nothing with them but what they could carry themselves, and so Aunt Nancy might have been seen to walk away in a less sprightly manner than usual. Her gait was slow and labored, and, no doubt, sorrowing and regretful friends ascribed it to her heart pain and reluctance at leaving home: but in after years, when she was an old, old woman, my father tells me, she used to shake with laughter as she often gleefully told him how on that memorable day she wore no less than *seven* satin petticoats, which all goes to prove that women were women even then. Poor Aunt Nancy, I think under such circumstances she earned them.

I have but few details of the journey, by which they left New York and went by slow stages to Bottle Hill, now Madison, New Jersey, but from bits here and there, in a bundle of old letters, and little anecdotes my father, when a little boy, remembers to have heard her tell, I know it was full of hardship and discomfort. They remained at Bottle Hill until the British evacuated New York. When Washington and his soldiers entered the city, Aunt Nancy's young brother, now a Captain in the Corps of Artillerists and Engineers, marching at the head of his troops, found the old home still safe, and sent for his family to return.

Here let me digress long enough to

speak of two curious and rather interesting facts about this same Captain Thompson. He was the engineer who drew up the plans for the famous battle of Yorktown, and these same original plans hang to-day in the library of the Military Academy at West Point, with my great grandfather's portrait in his uniform, presented to the United States Government by the family. Also that for some reason his company, in the 2nd Corps of Artillerists and Engineers, Lieut.-Col. Stephen Rochefontaine, commanding, was never disbanded, and is therefore legally in existence to-day, the only part of the Continental Army so existing. This fact was made the subject of a memorial to Congress some years ago by the War Department, through Major Asa Bird Gardner, of West Point, for which purpose all my great grandfather's papers, commission, portraits and letters were borrowed by the Government.

But to return to Aunt Nancy. Their friends and neighbors welcomed them gladly, and they had the supreme comfort, not given to every one in that hard time, of coming home, digging up their treasured silver, collecting their household gods around them, and once more settling down to live. Family history is silent on the subject of the seven satin petticoats. I cannot tell you if they, too, all came back, or if under stress of circumstances they were bartered for the necessities of life during the stay at Bottle Hill.

That exile at Bottle Hill was hard and had in it much that was distressing to a tenderly nurtured woman. With the existing means of communication, Bottle Hill was to all intents and purposes as far away as Omaha is from us to-day, and it was no easy matter either to get word into the city from without or to receive any message from within. The sufferings of the prisoners in the Sugar House need not be here detailed, history has the record. Aunt Nancy had to leave with the knowledge that her brother was confined in that hideous den; she could do nothing to relieve that brother's family, who would have suffered actual want had not their friends and neigh-

bors, the Irvings (parents of Washington Irving), tenderly sheltered and cared for them. All this meant a bitter wrench to Aunt Nancy's loving heart, and a sore trial to her faith, but I cannot find that even for one moment she faltered. Right was right and truth was truth. Next to God came country in the almost stern creed of that day.

Nancy Thompson had two other brothers beside James who were also prisoners of the British, but were confined in the prison ship "Jersey." William Thompson, the oldest brother, succeeded after a time in making his escape, but died shortly after from the effect of his sufferings and privations while imprisoned, and Robert Thompson, next oldest to my great-grandfather, was one of those true martyrs who were sold by the British and sent with a number of others to the East Indies. He died of the plague (probably cholera) very soon after reaching there, I think, as all trace of him was lost, despite the grèat efforts of his brothers to find him.

How glibly we say over the pregnant motto of our Society. Its sonorous words are music to our ears and we smile approvingly at their rythmic cadence. But to most of us it has no such meaning as had such words to the women of the last century. "Liberty, Home, Country." Many good women make it a boast to-day that they know nothing of the affairs and management of the nation. And a woman who is interested and dares to hold and to express an opinion on such matters, and who believes in not merely a *toleration* for, but a real *love* of, country, is eyed somewhat askance and counted queer. Not so felt the women of the Revolution. Can we not imagine how eagerly they talked and thought of these things that we pass by so easily. How they worked and prayed; how they gave their best of everything! Instances are recorded by the score of how they tore into strips for bandages and lint their precious stores of finely spun linen, in so many cases the work of their own hands, and of how they melted their pewter household vessels for bullets! Nothing, nothing was withheld by *them*.

God has not asked of us the work or sacrifices He asked of our great-grandmothers in 1776, nor of our grandmothers in 1812 or 1833, nor yet of our own mothers in 1861. On them was laid the awful cross of complete surrender of all that life held best and dearest.

Daughters of the Revolution, let us rouse ourselves and face squarely and calmly the problem before us. We are *not yet* called to send forth our husbands and sons to fight the servants of a foreign king, but the time *has* come, when if they be true men and true citizens they must fight hand to hand a mightier and more insidious foe the prince of evil. His servants, vice and greed, theft and falsehood, are rampant in our land. The clean hands and pure heart of Holy Writ are almost not to be found in high places. Theft, perjury and impure lives, bribery and all manner of corruption and sin are no drawback to occupancy of office.

And our fair land bought with such a price by our forefathers, and rescued again and held together in its wonderful integrity at such awful cost by our fathers, must *now* be again purified of this corruption. And to whom does this work of purification belong primarily, if not to the true women, the wives and mothers of to-day? Most especially, to those descended from the men and women who struggled to gain the land in the first place from the oppression of Great Britain and make of it a nation by itself. Shall we not teach our sons and daughters that there *is* such a thing as patriotism, a pure, *unselfish* love of country, and that every true citizen owes it to his country to fight every time and all time against fraud and wrong.

Let us teach our children to love and reverence our flag; let us use our influence *always* for truth and purity in public office, as well as in private life. Our influence gently and wisely exerted will be a mighty power for good; our faces set resolutely away from anything that even savors of greed and self-seeking will, in the end, turn others in the same way.

We women owe our country a mighty debt. In no other country do women hold the high position that

they do in this favored land of ours. Shall we receive *all*, and give *none*?

When the Lord brought the children of Israel out of Egypt into the land of promise, the land flowing with milk and honey, that they might never forget His leadings and His dealings with them, nor the horror from which He had delivered them, He instituted for them the Feast of the Passover, and instructed them what reply they were to make when their children should ask of them the reason of this feast (Exodus xii. ; 25-27): "And it shall come to pass where ye be come into the land which the Lord will give you, as He hath promised, that ye shall keep this service. And it shall come to pass when your children shall say unto you, 'What mean ye by this service?' That ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when He smote the Egyptians and delivered our houses. And the people bowed the head and worshipped. And the children of Israel did as the Lord Commanded."

We may well follow their example and bow our heads and worship, when we remember what the Lord did for our land, and may well teach our children that because of the dealings of the Lord with their forefathers *they* are bound to keep in its purity and integrity this great land, bought and held for them by such a baptism of blood. So shall we be worthy Daughters of our revolutionary sires! Let me leave this thought with you.

What manner of men and women were they who could do and bear such things for love of their country? And what manner of men and women are *we*, who can so easily forget them and their achievements? They sleep as sweetly beneath God's dew-wet grass as though a grateful nation held intact and pure the consummation of their patriotism. And yet—is it not well for us to pause sometimes, in these eager, hurried lives of ours, and ponder on the past and the loyal, faithful ones who made that past? Shall we not keep in lively remembrance those of whom we are so justly proud and whose honor is our glory?

THE SHOT THAT SAVED LIFE.

In the days when wolf and settler fought for forest and for plain,
And the sturdy Pilgrims grappled with the stones to sew their grain,
Home at sunset came John Hammond from his battle with the soil
And his strong brown hands yet trembled with the fierceness of his toil.
Where the path turned up the valley and the smooth stemmed birches white
Slanted o'er the scrambling brook and where his cabin came in sight
Alice always danced to greet him: "She's forgotten in her play,"
Thought the father, but with anxious face he hurried on his way.
At his door a neighbor met him, clasped his arm and said no word.
"Speak! The child, my Alice!" "Brother, be thou strong, and trust the Lord."
"Speak!" his lips were stretched, untrebling. "But a short half hour ago
She set out to meet you, Hammond." "Pray you haste, your words fall slow."
"I had come to beg a mattock, sudden, like a dash of rain,
Passed a redman bearing—something—do not follow her—'tis vain;
All the mountains throng with redmen, you would only find your death."
Hammond smiled a strange, shrunk grimace, "You've no Alice—save your
breath.

Get my musket from the chimney, saddle "Steel" and bring him here;
He that fought with Noll at Dunbar never turned him back for fear."
From the cabin came the mother; faltered, swaying as she moved,
Only murmured once, "God keep you," dared not speak the name beloved.
When he mounted she reached forward, held a homespun jacket old,
Saying gently, "Take her mantle, for the night wind soon blows cold."
Senselessly he took and held it; knotted in his belt one sleeve,
Then the tiny empty garment smote his stunned soul to believe.
Through the clove that spread behind him poured the sunlight's lengthening
beams,

Peaceful in the far blue valley wound the distant Hudson's streams.
Swift he rode and high before him all the kindling sky was bright
Though the road grew damp and shadowed every tree was tipped with light.
Fast he spurred to still his thinking, faster whirled his fancy's wheels,
Thoughts seemed pounding on his brain but with the pounding horse's heels.
"O, my child! O, eyes so trustful, smooth bright hair and broad sweet brow,
On what scenes of unnamed horror are those clear eyes looking now!"
Birds with trilled exultant singing hymn the passing of the day, .
And the sweet scents of the forest strengthen in the twilight grey
Now the hills are haze impurpled and the empty sky shines bare
And adown the western valley gold dust sprinkled gleams the air.
Hark, that sound! A bird? An echo from his horse's steady beat?
From the long slope there before him comes the stamp of flying feet.
"Speed, good horse, though from that thicket starts the foe that lurks beneath
I have strength to save my darling, though I save her by her death!"
On and on and on, like billows leaping to attain the shore.
Prone upon his horse the redman hides the burden slung before;
But the apron's scarlet flashes on the father's straining sight,
And he rises in his stirrups, gleam his eyes with sudden light.
Crash! his gun fired in the bushes startles all the echoes wild
And the redman, mad with terror, from his horse casts off the child.
Leap, good horse, one instant onward! He has caught her in his arm;
Holds her, he, the soldier, sobbing; holds her safe from every harm.
And with fresh lips rapid kissing clings to him the little maid,
Boasting, "Well, I glad you've got me, but I wasn't *much* afraid."

SARA KING WILEY.

CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH,

By NEW JERSEY STATE SOCIETY.

OLD TENNENT CHURCH, TENNENT, N. J.

On June 28th, the 116th Anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth was celebrated on historic ground by the New Jersey State Society of the Daughters of the Revolution. A special train conveyed the members and their guests from New York and vicinity to Tennent. Representatives of the Society were present from Camden, Manchester, Tom's River, the Oranges, Montclair, Fairview, Englewood, Lakewood, New York and Long Island. On arrival omnibusses conveyed the party to the quaint old church which stands on an eminence overlooking the battlefield.

The decorations of the church were most tasteful and acceptable. The ancient high pulpit was draped with blue and buff bunting caught back with the golden emblems of the society. The high galleries were also generously festooned with the national colors.

To the inspiring strains of "Hail Columbia," played by the organist of the church, Mr. Chalmers Rue, the Daughters entered the church in procession and took the places reserved for them in the high, old-fashioned pews. The edifice was already nearly filled with residents of the place and visitors from neighboring towns, and the whole audience joined heartily in the opening hymn, "America."

Miss Torrey, State Regent, N. J. Society, D. R., made the opening address as follows :

"Sons and Daughters of the Revolution and honored guests, in the name of the New Jersey Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, I greet you in this historic church.

"It seems passing strange to me that it should fall to my lot to bid you welcome, knowing too well how many others could fill the place to better credit. Still, little Jersey, nothing daunted, falls into line, obeying orders.

"How proud we should all feel to think that here we are, gathered from far and near, to celebrate the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of the battle fought upon this ground

sacred with tradition. We are in good fellowship with all men, and may the chain of peace still remain firmly welded together. . . . It is not for me to relate the story of the day, others have been detailed to that duty, but I feel that my lines have fallen in pleasant places when it is reserved to me to introduce the orators."

Miss Torrey then introduced the pastor of the church, the Rev. Frank R. Symmes, who extended to the Society a hearty welcome to his church and its surroundings.

Mr. Symmes sketched a brief history of the church, remarking, that as old as the present building is, yet it is the third building which has belonged to the Tennent church organization, adding the statement, "you are assembled in the same place that your ancestors worshipped in, twenty-five years before the battle of Monmouth."

The church is situated on an eminence and Mr. Symmes repeated the familiar tradition of Janet Rhea, who, when it was proposed to locate the church in the hollow, carried the cornerstone to the top of the hill where it now stands, with the remark : "I have always hearn of goin' op to the hoose o' God, not doon." He also said : "This is a Presbyterian church, and it is likely it always will be. We may not all be Presbyterians, but we are all of one faith, and one hope for our country. We are here in the interest of home and country."

Mr. Schuyler Colfax Woodhull, of Camden, was the next speaker. As he began his address Mr. Symmes interrupted him for a moment to state to the audience that the great grandfather of the orator, the Rev. Dr. John Woodhull, had once occupied the charge of Old Tennent. Before Mr. Woodhull had time to resume his speech an old gentleman arose and said : "Yes, and when I was a very small boy I heard his great grandfather preach from that very pulpit." Nowise disturbed by this incident, Mr. Woodhull delivered the following eloquent address.

OUR SOCIETIES.

ADDRESS BY MR. SCHUYLER C. WOODHULL.

No more fitting place for the exercises of the day could have been found in our State than this ancient and historic church. Raised on this spot by pious hands in the year of grace 1752, this edifice, alike from its situation and its sacred memories strongly challenges the veneration of all lovers of the historic past. Truly we stand upon historic ground. Here on this spot David Brainard, the devoted apostle to the red men, ministered to the child-like minds of those who had not turned westward "slowly and sadly to climb the distant mountains," as says Sprague, "to read their doom in the setting sun."

Within these walls have rung the sonorous tones of the great-voiced Whitefield; and from this pulpit the godly William Tennent and John Woodhull, of whose fervid patriotism I forbear to speak, with burning words inspired their hearers, rapt listeners from these very pews, to the loyal service of their country and their God. So interwoven was the patriotic with the religious spirit of our ancestors—who shall say what inspiration was taken into the field by the men of Monmouth on that scorching Sabbath, 116 years ago to-day, by the recollection of this little church or by the glimpses through the trees of its humble spire looking down upon the unaccustomed scene of hurrying, eager soldiers pressing forward to the fierce and bloody conflict?

Standing here to-day in this historic church, near the very ground made forever sacred by the valor, the blood and the yielded life of patriot sires, we, as the Daughters and Sons of the Revolution of the State of New Jersey, having come hither to recall the deathless fame of these, our ancestors, thrice welcome the Sons and Daughters of other States now present here. The soil is ours but not ours alone the glory. Without your presence most incomplete would be the celebration of this day. Of all the Revolutionary actions, of none than this of Monmouth is it more particularly appropriate that in its celebra-

tion all the societies, of the original States at least, should actively participate. This field was held, yes won, by the united heroism and devotion of the men of the newly united States. Side by side with the brave militia of this State fought the men of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and New York and Virginia, and of all the States. It was distinctively the arms of America which in this action humbled the pride of the surprised Briton and repulsed the stolid mercenaries of Hesse.

The Battle of Monmouth Court House is remarkable not only for the valor of the new American army and our old militia, for the rapid and perfect recovery of the men from the effects of the traitorous mismanagement of the early morning, but also for the activity and precision of movement under fire at close quarters during the day. Had it not been for the action of Lee and the strange want of orders to the eager Morgan, the victory would, indeed, have been a signal one. As it was, we glory in the achievement.

We, as the descendants of these patriot fathers, unite together here to accord them full meed of praise; to place here the garland of affectionate remembrance; to inspire our hearts and to further dedicate ourselves, not as patriotic men and women of any State, but as Americans, to the cause of that liberty, which having been wrought out by them upon such bloody fields as this, made America possible.

Let us for a moment, to stimulate our zeal and to give rein to our patriotic impulse, contemplate that day. It was a day to try the bravest. The combatants fierce and unyielding. The heat intense. For the victor, to valor must needs be added endurance, disregard of dying thirst, utter devotion to duty. Conjure the scene. There as shadows, upon yonder slopes, they stand again. Upon that rise to the east is Clinton with his aides, and Cornwallis, Gray, Leslie and Grant, and that red line of Britons which has been likened to the right hand of the power of God. Arrayed against them

on this western slope sits the great commoner, the noble Washington, who, through all the past vicissitudes, has been "steel proof against despair." His countenance, which a short time before had been terrible in wrath, is calm once more. With him are Greene and Stirling and our own Maxwell and Dickinson, Bloomfield, Ogden and Howell, and among the men of Monmouth, Conover, Montgomery, Scudder, Combs, Forman, the Schencks and Smocks, Rue, Ray, Van Brunt, Teneyck, VanCleve, and a host of other brave men side by side with the tried men of the Continental line, your ancestors and mine.

At middle day it was a fearful scene; where the fight waxed hottest it was sword to bayonet, no quarter and no retreat. The dead with blackened faces lay in heaps upon the dying. The fields were tremulous with scorching heat. Many a lip knew no cool draught that day, yet brave men with tongues swollen beyond speech, fought on. The grenadiers curse as they charge, without avail; the shirt sleeve farmers of Wayne and anon, the horses of the royal artillery, with nostrils wide and tongues lolling, the streaming sweat gullyng the earth as they pass, pause under the lash, tremble in the limbs, sway a moment and drop dead before the guns. And as the kindly shades of night fell like a benediction upon that patriot band bivouaced in arms upon the field, their weary eyes turned to the skies saw the gleaming stars in their courses, and above their heads in the zenith of the June heavens beheld a golden crown suspended there by a divine hand.

New Jersey lays claim to special Revolutionary glory. She was the path for the hostile forces of Briton. Her people suffered much and suffered long. Her defenceless residents were plundered and their houses burned. Particularly was this true of this county of Monmouth. Within her borders were roving bands of sympathizers with the crown who preyed upon the people: and yet they remained loyal to the end.

As frequently remarked, our State was the battle ground of the Revolu-

tion. From November 18th, 1776, when occurred the first action at Fort Lee, until that of June 26th, 1781, at Rahway Meadow, there were fought upon our soil thirty-four battles and engagements of more or less decisive character. We point with pardonable pride to the patriotism of our New Jersey ancestors, and the efficiency of our militia during this trying period, confident that they were excelled by no other State.

Nothing in connection with these ceremonies could be more appropriate than that we have been called hither to this celebration by the women of this State, the daughters of our fathers. To a woman, Penelope Stout, belongs the credit of being the cause of the earliest attempt to settle this county. It was a young woman, Lucretia Emmons, who within a few miles of this church loaded the guns for the untiring Captain Huddy and aided in the defence of his house against refugees. This same Huddy after his execution, was buried with the honors of war, and his funeral sermon preached from the Court House steps in Freehold, in April, 1782, by the great-grandfather of the speaker. It was the furnishing of the volunteers of Essex with tow frocks and pantaloons dyed blue, made by the hands of patriotic Jersey women which gave rise to the appellation "Jersey Blues."

It was a woman, who, upon this battlefield, fought with a heroic bravery equalling that of any of the men, and it is well that upon yonder shaft her deeds are blazoned in enduring bronze. Many are the incidents of loftiest patriotism which characterized the women of the Revolution. Full worthy are they to be named and revered together with their loyal husbands and sons willingly yielded by them to their beloved land. Their strength and nobility and sacrifice largely moulded the sentiment which held this field and won final freedom. The danger is that in recalling our fathers' deeds we lose sight of their self-sacrifice.

* * * * *

Under the auspices and in keeping with the objects of our societies we meet here to-day to fulfill the purpose of our organizations in perpetu-

ating, by proper ceremony, the memories of the men who here did so much towards achieving that independence in which to-day we glory. We meet here also to keep these same services before the public mind that by such commemoration the people of the several States who are citizens by adoption alone, perhaps, may be impressed with the inestimable legacies which they with us enjoy and may become alike alive to the blessings of true freedom and to the duties of a completer and more patriotic citizenship.

The establishment of our organizations was a most happy circumstance. We had become careless, we gave little or no thought to Revolutionary history and were grown Laodicean to the deeds of our fathers. Although retaining our patriotism in a general way, no purpose or direction was given it. We have cause for rejoicing to-day that this is no longer true. It may no longer be fairly charged that we suffer the same lethargy among us touching these matters. Our organizations have done signal service of late years throughout the whole country in counteracting that decline in patriotic interest which made necessary and indeed called them into being.

The Society of the Sons of the Revolution of New York was the first of those of like character in point of time of formation. It was originated in 1875 by John Austin Stevens, of New York, together with other gentlemen of patriotic ancestry. One of the objects of the Society, as expressed in the call of organization, was to take part in the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and the approach of the anniversary of American Independence was therein declared an appropriate time for the formation of a society on a broader basis than theretofore, which should include all descendants of those who served in the Army of the Revolution. The New York Society was instituted in pursuance thereof at the rooms of the New York Historical Society on Tuesday, February 22d, 1876. The next organization in point of time was a California Society entitled Sons of Revolutionary Sires, organized July 4th, 1876. In 1889 it reorganized,

changed its name, and was admitted to membership with the Sons of the American Revolution. Although instituted in 1876 the Sons of the Revolution were an inconsiderable factor as a body until the reorganization of the New York Society on December 4th, 1883. Subsequent to this the organizations maintained a steady and healthful growth, and have spread far abroad from the territory of the original States, and the distant Western States are to-day being leavened by the members of our organizations with a spirit of greater reverence for our institutions. The General Society of the Sons of the Revolution was organized at Washington, D. C., April 19th, 1890. The date of organization and the present numerical strength of the several State societies of the Sons of the Revolution is as follows :

New York, instituted Feb. 22d, 1876 ; reorganized Dec. 4th, 1883 ; membership, April, 1894, 1358. Pennsylvania, April 3d, 1888, 753. District of Columbia, March 11th, 1889, 185. Iowa, April 19th, 1890, 38. New Jersey, Jan. 6th, 1891, 100. Georgia, May 22d, 1891, 110. Massachusetts, Oct. 1st, 1891, 224. Maryland, April 11th, 1892, 93. Colorado, Feb. 22d, 1892, 40. Minnesota, April 17th, 1893, 47. California, May 8th, 1893, 30. Ohio, May 9th, 1893, 79. New Hampshire, June 19th, 1893, 30. And Connecticut with 38 ; Alabama with 12 ; Illinois with 22 ; Missouri with 61 ; North Carolina with 22 members. The five latter societies being instituted during the latter part of 1893 or the first of 1894, making a total membership of the Sons of the Revolution in April, 1894, of 3,235.

The call for organization of the New Jersey Sons was signed by 52 persons, six of whom failed to qualify, and the organization was effected in Trenton, Jan. 6th, 1891, with 14 in attendance. I believe that to George Mecum Connarroe, Esq., of the Philadelphia Society, himself a descendant of a New Jersey Sire, Major William Mecum, of Salem, belongs the credit of suggesting the foundation of the New Jersey Sons ; and his relative, Mr. Foster Connarroe Griffith, of Trenton, the present Registrar of the Soci-

ety, and Mr. William John Potts, of Camden, of the Penna. and N. J. Societies did signal service during the process of formation.

The General Society of the Daughters of the Revolution was organized in New York city, September 9th, 1891, and has a steadily increasing membership in thirty-two States, with ten organized State Societies.

The New Jersey State Society was organized Jan. 5th, 1892, and its work has been prosecuted with much energy from its organization. To the untiring zeal and executive ability of Miss Adeline W. Torrey, the Regent, is in large measure due its success and rapid growth.

In addition to these societies of ours there are many others founded more or less upon the same lines and devoted to kindred purposes. The order of the Cincinnati, the most ancient and exclusive, was founded in 1783. Other organizations have been founded within the last five years, among which the Colonial Dames and the Society of Colonial Wars are pre-eminent.

The advantage in our society, over some others at least, consists in the power of selection of the representative whether he claim from the Ranks or from the Line; and though perhaps this renders necessary greater care in the selection it is better calculated to longer preserve the society as a factor, and is as well more in accord with our Republican ideas. Our own societies have done much, and these other organizations also, towards stimulating historic research—in marking historic spots, and raising appropriate monuments to the men of the Revolutionary period. Much still remains to be done; but it is well that this be conducted advisedly. It would, it seems to me, be well if at some future time the line of march taken by the American Army from Corryells Ferry to this battle ground could at intervals be simply but significantly indicated. This method of marking along the roads the position of the troops as seen in the South on some fields of the late war is most interesting. Not zeal alone, but simplicity should properly characterize our organizations, as

more in accord with the ancestral spirit and the objects of our formation. Lavish expenditure should be discouraged and extravagances at our Society tables be deprecated.

Bismark, some years ago speaking of our nation, remarked that we were characterized by a vivid patriotism, but never, it seems to me, has this been more true than now. At no time has the flag been more honored. From the exercises in the Public Schools to the Flag Drills in the New York Italian Missions our emblem of unity and national existence is honored as never before. The Earl of Meath, during a recent visit to this country, was so impressed with the display of the Flag on our school-houses that on his return he donated fifty pounds to the London School Board for a similar display of the British emblem.

A few weeks ago, surrounded by sacred soil taken from Mount Vernon, Bunker Hill, Bennington and other historic fields, there was planted in California a liberty tree which may perchance lift its great branches toward the sun for centuries, like many of its kind. Two hundred persons during a single week were recent visitors at Valley Forge; more, probably, than for years previous to the meeting there of the Pennsylvania Sons.

The patriotic revival is undoubted. Can it be that these indicia of awakened patriotic life evidence a prescience of national upheaval or portend a yet unseen menace against the State? God forbid. Yet, indeed, there may lurk dangers unknown, and which seem now impossible for a long period to threaten the commonweal; and happy are we, and happy the State, should it by chance be true, if having counselled with and between ourselves, we may without boasting say: The old spirit flows still within our veins.

Patriotism is a sentiment, but a holy one. It glows with unquenchable fire. It is intangible but omnipotent. Sentiment caused that little tiger, the first Napoleon, to kiss farewell the golden eagles of his standards, and the same sentiment has thrilled whole armies with resistless power and made and unmade empires. Is it meaning-

less sentiment that we drink new ardor here to-day, where fought and fell our fathers? Is it empty sentiment that this dust is consecrated by their blood? The very grasses over yonder by the corner of the old parsonage of this church, for many years, grew more luxuriantly over the pits into which were thrown the dead grenadiers, who lay there in heaps like sheaves, mute evidences of American valor,—and shall it be too much to think, that into the very atmosphere, upon these days of sacred commemoration, exhales a fragrance blossoming from the dust of these devoted men, our fathers? Unmarked by the careless, it steals to-day subtly into our respondent consciousness as their daughters and sons; and fans into glowing the patriotic impulse which is ours by right of sacred inheritance.

It cannot be that we can to-day stand here, inspired by the deathless spirit of our fathers, surrounded by the sacred memories of this sacred spot, imbued with this life arising from their dead dust, which, to us, is ever immortal,—it cannot be, I say, that we can so stand here without an answering thrill at the contemplation of our heritage—and its willing price.

And, solemnly to-day, in this place,

WOMAN IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

ADDRESS BY MR. JOHN MILEY.

Daughters of the Revolution, "True descendants of a patriot line:" Every deed or work wrought for humanity had in its inspiration, its inception, its forlorn hope, its culmination and final triumph the spirit of woman.

Dux femina facti: a woman was the inspirer of the deed.

The world burns incense before the shrines of her heroes. Let us light the sacred fires on the altars of her heroines.

She is Deborah delivering Israel from him who had oppressed her mightily. She is Telesilla saving Argos from the Spartans. She is Boadicea striving against the Romans. She is the Woman of the Revolution who suffered much; yet was faithful, even unto death. She was the woman of the reel, the loom, the spindle, of homely household cares.

She was mother, nurse, teacher, in-

by the blood of those ancestors, in their names and in the name of that liberty which they achieved, we may well dedicate ourselves anew to the unswerving support of that legacy, to which we, in turn, freely pledge "our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor."

Next on the programme was Miss Sara King Wiley's recitation of an original poem, "The Battle of Monmouth,"* composed for the celebration of the previous year. The surroundings so full of historic suggestion, the bright sunlight, the former battle field seen through the open church door inspired the young poet and she spoke her lines with fire and spirit. This closed the programme of the morning meeting, and the audience adjourned to a tent erected at the foot of the hill where luncheon was served.

The afternoon session was opened by the singing of a patriotic song composed for the occasion by Edwin Russel Marvin to the words written by Miss Belle Ward. A sextette of trained voices rendered the song with effect.

Mr. John Miley, of Lakewood, was next introduced, and we rejoice that we are able to give his masterly address, which was delivered in simple, unaffected yet eloquent manner.

spirer. She nourished the body, the brain, the soul of her child; and so nourished, he absorbed, assimilated the strong milk of human liberty.

The men of Chæroneæ and Pharsalia strove for liberty and failed. They were slaves. The mothers that bore them were slaves.

The men of Saratoga were the sons of mothers who had in their veins such blood as flowed at Dunbar and Worcester. Such blood as John Eliot's: dying in a dungeon for the divine right of men. Such blood as John Hampden shed on Midsummer's Day on Chalgrove Field for the divine right of human freedom.

The men of Monmouth had in them the spirit of women, who had encour-

*For the words of this beautiful poem see October, 1893, number of this Magazine.

aged, sustained, upheld the cause of civil and ecclesiastical freedom, for a century and a half, against royal usurpation and kingly prerogative ; against church and state ; against mitre and sceptre ; and in the inspiration of the Woman of the Revolution the men of Saratoga and of Monmouth strove for liberty and achieved.

The English Reformation was the forerunner of the English Revolution. The English Revolution made the American Revolution possible. And both Reformation and Revolutions had in them the inspiration of woman.

It was a woman, Joan of England, wife of Edward of Woodstock, the Black Prince, who protected Wicklif, the Father of the English Reformation, stopped the trial at Lambeth, saved Wicklif's life so that the Bible might be translated out of the Hebrew and the Greek tongues into the English, that you and I speak, that the common people might read God's Word.

It was a woman, Anne of Bohemia, wife of Richard II., daughter-in-law to Joan, and unto her as Ruth to Naomi, who protected Wicklif's Bible and spread its pages over all the land.

It was a woman, Anne Boleyn, who put into the hands of Henry VIII. Tynsdale's Vindication of the Right of the common people to read God's Word. I like to think of the English yeomanry gathered about their firesides reading that Word without fear. And I like to remember that the descendants of that yeomanry fought valiantly for you and for me at Marston Moor that we "might have the liberty in which Christ hath set us free."

Anne Boleyn made the English Reformation possible. And her spirit waxed strong in her great daughter Elizabeth, who confirmed the English Reformation, secured the Edict of Nantes, and encouraged William of Orange to throw off the yoke of Rome and Spain.

What does not the Church of God, the cause of humanity owe to woman ?

The conditions under which the woman of the American Revolution struggled are not easy for us to understand, although we know something of the horrors of war. In the Civil War, the woman of the loyal North

paid no such wage of toil and martyrdom as the woman of the Revolution. Your ancestress toiled at the loom ; tilled the soil ; kept the savage, the wolf at bay ; watched, prayed, waited.

The woman of the North gave her loved ones in tears and pain for the cause of the Union ; but she knew that there was a strong Federal government solicitous for their care. There was an admirably organized commissary ; a medical and surgical staff, unequalled in history in its skill and appliances for field and hospital service. There was the Sanitary Commission caring for the health and comfort of the men ; the Christian Commission caring for both body and soul ; the railway, the telegraph made frequent communication ; the pay of the Federal soldier, always prompt, was adequate for her support ; the seat of war was far removed, and she knew none of the immediate dangers of war. The cold, the hunger, the nakedness of the men of Eutaw Springs and Valley Forge were unknown to the Federal soldier. The toil, the suffering, the self-denial of the woman of the Revolution was unknown to the woman of the Civil War.

All this, not to detract from the valor of the men that fought, or of the women that mourned that the Nation might live, but to intensify the devotion of the women whose virtue we recall to-day.

The woman of the Revolution was a plain woman, in the mass, uneducated as we know education for women ; but she was a thoughtful woman. She thought clearly and acted fearlessly.

She was hopeful, prayerful. "Hope thou in God" was whispered in her ear in every hour of toil or of bodily danger.

At first her prayer was for justice. Then it took on a higher plea, a plea for liberty, for independence. In the Providence of God her prayer was answered, her hope realized.

She had wrestled with the angel of mercy till the blessing came. But there were days and nights when she wrestled with the black-robed angel of war, of famine, of death ; but in the name of the Christ of the seven wounds she conquered.

Hers was a simple life. Her home,

her husband, her children, her church, her country, her God : these rounded out toil, pain, pleasure, love. To her, life was duty—duty life. But it never occurred to her that what she wrought was duty. With her, whatever the toil, it was love that toiled, not cold, cheerless duty. For her, it was to go forward rounding the weary day with prayer for strength for the labor of the next.

She feared no future for what it might have in store for herself ; she questioned it only for the cause and for the lives of those that she loved.

In the heart of this simple woman, in the soul of this sincere woman, in the spirit of this prayerful woman there dwelt by inheritance from an ancestry of haters of tyranny, the love of civil and ecclesiastical liberty.

That love she taught to her children. She made it the atmosphere of her home. She imbued father, husband, brother, son with it. She taught not disobedience to God or the King. She taught them to love God, honor the King. But she taught them a higher law : disobedience to tyrants is obedience to God.

It is said that Oliver Cromwell was the soul of the English Revolution. The soul of the American Revolution was woman agonizing in prayer.

The struggle was her Gethsemane. But one day she stood on her Pisgah, the Heights of Yorktown, the final triumph, and looked over into the Promised Land, the Canaan, the blessed land of Liberty, of God's chosen people, and her work was done.

You remember the picture of the old age and death of the Matron of the Revolution :

“ Amid all this, the centre of the scene,

The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread

Plied her swift wheel, and with her joyless mien

Sat like a Fate, and watched her flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her ;

Oft supped, and broke the bitter ash-crumb,

And even now she heard the stir

Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,

Her Country summoned and she gave her all ;

And twice War bowed to her his sable plume

Re-gave the swords to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the swords ; but not the hand that drew

And struck for liberty the dying blow ; Nor him, who to his God and Country true

Fell in the ranks before the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on

Likethelowmurmurofthehiveatnoon
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone

Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last, the thread was snapped ; her head was bowed :

Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene ;

And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud

While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.”

Oliver Cromwell died and the soul of the English Revolution had fled, and we have the weary story of the Restoration. But the woman of the American Revolution never dies. She lives on in her daughters.

The daughters of the mothers who sent out their very life blood to Concord and Lexington, taught the men of '97 to cry :—“ Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.”

And the daughters of the women of the Revolution in a third generation sent out the men with Scott at Lundy's Lane ; with Jackson at New Orleans ; with Hull and Lawrence on the sea ; with Perry and McDonough on the Lakes.

It was by the law of a noble inheritance that the women of 1812 saved to the Nation what the women of the Revolution gained for the Colonies.

And the daughters of the women of the Revolution in a fourth generation sent out the men to the Potomac, the Tennessee, the Mississippi ; on the deck of the Hartford, under Farragut,

in the futtock shrouds ; in the turret of the Monitor with Worden ; on the deck of the Kearsarge with Winslow.

It was by the law of *noblesse oblige* that the women of the civil war made this Union one and inseparable and human freedom a reality.

Woman the inspiration ; Concord and Lexington the inception ; Valley Forge the forlorn hope ; Saratoga the culmination ; Yorktown the final triumph.

That is the story of the American Revolution ; and through it all and in it all the inspiration of woman.

Well might the citizens of this Republic cry with Goethe :

Dass Ewigweibliche zieht uns hinan:
The woman-soul leadeth us upward and on.

Do you wonder that John Stuart-Mill, writing his immortal essay on Liberty, dedicates it to woman—its inspiration ?

Do you wonder that James Bryce, writing the greatest work on the constitution and national spirit of one country ever written by a citizen of another, declares that no nation owes to its women what America does ?

Behold what woman hath wrought.

Well might our Deborahs cry :
Praise ye the Lord for he hath delivered our Israel. So let all her enemies perish, O God ! but let them that love her be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.

I stood one morning before sunrise on the deck of a United States man of war in the Piræus, the harbor of Athens. The jack tars and the marines were at their posts. At the foot of the mainmast stood a quartermaster with the color ready to send aloft. Forward, on the port side a gun's crew had manned and loaded the sunrise gun, and the gunner stood with the lanyard held taut for the firing.

Out of the east, up from the Ægean Sea, came the sun. The bugles rang out their greeting to the day ; the flag we love floated to the maintruck ; the gun belched forth the greeting of the new Republic of the western world to the old Republic of Greece.

And then the echoes came. From the northeast from Miltiades and the men of Marathon. From the northwest from Leonidas and the men of

Thermopylæ. From the north from the men of Plataea and of Chæronea. And from the Carpenisi :

"Where at midnight in the forest shades

Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand."

The heroes of the rising sun of freedom, the heroes who strove for liberty and failed, echoing from the Hellenic Hills and the Isles of the Sea the salute of the men of the western world, who strove for liberty and achieved.

And I turned and looked toward Mars Hill and beyond to the brow of the Acropolis, where the Parthenon in stately splendor and the Temple of Victory in exquisite beauty were gilded by the morning sun. And I heard the echo of the voice of Paul the Apostle declaring to the ignorant worshippers of the unknown God, the God whom we adore, who hath made to be of one blood all nations of men ; and the echoes of the heroes of liberty-loving, Pagan Greece to the salute of liberty-loving, Christian America ; and the voice of Paul the Apostle filled the air and crossed the sea and filled this Republic—the inspiration of the woman of the Revolution—with the spirit of freedom and with the knowledge of the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the atonement in the Christ.

Miss Marie Potter Rogers read an interesting paper on Mollie Pitcher, which Mr. D. B. Sanford, of New Brunswick, supplemented with some anecdotes which he had heard from the lips of his grandfather, Ensign William Sanford, who fought in the Battle of Monmouth. The celebration closed with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," led by the choir. After the exercises parties visited the battlefield, and gazed reverentially at the stone slab which marks "Moll Pitcher's Spring."

The arrangements for the celebration were in the hands of Mrs. George Inness, Jr., Regent of the Montclair Chapter, assisted by a committee, and great credit is due her for the completeness with which every detail was carried out.

THE D. R. SCRAP BOOK.

COMPILED BY THE REGISTRAR GENERAL.

(MRS. MARY C. MARTIN-CASEY.)

In my researches during the last few years for authentic evidences of revolutionary service, I have gleaned from various sources many interesting incidents connected with the ancestors of our "Daughters." These incidents better exhibit the spirit which was abroad among all classes during those trying times, than ponderous histories giving only the leading events of the war, the movements of armies or actions of government.

I cannot but believe that a clear idea may be obtained of the Revolution from anecdotes of officers and soldiers, tales of individual heroism and exploit, first told around the camp fires by eye witnesses, and in after years repeated around the hearthstone, than from the most accurate transcripts of manœuvres by which battles were lost and won.

It is the fireside reminiscence that gives a fearful tale of the suffering and self-sacrifice of the class not usually noticed among those who live in history—of women who were inspired with a spirit equal to that which immortalized the Spartan mother.

These oft-repeated tales of men and women of 1776 are the surest preservers of a people's patriotism and a most certain link between the present and the past.

ANECDOTE OF THE HON. JAMES SCHUREMAN,

GRANDFATHER OF MRS. LOUISE FRANCES ROWE,
ALSO GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF MRS. LOUISE
S. DAVIS AND MISS J. K. SLUYTER.

The Hon. James Schureman was a prominent and influential man in New Jersey during the Revolution. After the war he served four years in Congress, was then sent to the United States Senate, and still later became Mayor of New Brunswick. On one occasion the militia of New Brunswick were called out to go against the enemy. Their Captain made a speech, urging them to volunteer. None complied save Schureman, then in the ranks. Having volunteered himself,

Schureman addressed his companions so eloquently that a company was formed immediately, which went to Long Island and engaged in battle there.

In the course of the war Schureman and George Thompson were taken prisoners by a party of British horse. They were confined for a short time in the guard-house in New Brunswick. From this place they were conveyed to New York, and sent to the Sugar-house. While here they succeeded in enlisting the sympathy of Philip Kissing, a Tory, who furnished them with money with which they purchased food. They bribed the guard to give them the privilege of the yard.

One night, having supplied the guard with liquor, into which they had put a quantity of laudanum, they dug through the wall and escaped to the upper part of the city, near where the old prison stood. There they got on board a small fishing boat, and, with a single oar, paddled across the Hudson to Paulus Hook, and thence proceeded to Morristown, where they joined the American Army.

ANECDOTE OF MRS. KATHARINE DE WALDRON BEEKMAN,

WIFE OF COL. SIDNEY BERRY AND GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER OF MRS. CHAUNCEY S. TRUAX,
EX-TREASURER-GENERAL D. R.

At one time the headquarters of General Washington were at the house of Mrs. Sidney Berry, of New Jersey. Her husband was at Saratoga attending to some private business, when General Washington, with his officers and troops, went forth to battle. Mrs. Berry and the wives of the officers who were with her were busily occupied in preparing bandages and wrappings for the use of the army, every sheet and article of linen in the house having been torn up for that purpose. She was harassed with anxiety lest her husband should not return to assume his post before the departure of the troops. He did not arrive in time, and she had the mortification of seeing

another appointed to the command of his men.

Some time after they were gone she heard the welcome sound of horse's feet, and Col. Berry rode up hastily, stopping only long enough to change his wearied horse for another. As he galloped down the lane leading from the house he heard his wife's voice calling, "Sidney! Sidney!" She was

leaning from a window, her hand stretched toward him, as eagerly soliciting his attention. He turned and rode within hearing. She wished merely to give him her parting words. These were: "Remember, Sidney, to do your duty! I would rather hear that you were left a corpse on the field, than that you had played the part of a coward."

(To be continued.)

ANCESTRAL REGISTER, D. R.

(Continued.)

ROBINSON, IDA MAY FROST (Mrs. Frank Tracy Robinson), great-great-granddaughter of Benjamin Adams (1728—), private in New Hampshire Militia. Prisoner on British Prison Ship "Jersey."

BROWN, HELEN EDITH (Miss), great-great-granddaughter of Peter Bourdette (1735-1826) and Rachel his wife, of Fort Lee, N. J.

LUDIN, MARION BERFORD ALLEN, (widow of Geo. A. Ludin), great-great-granddaughter of Jacob Strembeck (1755-1841) private and subsequently musician in 4th Regt. of Artillery, Col. Thomas Proctor's Penn. Line; Ensign, Capt. Jehu Eyre's Company of Artillery, Penna. Militia. Record of service from 1776 to 1781; also:— great-great-great-great-granddaughter of William Croluis, New York 2d Lieut. of 9th Co. Capt. George Janeway, Commissioned Sept. 15th 1776.

PAGE, ANNE GALBRAITH COOPER, (Mrs. Charles Page) great-granddaughter of Andrew Galbraith (1755—) Major in the Flying Camp from Cumberland Co., Pa., 1776. Taken prisoner and confined on one of the British Prison Ships in Walabout Bay, N. Y.

CARVILLE, KATHARINE J. CLINTON (Miss) great-great-granddaughter of James Clinton (1736-1812), Col. of 3d New York, 30th of June, 1775, to Jan., 1776, Col. of 2d New York, 8th Mar., 1776, Brig.-Gen. Continental Army, 9th Aug. 1776, Brev.-Maj.-Gen. 30th Sept., 1783.

MITCHELL, MARGUERITE SAYEN (Miss), great-great-great-granddaughter of Rev. Josiah Sherman, Chaplain of 7th Conn., 1st of Jan. to 6th Dec., 1777.

WALKER, SOPHIA POND (Mrs. John Walker), great-great-granddaughter of Charles Pond, Ensign 7th Conn. 6th July to 21st of Dec., 1775; 1st Lieut. 19th Continental Infantry, 1st Jan. to 31st of Dec., 1773; Capt. of 6th Conn. 1st Jan. 1777, resigned 20th of April, 1779. Member of Connecticut Society of Cincinnati; also:—

great-great-granddaughter of John William Gillett, Conn. private, Capt. Samuel Peck's Co. Col. Douglass Regt. at the Battle of White Plains, N. Y.; also:—

great-great-granddaughter of Ephriam Strong, Conn. Sergt. of Capt. Benj. Hines Co., Col. Thaddeus Cooks' Regt.; also:— great-great-great-great-granddaughter of Hercules Mooney, Lieut.-Col. and Col. New Hampshire Militia, 1776-1777.

CORY, FLORENCE ELIZABETH HALL (Mrs. Henry W. Cory), great-great-granddaughter of Ebenezer Hall (1730-1818), New Marlboro, Mass; also:— great-granddaughter of Isaac Hall (1764-1830), Commander of a troop of Light Horse, Conn. Militia, 1776.

FRENCH, SARAH L. WEBB (widow of James H. French), great-granddaughter of Christopher Webb, Conn. (1755—) private in Capt. John Douglass Co., July 17th, 1775; Sergt. in Capt. Eben Lathrop Co., Col. John Latimer's Regt. of Militia 1777; also: great-granddaughter of Jeremiah Selkrigg, Conn. (1756—) private in Lexington Alarm and Bunker Hill Battles, 1775; private in Capt. Amos Beecher's Co., Col. Fisher Gay's Regt. 1777; fifer and drum-major in 1779; was in service 1781.

DEVINE, OLIVE A. FRENCH (Mrs. Joseph P. Devine), great-great-granddaughter of Sergt. Christopher Webb, Conn.; also:—

great-great-granddaughter of Jeremiah Selkrigg, Conn., (services previously given in this register); also:—

great-granddaughter of Stephen French (1760—), soldier of Virginia and Kentucky; also:—

great-great-granddaughter of James Henry (1731-1805), Virginia Member of Continental Congress, 1780-81, and Judge of the General Court of Virginia, 1788.

FRENCH, FRANKLINA GRAY (Miss), great-granddaughter of Stephen French; also:—

great-great-granddaughter of Sergt. Christopher Webb; also:—

great-great-granddaughter of Jeremiah Selkrigg; also:—

great-great-granddaughter of James Henry (services previously given in this register).

BRADLEY, ANNIE M. LEWIS (Mrs.), granddaughter of Andrew Lewis, Va. (1720-1781); Brig.-Gen. Continental Army, 1st March, 1776; resigned 15th April, 1777.

McGOWN, MARIANNA (Miss), great-granddaughter of Andrew McGown (1745-1820), Harlem, New York, guide; also:—

great-great-granddaughter of Henry Post, private, N. J. Militia; also Continental Line.

TORREY, ADELINE WHITEMORE (Miss), great-granddaughter of William Torrey, Mass. (1760-1828), Lieut. and Adj. in Bailey's 2d Regt., Jan., 1777; Was in Hazen's Regt., 1783; also:—

great-great-great-granddaughter of Samuel Whitemore, Mass. (1696-1793), Capt. of a Company of Minute Men—wounded at Concord, 19th April, 1775.

WRIGHT, ELIZABETH A. POST McGOWN (widow of James H. Wright), great-granddaughter of Henry Post, N. J.; also:—

granddaughter of Andrew McGown, Harlem, N. Y. (services previously given in this register).

DAYTON, MARIA ANNIS TOMLINSON (widow of Abram C. Dayton), great-granddaughter of Andrew Adams (—1797), Maj. 17th Regt. Conn. Mil-

itia, May, 1777; Lieut.-Col. Oct., 1779; Col. of same Regt., Jan., 1780; Member Continental Congress 1777-1782; Member Conn. Council of Safety; also:—

great-granddaughter of John Canfield, Adj. 2d Regt. Continental Dragoons, Col. Elisha Sheldon, 1776; Brig.-Maj., Brig.-Gen. Oliver Wolcott's Detachment, Conn. Militia at Saratoga, 1777.

WARREN, ELLEN ADAMS TOMLINSON (widow of Henry A. Warren), great-granddaughter of Andrew Adams, Conn.; also:—

great-granddaughter of John Canfield, Conn. (services previously given in this register).

ADAMS, FLORENCE LABOUISSIE (Miss), great-great-granddaughter Andrew Adams (1735-1833), 2d Lieut. 2d Company of 3rd Suffolk Regt., Mass.; also:—

great-great-granddaughter of Samuel Rowell, New Hampshire, private in Capt. Henry Dearborn's Company, Stark's Brigade, 1775. Record of service from 1775 to 1778; also:—

great-great-granddaughter of Thomas Lamb, Mass., Lieut. of Jackson's Additional Continental Regt., 1st Feb., 1777. Retired 22d April, 1779.

Lieut. Thomas Lamb, Mass., and Samuel Rowell, of N. H., are also the ancestors of Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, Mrs. Leroy S. Smith and Mrs. De Volney Everett.

NIEBUHR, SUSAN RIDLEY WATSON (Mrs. Charles C. Niebuhr), great-granddaughter of Theodore Sedgwick (1746-1813), Lieut.-Col. of the 1st Berkshire Co. Militia, Mass, Aug., 1775; Aid-de-Camp to Gen. John Thomas in his expedition to Canada, 1776.

BELL, CHARLOTTE JONES (widow of Chas. A. Bell), granddaughter of Samuel Bradford, New Hampshire, Sergt. in Capt. Isaac Baldwin's Co., Col. Stark's Regt., in 1775; 2d Lieut. 5th Continental Infantry, 1st Jan., 1776; 1st Lieut. 2d New Hampshire, 8th Nov., 1776. Retired Sept., 1778.

THOMSON, CAROLINE E. BELL (Mrs. Pierre Thomson), great-granddaughter of Samuel Bradford, New Hampshire (1753—), (services previously given in this register).

WAYDELL, HARRIET BROCKWAY (Mrs. Alexr. Waydell), great-great-grand-

daughter of Ichabod Norton, Conn. (1736-1825), Capt. of 3d Company, Col. Mott's Battalion, 1776; Major, Col. Isaac Lee's Regt., 1779, 15th Conn. Militia; also:—

great-granddaughter of Rev. Thomas Brockway (1745-1807), Chaplain of Selden's Regt., Conn. Militia, 15th July to Dec. 1776.

ROBINSON, MARY CAMPBELL (Mrs Leiper Moore Robinson), great-granddaughter of Alexander Moore, Virginia (1758—), 2d Lieut. of 14th Virginia, January, 1777; 1st Lieut., 4th Oct., 1777; resigned 10th Jan., 1778.

REMINGTON, HELEN ELIZA MATTESON (Mrs. Cyrus K. Remington), great-granddaughter of Samuel Matteson (1762-1847), Vermont and New York Militia.

OTTO, ABBY CORNING (Miss), great-granddaughter of Bodo Otto, Jr., N. J., Surgeon of Read's Battalion of Detached Militia, July 17th, 1776; also Member of N. J. Senate; also:— great-great-granddaughter of Bodo Otto, Sr. (1709-1782), Col. of 1st Battalion, Gloucester Co., N. J., Sept. 16th, 1777; Hospital Physician and Surgeon

at Valley Forge, winter of 1778; was in service 1780.

NORTON, ELIZABETH (Miss), great-great-granddaughter of Robert Kirkwood (—1791), 1st Lieut. Del. Regt., 17th of Jan., 1776; Capt., 1st Dec. and served to close of War.

SCUDDER, SARAH WELD (Mrs. Silas D. Scudder), great-great-granddaughter of Nathaniel Scudder (1733-1781, Col. of N. J. Militia; killed at a skirmish at Shrewsbury, 16th Oct., 1781; also:

great-great-great-granddaughter of Kenneth Anderson, Adj. of 1st Regt., Monmouth Co., N. J., Militia, May 1st, 1777.

KING, ESTHER HOWARD (Mrs. Horatio C. King), great-granddaughter of John Howard, Mass., (1755—), Private, Capt. Thomas Simmond's 5th Co., Col. John Glover's Marblehead Regt.; also:

great-granddaughter of Nathaniel Raymond, Conn. (1753—), Private, Capt. Seymore's Company, 9th Regt., under Gen. Wooster, White Plains, 1776.

MARY C. MARTIN-CASEY,
Registrar-General.
(To be continued.)

REVOLUTIONARY ROLLS.

LITTLE COMPTON, R. I.,
SEACONNET POINT.

TO MRS. D. PHOENIX INGRAHAM,
SECRETARY-GENERAL.

DEAR MADAME:

Our Troy Chapter has scattered so completely that I feel I have really no report to offer, except that I hear from many sources of new members preparing their papers in order that they may be able to join in the fall. We hope to do excellent work in the fall and winter. I would like a little room in the Magazine to preserve some Militia Rolls I came across a short time ago. Many of the Rolls of service of Rhode Island are gone. Benj. Cowell printed all he could find in his "Spirit of '76." Especially in 1778 are the Rolls missing. These papers are much mutilated, and the hand-writing hard to decipher. But I have copied most carefully. They are the property of Mr. Jeffrey Davis, of Providence, and were the Rolls of the Company of Capt. Joshua Davis (his great-

grand-father), Col. Charles Dyre's Regt. The envelope containing them is inscribed "Papers relating to Capt. Joshua Davis's Company during Revolutionary War."

A Pay Abstract of Capt. Joshua Davis Company.

24th July to 30th July, 1778.

	NAMES.	NO.	DAYS.	WAGES.
<i>Captain.</i>				
Joshua Davis,	-	-	7	£2 16 3
<i>Lieutenants.</i>				
Jos. Pierce,	-	-	7	1 16 3
Dan Hall,	-	-	7	1 16 3
<i>Ensign.</i>				
Jos. Fones,	-	-	7	1 8 0
<i>Sergeants.</i>				
Will Dyre,	-	-	7	0 11 1
George Thomas,	-	-	7	0 11 1
John Manchester,	-	-	7	0 11 1
John Vaughn,	-	-	6	0 9 6
<i>Corporals.</i>				
John Dyre,	-	-	7	0 10 2
Thomas Cobb,	-	-	7	0 10 2
William Spencer,	-	-	7	0 10 2

Privates.

Gus Thomas, -	-	7	0	9	4
Charles Brown, -	-	7	0	9	4
Ebenez Brown, -	-	7	0	9	4
Anthony Rathbun, -	-	7	0	9	4
John Rathbun, -	-	7	0	9	4
Edward Dyre, -	-	7	0	9	4
Arthur Aylesworth,		6	0	8	0
John Green, -	-	6	0	8	0
Ishmael Spink, -	-	6	0	8	0
Christopher Allen, -	-	6	0	8	0
Benjamin Tourgee, -		6	0	8	0

£26 14 2

On reverse of the sheet we find :
NORTH KINGSTON, JAN'Y THE 14, 1779.

We the subscribers have each received from Capt. Joshua Davis in full of our Bountys for the Expedition against Rhode Island, and all other Bounties up to this Date in serving as a soldier under his Command.

JOSEPH CRANDAL.

Copy of Abstract for July, 1778.

Another list is found with same date, wages etc., and the same names, adding also Samuel Allen and Gideon Carr, Sylvester ———mes (torn off, probably Hiamess), Thomas Phillips, George Congdon, George ———mes. (probably Hiamess), John Reynolds, Joshua Perry, Samuel Nichols, all receiving £0-9-4, serving seven days, and leaving out Arthur Aylesworth, John Green, Ishmael Spink, Christopher Allen, Benjamin Tourgee. The lower part of this sheet was torn off and some names with it. On the reverse we find :

NORTH KINGSTON, JAN'Y 4, A. D. 1779.

We the subscribers have each received of Capt. Joshua Davis full of our bountys for the Expedition against Rhode Island and all other Bountys up to this Date in serving as soldiers under his command (part torn off) Joseph Crandall, Jabez Chadsey, John Spink (for his father), Walter Rhodes, J. Perry, Benja. Tanner, Thomas Phillips, Ezekel Hunt, Edward Dyre (mar), Charles Dyre, Wm. Dyre, Benj. Clarke, Ezekial Whitford, Thos. Clarke, Benj. Nichols, John Tourys or Tourgee, Samuel Hide.

AUGUST THE 1st, 1778.

The names of the Men Draghted in

the Alarm Company in North Kingston and the time when come on duty.
AUGUST 2nd 1778.

Sergt. Wm. Dyre, Sergt. John Vaughn, Corp. John Dyre, George Hiamess, on guard, Ebenezer Briggs, Gideon Carr, Jeremiah Hunt, Paresmus Austen, Thomas Clarke, Daniel Sweet, on guard, John Tourgee, Ezekial Hunt, George Congdon, on guard, Benj. Tauner, Thomas Phillips, Caleb Hill, Jos. Case. August the 3rd 1778.

Benjamin Nichols, Arthur Aylesworth, Samuel Hunt, Thomas Smith.

Discharged

Jomanth Gom }
Command you may } (torn off.)

On back of paper :

August the 2d 1778, entered Paresmus Austen in the Room of John Greene.

NORTH KINGSTON, August 31 day, 1778.

A Pay Abstract of Capt. Joshua Davis's Company in Coll. Charles Dyre's Regiment, who met at the Place Apointed by Council of War on the 22d of August, 1778, and went on Rhode Island, and served to the 31st day which being Ten days.

NAMES.	DAYS.	WAGES.
Capt. Joshua Davis,	10	£4 0 0
Lieut. Joshua Pierce,	9	" *
" Daniel Hall,	10	2 13 4
Ensign Samuel Bissel,	"	2 0 0
Sergt. John Manchester,	"	0 15 10
" Walter Rhodes,	"	" " "
Corp. Edward Dyre,	"	0 14 7
" Thomas Cobb,	"	" " "
Private Jere.† Aylesworth,	"	" 13 4
" Jabez Chadsey,	"	" " "
" John Reynolds,	"	" " "
" Nichlos Spencer,	"	" " "

(The next name, torn and the bottom of sheet gone on the next line are the names.)

NAMES.	DAYS.	WAGES.
Private Fraderick Curtis,	4	£0 5 4
" William Hubbard,	"	" " "
" Epafias Curtis,	"	" " "
" John Clarke,	"	" " "
" Eohebud Hide,	"	" " "
" Jadiah Hide,	"	" " "
" Benjamin Juit,	"	" " "
" Moses Goodale,	"	" " "
" Thomas Juit,	"	" " "
" Robert Reynolds,	10	0 13 4

* Torn out. † Jeremiah.

On the reverse of the sheet.

"Abstract of Capt. Joshua Davis
Company in Coll. Dyre's Regiment.

Capt. Davis, - - - Bounty.

Lieut. Pierce, - - -

Lieut. Hall, - - -

Ensign Bissell, - - -

Sergt. Manchester, - - £2 6 8

" Walt Rhodes, - - " " "

Corp. Edward Dyre, - " " "

Private Jeremiah Aylesworth, " " "

" Jabez Chadsey - - " " "

" John Reynolds, - - " " "

" Nichlos Spencer, - - " " "

" Samuel Nichols, - - " " "

" Anthony Rathbun, - - " " "

" John Rathbun, - - " " "

" John Spink, - - " " "

Sheet torn off. On next line, with same bounty, John Wilkey, John Ash, Ebenezer Scranton, Joseph Northrup, Charles Dyre, Frederick Curtis, Ephraim Curtis, Wiliam Hobbord, John Clarke, Ichobud Hide, Jedidiah Hide, Moses Goodale, Thomas Juit, Benjamin Juit, A (a blot) bert Reynolds.

Another paper has on one side :

"Copy : A Abstract for Aug. 1778.

Anthony Rathbun, John Rathbun, John Spink, James Northrup, Edward Dyre (Morr), Joseph Barry, Simeon Babcock, John Congdon (Exeter), Benjamin Clarke, Ezekial Whitford, Pardon Tillinghast, Ebenezer Smith, John Wilcox, Abel Fowler, Jeffrey Willcox, Phinehas Stuard, Thomas Weden, Wm. Potter, Joseph Crandall, Samuel Basset, John Wilkey, John Ash, Ebenezer Scranton, Joseph Northrup, Charles Dyre.

On opposite page : Bounty £2 6 8
Edward Dyre, Joseph Barry, Simeon Babcock, John Congdon (Exeter), Benjamin Clarke, Ezekial Whitford, Pardon Tillinghast, Ebenezer Smith, John Willcox, Able Fowler, Jaffrey Wilcox, Phineas Stuard, Thomas Weden, Wm. Potter, Joseph Crandall, Samuel Basset.

We next find the following :

NORTH KINGSTON, 8th of April, 1781.

Mr. Congdon, I give you an account of what money I have Received from my class with their Respective Names per me.

JOSHUA DAVIS.

Jeffrey Davis, Wm. Davis, Thomas Cobb, John Reynolds (son of Peter),

Wm. Reynolds (son of John), George Nichols, Thomas Nicholas, John Oldfield, Joshua Pierce, Job Corey, J. Davis, T. Cobb, J. Reynolds, G. Nichols, I. Pierce, J. Corey, S. Pierce, S. Davis, I. Chodsey.

The next sheet has no date or title. Time of service seven days and six days. Giving wages and Bounty £0 18 8.

Samuel Allen, Gideon Carr, Sylvester Hiamas, Thomas Phillips, George Congdon, George Hiamas, John Reynolds, Joshua Perry, Samuel Nichols, Es b (on torn edge)—
Thomas Clarke, Caleb Hill, Jabez Chadsey, Nichlos Spencer, Benjamin Tauner, Jeremiah Aylsworth, Charles Dyer, Ezekial Hunt, Jeremiah Hunt, Adam Hunt.

On the reverse we find :

Jabez Chadsey, John Spink (for his father), Walter Rhodes, J. Perry, Benja. Tauner, Thos. Phillips, Ezekial Hunt, Edward Dyre (mar), Charles Dyre, William Dyre, Benjamin Clarke, Ezekial Whitford, Thos. Clarke, Benjamin Nichols, John Tourgee, Samuel Hiamas, Ebenezer Scranton, Michel Dawley, John Dyre, Pardon Tillinghast, Nicholas Spencer, Jeffrey Willcox, Jeremiah Hunt, Abel Fowler, Jeremiah Aylesworth, John Manchester, Edward Dyre (mar), John Congdon, George Hiamas, George (X his mark) Congdon, James Northrup, Samuel Allen, John Fish, for his son John.

The next paper :-

Mr. Jeffrey Davis, North Kingston.

SIR—I rec'd a Letter Yesterday from the Commissary Gen'l in Newport, who informed me that there is a Quantity of Corn at your Mill with orders to send down one Hundred Bushells of Meal immediately, if the Corn is not Ground Please Grind it as Quick as Possible, please Send me Word what the Meal is in, and when I can have the Quantity wrote for, and I will send Teams to Cart it to Updikes, Newtown.

I am Sir, Your ob H'ble Serv't

JOSEPH W. TAYLOR

10 March, 1780.

Al I.

The next is a paper with no heading except over the figures opposite the

men's names first—Valuation—Class Money—Bounty.

Joshua Davis, Jeffrey Davis, Wm. Davis, Samuel Cooper, Thomas Cobb, Stephen Cooper, Land, John Reynolds (son of Peter), Wm. Reynolds (son of John), George Nichols, Thomas Nichols, John Nichols, Esq. (Estate), John Oldfield, Joshua Pearce, Job Corey, Wm. Corey, Sylvester Pearce, Barnet Godfrey, Jeremiah Hunt, Ezekel Hunt, Jeremiah Hunt, Junr., Daniel Sweet, Samuel Davis, Es., land, Wm. Fones, Joseph Fones, John Fones, Caleb Carr, Jabez Chadsey, John Chadsey, Isaac Carr, Hugh Essex Land, Gideon Elles, Barbery Fones, wid. Samuel Gardner, Caleb Godfrey's land, Fraderick Hambleton, Wm. Havens (son of Sylvester), Philip Jenkins, James Sweet, Wm. Spencer. Jeremiah Vaughne, Deborah Whitford.

Then follows receipts, etc. :

EXETER, Sept. 7th, A.D. 1779.

Sr—be so good as to pay unto Capt. B. Clarke what money is due to me for going on Rhode island last August, was a year ago, and Be so good as to Consider Capt. Mackpey and Capt. Waight as they was ordered to stay by Colonel Dyre. Sr, your complyone will ever oblige

Your Humble Sevt.,
SAMUEL BISSELL.

TO CAPT. JOSHUA DAVIS.

Bought of Josiah Arnold 8 pounds of butter at 4-6, Sept. 33.

EAST GREENWICH, Sept. 17, 1779.

Received of Capt. Joshua Davis, Two pounds Lawful Money in full for Samuel Bissell's wages for the expedition on Rhode Island.

BENJAMEN CLARKE.

On next page : Robart Whiton, Capt. Joshua Davis, North Kingston.

NORTH KINGSTON, October 12, 1779.

Recd of Capt. Joshua Davis, Ten Dollars By the Hands of Benj. Davis, it being in full of my Bounty and

wages, for the Rhode Island expedition in August, 1778. I say received by me in behalf of my father Ebenezer Smith.
JEREMIAH SMITH.

NORTH KINGSTON, 31st March, 1781.

Received of Stephen Congdon Eleven pounds thirteen shillings, lawful money in Part of the Class money.

per me JOSHUA DAVIS.

A State tax ordered Nov., 1780, £0 8 0

A Town tax ordered Jan., 1781, 0 2 9

£0 10 9

Pay the above sum to Joshua Davis.

STEPHEN CONGDON.

NORTH KINGSTON, 17th April, 1782.

Received of Stephen Congdon, Six silver Dollars in part of the States Bounty per me. JOSHUA DAVIS.

NORTH KINGSTON, 9th of April, 1781.

Received of Joshua Davis One Hundred and Fifty-five Silver Dollars, and a Note of One Hundred Dolors in full of my Bounty as a Recruit in his Class for North Kingston. JOHN BOWLES.

June ye 5", A D. 1782.

There received of Stephen Congdon, the sum of sixteen shillings for Jeferey Davis's Rate, Payable June ye and also fifteen shillings for Joshua Davis. Rate payable June ye 1st with the fees I say received by me.

EBEE SHERMAN, Collector.

Two rates, £1 11s. 0d ; the fees, £0 1s. 11d. ; the sum in the whole amount to £1 12s. 11d.

NORTH KINGSTON, 31st of Jan'y, 1784.

Mr. STEPHEN CONGDON, Sir—Please to pay unto Stephen Davis, one pound sixteen shillings, Lawful silver money, and his Receipt shall Discount the above sum toward what there is due to me on the Class bill you had to collect, and in so doing you will oblige your friend and Humble Sevt.

JOSHUA DAVIS.

Very respectfully,

MARY LANGFORD TAYLOR ALDEN.

(MRS. CHAS. L. ALDEN.)

ADAMS. LELAND. FLINT. ROOT.

*PRINCESS GUNDRED=WILLIAM DE WARREN
died 1089 |
Earl of Surrey

Lady Editha de Warren=Gerald de Gournai

|
1st Lady Beatrix (dau. Count de Vermandois).
Hugh de Gournai=2d Lady Millicent, (dau. Lord Coucy).

died 1180 |
Hugh de Gournai=Lady Julia Damp-Martin—Anseline—Borson de Gournai=

LELAND.
Henry Leland=Margaret Badcock.

|
Hopestill=1st Abigail Hill.
2d Patience Holbrook.

|
Hopestill. John.
m.
Mary Bullard. Abigail Badcock.

|
Daniel=Mary Death. John=1st Lydia Leland.
2d Sarah Bullard.

Hephzibah. = John.
Anna Leland.

Ebenezer=1st Deborah.
2d Mary Hunt.

Ebenezer=Martha Death.

Captain Myles Standish=Barbara. Samuel Allen
Josiah Standish=Sarah Allen.

Miles=Mehitable Adams.
Mehitable.

Robert de Gournai=
younger son died 1268. |

John de Gournai=Olivia.

Lady Elizabeth de Gournai=Sir John Ap Adam.
m. 1291. died 1309.

John Ap Adam =

William Ap Adam =

Sir John Ap Adam=

Sir Thomas Ap Adam=Lady Jane.

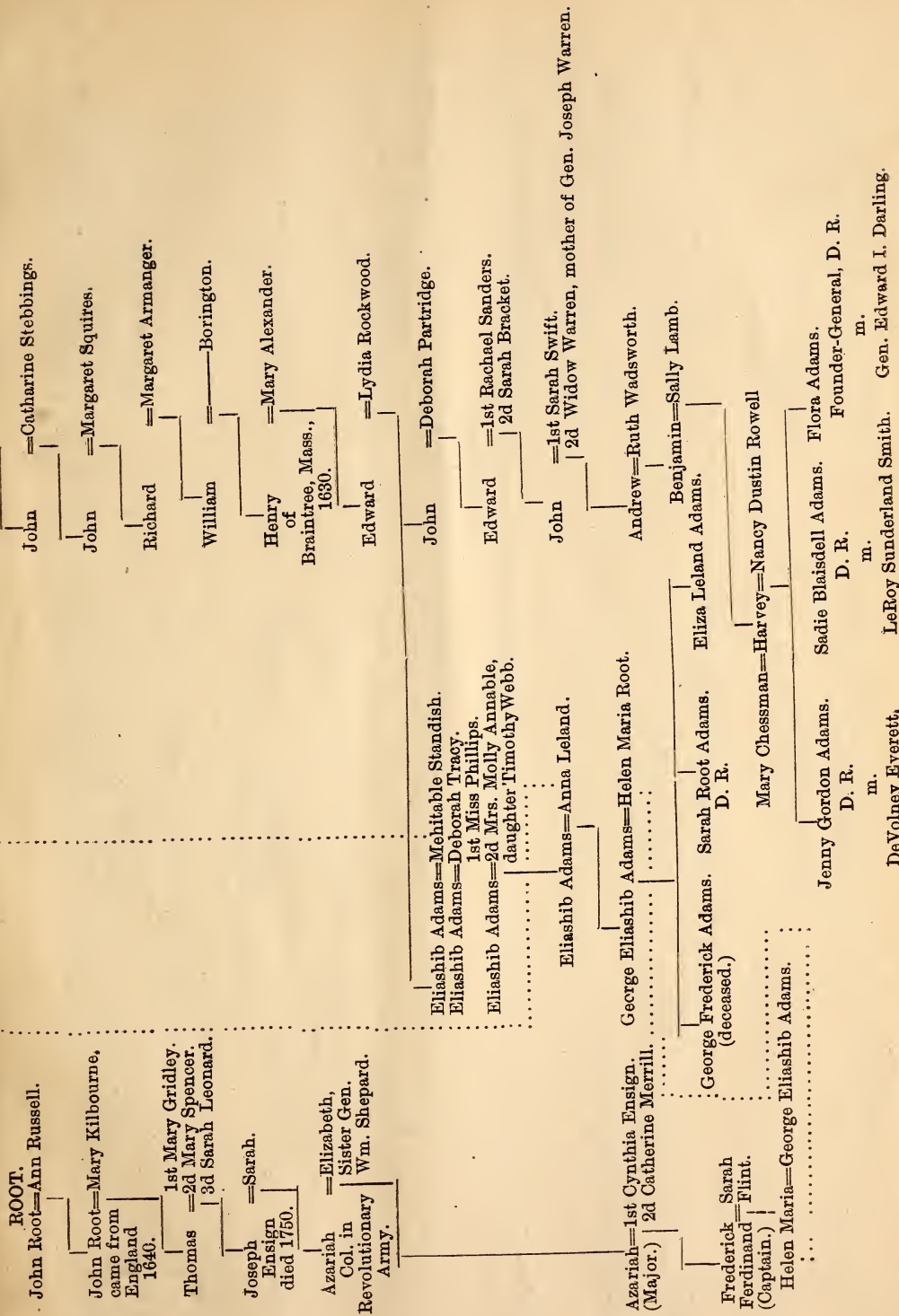
Sir John Ap Adam=Lady Millicent, daughter
| Sir Mathew Besyel.

Sir John Adams=Clara, daughter of Roger Powell.
(he dropped the Ap) |

Roger =Jane, daughter Stephen Ellyot.

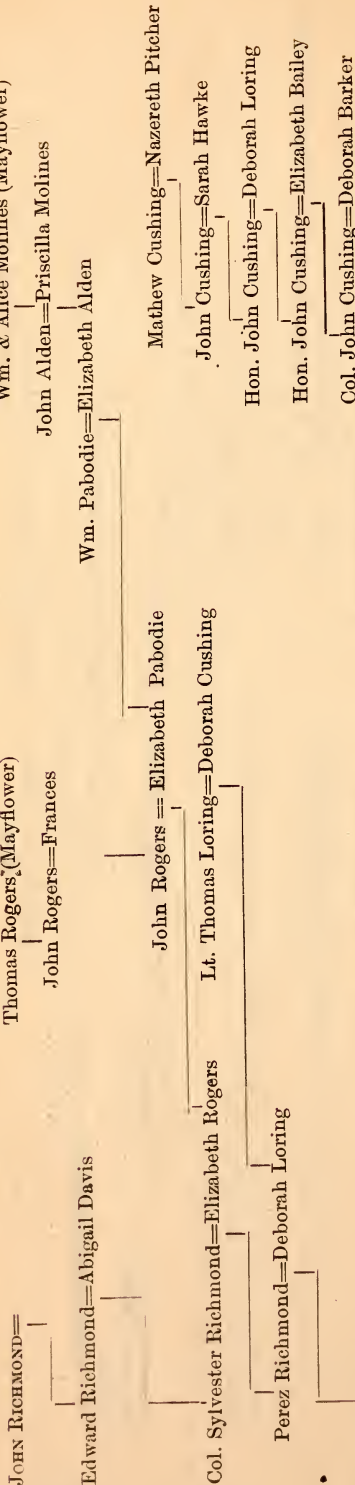
Thomas =Marie, daughter John Upton.

John =Jane, daughter Sir Wm. Rennelegh.

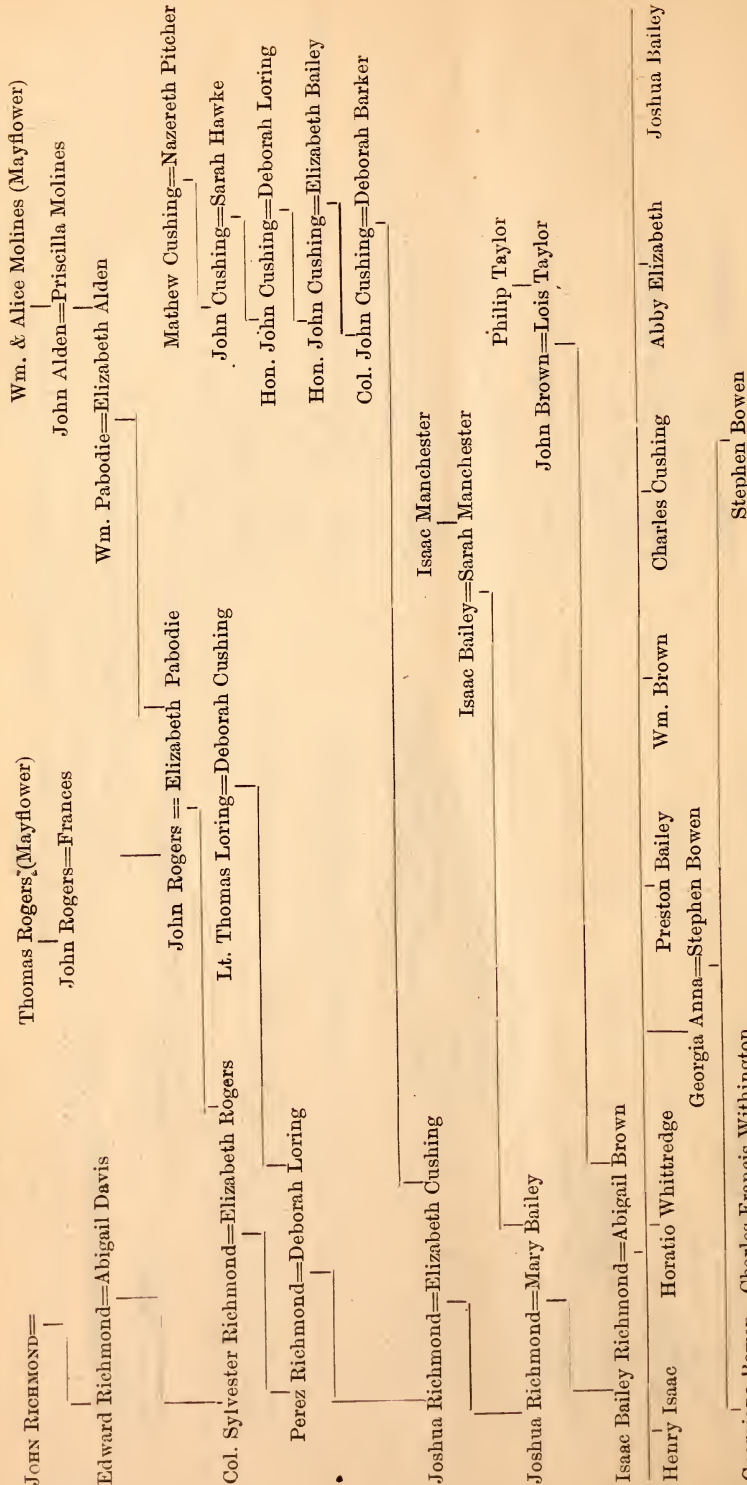


* See page viii., Preface to Doyle's Official Baronage of England, under ¶ 4, "Marriages."

RICHMOND.



CUSHING.



A FAMILY SKETCH.

BY GEORGINA BOWEN WITHINGTON.

Among the passengers on the ship Diligent (Capt. John Martin, of Ipswich, master), which arrived in Boston Aug. 10th, 1638, were Mathew Cushing, his wife Nazareth, daughter of Henry Pitcher, and their five children, Daniel, Jeremiah, Mathew, Deborah and John. Mathew was a descendant of Thomas Cushing of Hardington (Hardingham), Lord of the Manors of Flockthorp in Hingham, Marchams in Fotherington and Stalworthy in Wymondham. The earliest authentic records of the family are dated 1466, but the name spelled Cusheyn and otherwise is found prior to 1400. Mathew's father is spoken of as "possessed of large estates in Lombard Street, London," and he also inherited his father's homestead and lands. Mathew lived in Hingham, England, so we are not surprised to find his name in the records of Hingham, Mass., only a few months after he landed in Boston. Mathew's son John married Sarah, daughter of Mathew and Margaret Hawke, who was born in Hingham, Mass., Aug. 1st, 1641. The young couple moved to Scituate, where the wife died when only 38 years old. Their son, born April 28th, 1660, was known as Hon. John Cushing, of Belle House, Scituate. He married, May 20th, 1687, Deborah, daughter of Thomas and Hannah (Jacob) Loring, of Hull. She was the mother of eight children, and died aged forty-five years. Her husband married, 2d, Sarah (Thaxter) Holmes, widow of Nathaniel Holmes of Boston, by whom he had two children. Hon. John Cushing was Chief Justice of the Inferior Court of Plymouth from 1702 to 1710, Councillor of Massachusetts (1710-1728) and Judge of Superior Court from 1728 till his death in 1737. A contemporaneous journalist, Cotton, says of him: "He was a gentleman well versed in law, the life and soul of our Court, a man in the main of justice and integrity." In 1723 he was Lieut.-Col. of the Plymouth Regiment, which at that time probably embraced all the local militia of the county. One of his sons was also known as Hon. John Cushing, of Belle

House. He married, in 1717, Elizabeth Holmes, born in Boston Sept. 15th, 1695, the daughter of his father's second wife. This Hon. John was Town Clerk from 1719 to 1744, Representative from Scituate in 1721 and several succeeding years, Judge of Probate from 1738 to 1746, Judge of Superior Court from 1747 to 1771, when he resigned, and a Councillor of Province from 1746 to 1763. He was one of the presiding judges at the trial of British soldiers for the Massacre at Boston, March 5th, 1770. His second wife was Mary Cotton, the daughter of Josiah Cotton, of Plymouth. In the list of subscribers to Prince's Chronology are found the names of the Hon. John Cushing, his father, and his son. Of this list, it is said: "They may justly be regarded as the principal *literati* of New England who flourished about the beginning of the last century." Hon. John Cushing's eldest son, John, also resided at Belle House. He married Deborah, the daughter of Captain Thomas and Bethia (Little) Barker, of Pembroke. She was the sister of Captain Joshua Barker of Revolutionary fame and great-granddaughter of Robert Barker, of Duxbury, 1632, "Constable and Surveyor of Highways." The Barker homestead in Pembroke is still standing, though in a dilapidated state, and a photograph of it is on sale as "the oldest house in New England," but this statement I am inclined to doubt. John Cushing was Colonel of the 2d Plymouth Regiment during the Revolution, and his son, John Barker Cushing, a youth of nineteen, was killed at Ticonderoga, September 15th, 1776. His daughter Elizabeth married Joshua Richmond, a grandson of Colonel Sylvester Richmond, whose ancestry on the Richmond side can be traced to 1390, with a traditional history, to William the Conqueror's knight and relative of that name, and who was also a descendant of John Alden and Thomas Rogers, of the Mayflower.

Col. John Cushing's brother, Hon. William Cushing, was the first Chief Justice of the State under the constitution of 1788, and at the organization

of the United States Government in 1789 he was selected by Washington as an Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, in which office, it is said, "he eminently shone."

During the mission of Chief Justice John Jay, Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Great Britain, negotiating the famous treaty with that country, Judge Cushing presided and as Senior Justice administered the oath of office to Washington at the beginning of his second term as President, March 4th, 1793. In 1796, after Judge Jay's resignation, Cushing was nominated by Washington to the Chief Justice's office, and the nomination was unanimously con-

firmed by the Senate. He, however, declined to serve on account of infirm health. He was a large, handsome and dignified gentleman, elegant in manner and dress, and was the last Chief Justice to wear the large wig of the English Judges. While Associate Judge he was accompanied on his circuit by Mrs. Cushing. They drove in a phaeton behind a pair of fine horses and were followed by their negro servant, "Prince," on horseback.

For the above facts I am indebted to the writings of Lemuel Cushing, Esq., the History of Hingham, the History of Scituate, the State Archives, &c., &c.

NATHANIEL SWEETING.

SON OF DR. LEWIS SWEETING.

NATHANIEL SWEETING'S first service was in the Lexington Alarm where, with his father and two older brothers, he marched on the 19th of April. In Mass. Revolutionary Rolls, Vol. XII., page 14, we find "From Mansfield": "A muster roll of Captain Abiel Clapp's Company of Minute Men from Mansfield in Coll. Daggett's Regt. from the 19th to the 29th of April." "Nathaniel Sweeting, private."

Again, in Index to Bunker Hill and eight months' service around Boston, we find "In Col. Timothy Walker's Regt.," "Capt. Silas Cobb's Co. Corporal Lewis Sweeting, 2d ; (his brother) Nathaniel Sweeting, private ;" and in Vol. I., page 109 : "Pay Roll of Capt. Joseph Cole's Co. in Coll. John Jacob's Regt. from the Mass. State, now in the service of the United States, engaged for one year from the 1st of Jan., 1776, for the wages granted by the General Court of said State, including one day's wages for every twenty miles returning. Nathaniel Sweeting, Sergeant, June 24, Mansfield. Time of service, six months, eight days. . . ."

In Vol. XXIII., page 88, we find : "A pay roll of Capt. Josiah Smith's Co. in Coll. Josiah Whitney's Regt.,

raised in Mass. Bay for the defence of the town and Harbour of Boston, for their pay to the 5th of Aug., 1776. Nathaniel Sweeting, Corporal, 27th May, two months and four days ; also in same company, Whiting Sweeting, his brother, and his brothers-in-law, Jacob Tyrrel and Job Tyrrel, brothers of his wife, and Jacob Tyrrel married his sister Mary."

Also in next service, under same officers, we find again Whiting Sweeting, Job Gilbert, 2d Lieut., his brother-in-law, and Jacob and Job Tyrrel. Again, in Vol. XXIII., page 73, we find : "A roll of Capt. Josiah Smith's Co., Col. Whitney's Regt., for the pay from the 1st Aug. to the 1st Nov., 1776, Nathaniel Sweeting, Corporal, one month eighteen days. Discharged Sept. 19, 1776."

In Vol. III., page 170, we find : "A muster roll of Capt. Israel Trow's Co. in Coll. John Hathaway's Regt., and who did duty in Rhode Island State in the months of April and May, 1777, with the number of days they served and two days allowed to them to return home that did not tarry, in the service for two months. Said Company from the county of Bristol, Sept. 4, 1777. Nathaniel Sweeting, Private, twenty-one days in service."

In Vol. XX., page 193, we find: "A pay roll to Capt. Isaac Hodges' Co., in Coll. George Williams' Regt., of addition of twenty shillings per month to every non-commissioned officer and private soldier in a late secret expedition from the 25th of Sept. till the last of Oct. Nathaniel Sweeting."

In New York Revolutionary Rolls, page 264, Albany county engages to raise 1,000 troops by March 13, 1779.

In Fourth Regiment, 2d Rensselaer-
wick Battalion, Col. Kilian Van Rensselaer, Lt.-Col. John H. Berckman.

2d Company—New arrangement: Capt. Ichabod Turner, 1st Lieut. Joel Pease, 2d Lieut. Jonathan Niles, Ensign Joel Curtis, all four commissioned in 1775, reappointed April 1, 1778. Lewis Sweeting, private. Nathaniel Sweeting, private."

I cannot find out by the New York Rolls when Nathaniel enlisted and when discharged. This 2d Company had Yankee officers, all the other companies having Dutch officers.

We know he was at Valley Forge, for he often told his grand-daughters of the suffering of himself and his comrades there. Also in some service of "great peril" he so distinguished himself by his coolness and bravery that General Washington wrote him a letter of commendation. This letter was carefully preserved, but in moving into New York State it was put into one of two boxes that got loosed from the rest of the baggage and went over the falls in Oneida River and were lost.

His uncle, Capt. Cobb (afterwards

General), promised the one who enlisted the most men the position of Lieutenant of the company. Nathaniel Sweeting enlisted the most men, but the men would not serve under "such a boy," but he received the pay and title of Lieutenant and received the pension of Lieutenant in the Army. His wife had two brothers, Jacob Tyrrel and Job Tyrrel, in the service constantly, also her stepfather, James Fillebrown.

From Pension Rolls, Report of Secretary of War, First Session, Twenty-third Congress, 1833-34, Vol. XIII., page 367, I copy the following:

Name	- - - -	Nathaniel Sweeting
Rank	- - - -	Lieut. and Private
Annual allowance	- - - -	\$196.95
Description of services	Mass., Cont'l	
Placed on Pension List	- Oct. 9, 1832	
Commencement of pens'n-	Mar. 4, 1831	
Age	- - - -	73

He served, as seen by his pension, in the Continental Troops, but this has escaped me. I hope to find it next summer.

His wife was descended from the Tyrrels, Pratts, Nashs, Vinsons, of Abingdon and Weymouth, numbering many Lieutenants among them. Her father, Alexander, was in the French War, and escaped from Fort William Henry to Fort Edward. He and a cousin from Abingdon "ran the gauntlet" and, though wounded, escaped. It may have been the cause of his death shortly after.

MARY LANGFORD TAYLOR ALDEN,
(MRS. CHAS. L. ALDEN).



CLARKE.

LIEUT. WM. CLARKE=SARAH

Deacon John Clarke=Mary Strong

Nathaniel Clarke=Hannah (Sheldon) Catlin

Jonathan Clarke=Thankful Edwards

Jonathan Clarke==Sarah Strong

Jonathan Clarke=Jemima Lyman

Charles Marshall=Mary

Rev. Tertius Strong Clarke=Almira Alcott Marshall

Helen Elizabeth Clarke=Professor Evens or Evans

John M. Francis=Harriet Tucker

Charles S. Francis=Alice Evans

John Morgan, Jr.

Helen Evans

Harriet Tucker

Margaret

Pomeroy Tucker

LYMAN.

Elder John Strong=Abigail Ford

RICHARD LYMAN=Sarah Osborne

Lieut. John Lyman=Dorcas Plumb

Lieut. John Lyman=Mindwell Sheldon

John Lyman=Abigail Mosley

Zadoc Lyman=Sarah Clark

Capt. Azariah Lyman=Jemima Kingsley

Wm. Evans=Catherine Howells

CLARKE-LYMAN GENEALOGY.

LYMAN GENEALOGY.

* RICHARD¹ LYMAN, born in High Ougar, Essex Co., England; married Sarah Osborne, dau. of Roger Osborne, born Halsted, in Kent, and had among others,

* JOHN² LYMAN, Bapt. High Ougar, Eng., 1623. Known as Lieut. John Lyman. He married Dorcas, dau. of John Plumb, of Branford, Conn., in 1654; settled in Northampton, Mass. Died 20th Aug., 1690. He was in command of the Northampton soldiers in the famous Falls fight around Deerfield, May 18th, 1676. He had among others,

* LIEUT. JOHN³ (John² Richard¹), b. August 1st, 1660. He married April 19th, 1687, Mindwell (Sheldon) Pomeroy, who died April 8th, 1735. He died Nov. 8th, 1740. They had among others,

* JOHN⁴ LYMAN, b. Oct. 12th, 1693. He married in 1718 Abigail Mosely, of Westfield, who died Nov. 9th, 1750. He married, 2nd, Theoda (Hunt) Sheldon. He died Nov. 9th, 1797. He moved to Hockanum about 1745. John and Abigail (Mosely) Lyman had among others,

* ZADOC⁵ LYMAN, b. in 1719; lived in Hockanum, Mass.; married Sarah Clark, dau. of Ebenezer Clark, and died Oct. 14th, 1754, leaving 4 children. (She married, 2d, John Wright). They had among others,

* CAPT. AZARIAH⁶ LYMAN, b. Dec. 1747; married Jemima Kingsley, dau. of Samuel Kingsley, of Southampton, March 17th, 1774, who died Jan. 6th, 1839, aged 91 years. He died Oct. 28th, 1833, aged 86. He went to Westhampton. He marched on the "Alarm of East Hoosie," that is Bennington, and tradition has it he served several times in the Militia. They had,

* I. JEMIMA⁷, b. Feb. 19th, 1775; mar. Jonathan Clark. (See Clarke Genealogy.)

II. AZARIAH CLARKE, b. Dec. 7th, 1777; mar. Rhoda Rust.

III. ELIHU CLARKE, b. Oct. 16th, 1779; mar. Hannah Judd.

IV. SOPHIA, b. Dec. 21st, —; married, 1st, Oliver Hastings, in 1815; 2d, Solomon Ferry, d. Aug. 26th, 1832.

V. JESSE, b. Mar. 6th, 1784; d. 1788.

VI. INFANT, b. Oct. 31st, 1788; d. young.

VII. JESSE, b. Mar. 9th, 1789; mar. Lucy Kingsley.

CLARK GENEALOGY.

* LIEUT. WM.¹ CLARK and his wife Sarah, a member of the Dorchester Church as early as 1637. In 1659 removed to Northampton, five years after its first settlement. His wife died Sept. 6th, 1675, and he married, 2d, widow Sarah Cooper, of Springfield, Nov. 15th, 1676, who died May 8th, 1688. He died July 9th, 1690, aged 81. By his first wife he had eight children, one of them, John² Clark, born in 1651.

* He was known as DEACON JOHN² CLARK, of Northampton. He married, 1st, Rebecca Cooper, of Springfield, July 12th, 1677, who died May 8th, 1678, aged 21, leaving one child, Sarah, who married Zechariah Field, of Deerfield and afterwards of Amherst. He married, 2d, Mary Strong, dau. of Elder John and Abigail (Ford) Strong, b. Oct. 26th, 1654. She died Dec. 8th, 1738. He died Sept. 3d, 1704. They had eleven children—one of them was

* NATHANIEL³ CLARK, b. May 13th, 1681, mar. Oct. 26th, 1705, widow Hannah (Sheldon) Catlin, dau. of John and Hannah (Stebbins) Sheldon, of Northampton. She was b. Aug. 9th, 1684, and d. Feb. 13th, 1764. He died Nov. 23d, 1767. They had six children, one of them was

* JONATHAN⁴ CLARK, b. Oct. 11th, 1713, in Northampton, and lived also in Southampton; and Westhampton after 1756. He died June 7th, 1789. He married, July 25th, 1734, Thankful Edwards, dau. of Benjamin and Mary (Clark) Edwards, b. March 21st, 1712. They had ten children, one of them,

* JONATHAN⁵ CLARKE, born Jan. 27th, 1741–2, mar. Sarah Strong, dau. of Aaron Strong, of Coventry, and Rachel Strong, in 177–. She was born April 9th, 1737, and died Feb. 26th, 1814, aged 76. He was a soldier in the Revolution in Mass. Militia and Mass. Line, and lost his health thereby. He died Feb. 4th, 1804. They had:

* JONATHAN⁶ CLARKE, b. in Northampton April 15th, 1774, mar. March 10th,

1796, Jemima Lyman, dau. of Capt. Azariah Lyman, of Westhampton, and Jemima Kingsley. He died Feb 23d, 1814. (She married, 2d, Gaius Searle, of Southampton, where she died Oct. 31st, 1838, aged 63.) Jonathan⁶ and Jemima (Lyman) Clarke had

I. REV. DORUS⁷ CLARKE, D.D., b. Jan. uary 2d, 1797, mar. Hannah Alvord Bliss.

* II. REV. TERTIUS⁷ STRONG CLARKE, D.D., b. Dec. 17th, 1798.

III. ADOLPHUS⁷ CLARKE, b. May, 1801, died young.

IV. SARAH⁷ CLARKE, b. July 4th, 1803, mar. Edwin Kingsley.

V. JEMIMA CLARKE, b. Feb. 13th, 1806, d. young.

VI. ADOLPHUS CLARKE, b. Oct. 26th, 1807, d. young.

VII. LUCINA CLARKE, b. March 20th, 1809; mar. Gen. Hiram Ball, and, 2d, Hon. Wm. M. Wilson.

VIII. SOPHIA CLARKE, b. Sep. 15th, 1811, d. Jan. 13th, 1839.

* REV. TERTIUS⁷ STRONG CLARK, D.D., b. Dec. 17th, 1798; graduated at Yale in 1824, and at Auburn Theological Sem. in 1827. He mar., Sept. 10th, 1828, Almira Alcott Marshall, dau. of Charles and Mary Marshall, of Granville, Mass. She was born April 12th, 1803, and died Sept. 23d, 1856. He married, 2d, Mary Rattle, dau. of James Rattle, who settled in Skeneateles, N. Y., and afterwards at Curyahoa Falls, Ohio. By his first wife he had,

I. HELEN⁸ SOPHIE CLARKE, b. Oct. 27th, 1829; d. 1831.

II. EDWARD⁸ PAYSON CLARKE, b. July 5th, 1831; grad. Yale College in 1850;

d. Sept. 1st, 1853, in Franklin, Delaware Co., N. Y.

* III. HELEN⁸ ELIZABETH CLARKE, b. Feb. 19th, 1833, in S. Deerfield, Mass.

IV. MARY⁸ MARSHALL CLARKE, b. Jan. 4th, 1835, in Haddam, Ct.; mar. Rev. Thomas B. Hudson, of Union Springs, N. Y.

V. CATHERINE⁸ ELIZABETH CLARKE, b. in Haddam, Oct. 27th, 1836; mar. Schuyler B. Steers, of Columbus, Miss.

* HELEN⁸ ELIZABETH CLARKE, mar. Aug. 6th, 1856, Even Wm. Evans, son of Wm. and Catherine (Howell) Evans, b. Jan. 6th, 1827, near Swansea, South Wales, England; graduated at Yale, in 1851; Prof. of Mathematics at Marietta Coll., Ohio (1857-64); engaged for three years in mining engineering; spent a year in Europe, 1867-8, and at the opening of Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y., in 1868, was made Professor of Mathematics in that institution and held this office till his death. They had *Alice⁹ Evans and Kate⁹ Clarke Evans.

* ALICE⁹ EVANS. mar. Charles S. Francis, of Troy, N. Y., son of John M. and Harriet (Tucker) Francis, and have John Morgan Francis, Jr., Helen Evans Francis, Harriet Tucker Francis, Margaret Francis, Pomeroy Tucker Francis.

Mr. Charles S. Francis, Editor and Publisher Troy *Daily Times*. Mrs. Charles S. Francis, Treasurer of Troy Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution.

Compiled by Mrs. Charles L. Alden, from Strong Genealogy and Lyman Genealogy, where further particulars may be found.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION—GENERAL SOCIETY.

Founder General—Mrs. Flora Adams Darling.

—*—

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Vice President—Mrs. LOUISE FRANCES ROWE.

Secretary General—Mrs. D. PHOENIX INGRAHAM, 2052 Madison Ave., New York.

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—*—

GENERAL SOCIETY ROOMS—64 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y. CITY.

—*—

REPORT OF SECRETARY-GENERAL.

It is again my happy privilege to report the advancement, growth and general stability of the "Daughters of the Revolution." Regular Executive meetings, with uninterrupted attention to the business of the Society, has resulted in a splendid increase in membership during the summer months. Such facts have been reported so regularly that it must seem almost a "foregone conclusion" that such must *always* be the case, but this result means earnest work on our side, with sincere appreciation on the other; and bears unassailable testimony to the worthiness and superiority of our cause, while demonstrating that *purity* and *truth* must win the respect it merits.

Your attention is requested to the following suggestion of the Executive Board to Chapters: "It is most earnestly recommended that hereafter, when electing members of the Society to Chapter membership, it be done by ballot only," as thereby a more definite expression of opinion may be secured. The high standard maintained by the "Daughters of the Revolution" is being more widely recognized every day, and State Societies are being formed in Colorado and New York immediately. Some of the officers have already been elected, and the State Boards will be composed of distinguished women worthy to represent the Society from different parts of the respective States.

The Society has been still further enriched by the donation of several volumes to the library and the presentation of a lovely little oil painting, entitled "A Youthful Daughter of the Revolution," from Mrs. Sara N. Merrick, a member of the Texas Society, "Daughters of the Revolution," a souvenir from our sister State. The thanks of the Society were unanimously extended to the generous donor and the gift accepted with grateful appreciation. We have also received from Mr. Sargent, of Chicago, a picture

and sketch of the "Origin of the Stars and Stripes." It is with a feeling of sincere pleasure and just pride that we acknowledge the kindness of so many friends throughout our broad and glorious land.

We also desire to express to our Texas Sisters our heartfelt sympathy for the sickness and bereavements that during the past few months have cast a shadow of gloom in their midst.

F. ADELAIDE INGRAHAM,

Secretary-General.

September 17th, 1894.

REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S REPORT.

During the quarter ending September 1st, the Revolutionary services of the following Officers, Soldiers and Statesmen have been verified and their descendants have been made "Daughters of the Revolution":

Hon. William Murfree, Member of N. C. Provincial Congress.

Capt. Abram Gregory, Conn. Militia.

Enoch Whitcomb, soldier, of Mass.

Capt. John Sayer, R. I. Continental Line.

Benj. Tirrel, soldier, Wayland, Mass.

Samuel Longfellow, soldier, Waldo Co., Me.

Nehemiah Porter, soldier, of New Hampshire.

Capt. Edward York, Penn. Naval Service.

Lieut. Lawrence Taylor, Monmouth Co. Militia, N. J.

Lieut. Ebenezer Wells, 5th Hampshire Co. Regt., Mass.

Capt. Christopher Leffingwell, Conn. Militia.

Col. Charles Harrison, Va. Continental Line.

Maj. George Schaffer, Penn. Continental Line.

Moses Smith, Essex Co., N. J., State Troops.

Col. Marinus Willett, N. Y. Continental Line.

William Leach, Conn. Militia.

Lieut.-Col. Theo. Sedgwick, Berkshire Militia, Mass.

Lieut. Benj. Studley, Hanover Co. Militia, Mass.

Lieut. Bezaleel Rudd, N. Y. Militia.

James Jones, N. C. Militia.

Ammi Cutter, Middlesex Co., Mass., Civil Service.

Capt. John Rogers, Va. Continental Line.

Capt. James Peale, Va. Continental Line.

Thomas Banks, Conn. Continental Line.

Aaron Bartow, Conn. Militia.

Col. Jacob Humphrey, Penn. Continental Line.

Capt. Samuel Westcott, Cumberland Co., N. J., Militia.

Ezekiel Harrison, Va. Continental Line.

John Shattuck, Minute Man, Middlesex Co., Mass.

Samuel Merry, Minute Man., Edgecomb, Me.

Tobias Glidden, Minute Man, New Castle, Me.

Ebenezer Richardson, Minute Man, Lynn, Mass.

Amos Bachelidor, Essex Co. Militia, Mass.

Capt. Thomas French, Hampshire Co. Militia, Mass.

Dr. Lewis Sweeting, Member of Mass. Committee of Safety.

Brig. Gen. Lewis Morris, Signer of the Declaration of Independence; Brig. Gen. N. Y. Militia.

Major Jacob Morris, 5th Regt., N. Y. Line.

Edward Cornine, N. J. Continental Line.

Phineas Chidester, Morris Co., N. J., Militia.

Lieut. William Hun, City of Albany Regt., N. Y.

Lieut.-Col. Stephen Moulton, Conn. Militia.

Dr. John Condit, Surgeon, Essex Co., N. J., Militia.

Homer Phelps, Sergt.-Major, Conn. State Troops.

Col. William Cooke, 12th Penn. Continental Line.

Capt. Benj. Brown, Mass. Continental Line.

Jonathan Macomber, Mass. Militia.

Lieut.-Col. Isaac Cook, Conn. Continental Line, also Militia.

1st Lieut. Jacob Van Winkle, Bergen Co., N. J., Militia.

Philip Hart, Dutchess Co., N. Y., Militia.

Q.-M.-Sergt. Daniel Brown, Conn. Continental Line.

Lieut. Nathaniel Humphrey, Conn. Continental Line.

Nathaniel Joy, Middlesex Co., Mass. Militia.

Adjutant Jacob Winne, 15th Regt., Albany Co., N. Y., Militia.

Adjutant John Thompson, Va. State Troops.

Capt. George Robards, or Roberts, Va. State Troops.

Benjamin Locke, Minute Man, Lexington, Mass.

Lieut. Thomas Cogswell, Mass. Continental Line.

Silas Grout, Minute Man, Mass.

Col. Samuel Selden, Conn. State Troops.

1st. Lieut. Benj. McClure, Cumberland Co., Penn.

Thaddeus Bradley, Vermont Militia.

Major Heber Allen, Poultney, Vermont.

Lieut. John Murdock, Mass. Militia. Brig.-Gen. Erastus Wolcott, Conn. Militia.

Col. William Floyd, N. Y., Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Brevet Lieut.-Col. Benj. Tallmadge, Conn. Continental Line.

Capt. Stephen Matthews, Conn. Militia.

John Jerome, Mass. Militia.

Thomas Harrington, Minute Man, Lexington, Mass.

Samuel Adams, Farmington, Conn.

Lieut. Josiah Biglow, Weston, Mass.

George Leonard, Middlesex, Mass.

Will. Biglow, Minute Man, Weston, Mass.

Col. Increase Moseley, Conn. Militia. Stearns Needham, Minute Man,

Tewksbury, Mass.

Rev. James Sproat, Continental Army, Penn.

James Henry, Statesman, Va.

Lieut. Thomas Lamb, Continental Line, Mass.

Samuel Rowell, N. H. Militia.

Adjutant John Porter, Middlesex Co., Mass., Militia.

Joseph Woodbury, Beverly, Mass.

Corporal Edward Small, North Falmouth, Me.

Thomas Tewksbury, Manchester, Mass.

John Tewksbury, Manchester, Mass.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY C. MARTIN-CASEY.

LAWN PARTY TO THE AVALONS.

The Baltimore Chapter of "Avalon," Daughters of the Revolution, were entertained at a lawn party given by Mrs. Thomas Hill, Regent, at her country home, "Ventura," near Pikesville. Fourth of July was appropriately celebrated by singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and by the reading of a very interesting paper on the "Final Decision to Declare War by the Colonies Against the Mother Country, and the Signing of the Declaration of Independence." This paper, which was an original one, was read by Miss Anna M.

Wilson. A flag of the original colonies was presented to the Chapter by Mrs. Thomas Hodson, and a fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence was shown by Mrs. Roche, which was read by Mrs. Hill.

Several Colonial relics, belonging to members, were exhibited.

After the exercises the guests were handsomely entertained on the lawn, where a dainty luncheon was served.

CARRIE S. BANSEMER,

State Historian, Maryland, D. R.

NOTES AND INFORMATION

Applications for membership in the "Daughters of the Revolution" must be made in duplicate upon the blanks issued by the "General Society," subscribed by the applicant, endorsed and acknowledged before a notary.

Each applicant must furnish undoubtable proof of *lineal* descent from a *patriot* of the Revolution, and must be endorsed by two members or two persons of acknowledged standing. No person shall endorse an application for membership unless the candidate is known to be worthy, and will, if admitted, be a desirable member.

The Society does not accept Encyclopedias, Genealogical Works, or Town or County Histories, except such as contain *Rosters*, as authorities for proofs of service. In referring to printed works, volume and page should be given. Reference to authorities, in manuscript, must be accompanied by certified copies, and authentic family records must be submitted, if required.

Life membership in this Society may be had on due application, by the payment of fifty (\$50) dollars, which shall be in full of all annual dues.

Blanks for bequests and endowments to the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution will be furnished on application.

Annual Meeting.—SECTION 17.—(From the By-Laws.) The Society shall hold an annual meeting in the city of New York on the first Monday of January in each year, except when such day shall fall on New Year's; then it shall be on the following Monday, at which an election by ballot shall take place.

Every member belongs to the General Society, and, if present, is entitled to cast her vote at the Annual Meeting. This is preferred to the system of delegates, who may not always carry out the wishes of the bodies they represent.

Upon the approval of an application for the organization of a State Society or Chapter, this Society shall issue its certificates authorizing such State Society or Chapter to be formed.

The term "General Society" is National in its character and comprises all the State Societies and Chapters. The managing officers of the General Society have the word "General" attached to their office to distinguish

them from those of the State Societies.

The relation of State Societies to the General Society is that of an independent State to the General Government.

The management of a State Society is vested in its Regent and Executive Committee, subject to the constitution of the General Society.

Chapters are supposed to meet monthly for historical instruction and social intercourse, keeping their membership within the limits of a drawing-room gathering, and when a Chapter has attained that object another Chapter may be organized.

Address communications to the Secretary General, by whom all the correspondence of this Society is conducted.

The badge of the Society, stationery stamped with the seal of the Society, a rosette of the colors of the Society—buff and blue—will be furnished to *members* by the Treasurer General, only upon order from the Secretary General.

This Magazine contains Genealogies, Family History, Reports from State Societies and Chapters, the business of Executive Board of the General Society, and all Society meetings and celebrations with which members should be thoroughly conversant in order to be intelligent members or officers.

Editorial Staff: Mrs. Anna M. Steers, Editor and General Manager; Mrs. F. Adelaide Ingraham, Society Reports and Information; Miss Lucretia V. Steers, Finance; Mrs. Mary C. Martin-Casey D. R. Register and Ancestral Notes; Mrs. Mary Langford Taylor-Alden, Genealogies and Family Histories; Mrs. Mary E. Densmore-Beattie, Literary Reviews; Miss Adaline W. Sterling, Business Manager.

HINTS TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Send reports, genealogical matter, old letters or manuscript, and all other contributions at least one month in advance of publication. Write only on one side of the paper. Write legibly and carefully. Punctuate and paragraph. Make a careful examination of the manuscript to be sure that the names of persons and places, dates and statements are perfectly correct and properly placed.

It is requested that members will, with the least possible delay, send names of ancestors, account of services rendered, and data pertaining to the same, for use in compiling a complete membership roll and register, and all matter for publication—either histori-

cal or otherwise—to the Secretary-General, Mrs. D. PHOENIX INGRAHAM, 64, Madison Avenue, New York City.

Questions upon any subject relating to this Society will be cheerfully and carefully answered.—ED.

BOOK REVIEWS.

EDITED BY MRS. H. S. BEATTIE.

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON, by Elizabeth Seelye Eggleston, (D. Appleton & Co.), is indeed one of the "Delights of History." The author, while reverently noting his military and administrative acts, has spared no pains to record, as far as is possible, such details of his life as will present to us Washington the man. We reverence the hero none the less to know that he was human and possessed faults like ourselves; that he was austere, and exacting in money matters. If he "flew into a rage and swore till the leaves trembled on the trees," when he found one of his commanders playing traitor on the field of Monmouth, we are compelled to admire the feeling that prompted such energetic action. We are informed in the introduction by Edward Eggleston that the book is intended to introduce the general reader, and especially the young, to what is most interesting and delightful in the history of Washington. This object is fully attained, and Americans, old and young, will find pleasure and instruction in its perusal. There is much that is new in the way of personal anecdote, and there is not a page in the book that is not bright and attractive. The illustrations, of which there are more than 100, principally historical, add greatly to the beauty of the work. (Price \$1.75.)

THE MAKING OF THE OHIO VALLEY STATES, 1660-1837, by Samuel Adams Drake. (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

The mention of the name of the author is a sufficient guarantee of the character of this book. He has written so much on American History, and is so well known as a historian that

anything from his pen attracts attention from those interested in historical research. This description of the development of that portion of the country known as the Ohio Valley is a valuable addition to historical literature which should be in the hands of every seeker of information concerning the growth and development of this nation. The Puritans have become so familiar to us all that we almost feel there is not much more to be learned about them, and this effort to make us acquainted with the settlers and promoters of some of the Western States will be appreciated. The maps and illustrations are artistic, and the general appearance of the book is up to the standard of the well-known house that publishes it. (Price \$1.50.)

CUSTOMS AND FASHIONS IN OLD NEW ENGLAND, by Alice Morse Earle. (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

In this work we are informed of the domestic life of the Puritans. We are so familiar with "Sabbath in Puritan New England" and "China Collecting in America," that we take up this with the feeling that the author knows what she is writing about. The Puritan home becomes a vivid picture to our eyes as, beginning with "Child Life," we read from page to page of "Courtship and Marriage Customs," "Domestic Service," "Home Interiors," "Supplies of the Larder," "Old Colonial Drinks and Drinkers," "Travel, Tavern and Turnpike," "Holidays and Festivals," "Sports and Diversions," "Artifices of Handsomeness," "Raiment and Vesture," "Doctors and Patients" and finally "Funerals and Burial Customs." If we learn that the

people of Old New England were not saints, that we of the present age would not care to imitate some of their social and religious customs, we must admire the simplicity and sturdiness of their lives, and there lurks in our minds an impression that after all they enjoyed life more than we, with our more pretentious and luxurious habits, do. (Price \$1.50.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VIRGINIAN IN THE MEXICAN, INDIAN AND CIVIL WARS, by General Dabney Herndon Maury. (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

As the title of this work implies, it covers a wide field, and an opportunity is afforded for much personal reminiscence. The subject of much the larger portion of the book is within the recollection of the present generation, and for this reason it is especially interesting. The easy, fluent style in which it is written at once places the author *en rapport* with his reader. The work will be particularly interesting to Southern people, but the "Recollections" will please all Americans by the evident attempt revealed in it to be historically accurate and fair. While the author is a Virginian, with love and sympathy for the place of his birth, in his allusions to commanders and people from all parts of the country, whether in anecdote or statement of fact, he is both manly and just. The reminiscences are many of them valuable historically, and they are presented with the frankness of a manly man. (Price \$1.75.)

BRAVE LITTLE HOLLAND AND WHAT SHE TAUGHT US, by William Elliott Griffis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

This book is an effort on the part of an admirer of the thrift, industry and enterprize of the people of that small but influential country, known as the Netherlands, to present to American readers a correct description of the perseverance and energy shown by them in the development of their country. Handicapped by natural disadvantages arising from geographical location, they have overcome obstacles that would daunt engineering skill of the present time. Many of us are not aware, and some, perhaps, are not willing to concede that we have learned much from this intelligent little nation, and a perusal of the pages of this interesting book may not only inform us that other nations are progressive and energetic, but also furnish us with much knowledge that is entertaining and instructive. There is no doubt that emigration from Holland has been of great benefit to this country, and there are few Americans who are not proud to know that they have coursing in their veins "Nederlandsche Bloet." (Price \$1.25.)

Books, magazines and publications desiring review or notice, and all communications concerning press work may be sent to the address of this magazine, 64 Madison avenue.

Books received too late for notice in this number will receive due attention in our next issue.

To those of our readers interested in the working of organized charity, we commend the Altruist Interchange—the organ of the Needlework Guild of America—published quarterly at 10 East 14th street, N. Y. City.



18



94.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

NOTES.

The Society of the Sons of the Revolution is now organized in twenty-two States, and has a total membership closely verging upon four thousand. Interest in this Society, which never swerves from its strict and careful lines, and is always consistent and dignified in its movements, steadily increases.

The Tarrytown Revolutionary Soldiers Monument Association will dedicate their monument on Oct. 19th, at the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. The Sons of the Revolution have been especially invited to take an active part in the event, having the right of line, and will be present in large numbers. The National Government, the Army and Navy, local and civic, and various patriotic associations, will be properly represented. The monument will be unveiled at high noon.

ODE OF THE SOCIETY SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

At a banquet given to the Iowa Society S. R., by Mr. S. F. Smith, the Vice-President, a memorable event of the evening was—each guest finding beside his plate the following poem, written for this occasion by the venerable and venerated author of "America," now in his eighty-sixth year.

The ode was written out in full for each guest by the steady hand of the aged author with painstaking care and perfect legibility. It was sung to the tune of "America."

OLD HOMESTEAD,

APRIL 19TH, 1775-1894.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Praise to the brave and true :
Men prompt to dare, and do.
To do, or die ;
Blazoned on history's page,
Men for their stormy age,
Fearless the fight to wage,
Scorning to fly.

They, with prophetic eye,
Saw, through the lurid sky,
The goal they sought :—
A nation of the free,
A land of liberty,
Stretching from sea to sea,—
O, glorious thought!

They hailed the coming state ;
Patient to toil and wait,
Suffered and bled ;
Death rode o'er hill and plain,
With hunger, cold and pain,—
Hope rose,—to sink again,
Till years had fled.

But forward, onward still,
They of the iron will
Pressed undismayed ;
A nation's love they claim,
Born to immortal fame ;—
What lustre lights each name,
Never to fade!

Hail patriots! whose brave hands
 Over these free, fair lands
 Their flag unfurled.
 Men by all times admired,
 To noblest deeds inspired,
 By whom "the shot was fired
 Heard round the world."

O sons of noble sires,
 Who, through affliction's fires,
 To victory rode;
 Proud of the deeds they wrought,
 With countless blessings fraught—
 Cherish the land they bought,—
 The gift of God.

CIRCULAR LETTER.

The following letter, written by the Secretary of the North Carolina S. R., is so good an explanation of things not generally understood, and answers so clearly questions often asked, that we publish it for the benefit of our readers.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
 RALEIGH, N. C., JUNE 14, 1894.

[COPY.]

MY DEAR SIR:

I have received your letter of the 10th instant, and if you will pardon me for writing at some length, I will endeavor to give you an account of the controversy between this Society, the Sons of the Revolution, and the new organization calling itself by the imitative title of "Sons of the American Revolution."

The latter Society became dissatisfied and split off from ours, its members giving as a reason for their separation the alleged fact that the older organization was not national in its character, but confined to the State of New York. The inaccuracy of this assertion will manifest itself to any one taking the trouble to investigate the matter, for at the time the new Society was organized in its national form (April 30th, 1889), the older one had branches in the States of New York, Pennsylvania and Iowa, and in the District of Columbia. The work of forming new State branches, in which we were then engaged, has since been so vigorously pushed that we now have branches in twenty States. We do not propose to cease our labors in this line until we are organized in every State and Territory in the Union.

* * * * *

There has been a movement on foot to unite the two Societies, and could

this union be effected without a sacrifice of our high standard of membership qualifications, we would be glad to see it done. The dignity and strength of our organization are chiefly attributable to the unvarying strictness with which we have scrutinized applications for admission. Had the new Society been equally as strict (as it persistently professes to be), the chief stumbling-block in the way of a reunion would be removed. The late Historian General of the "Sons of the American Revolution" who certainly had no object in doing an injustice to his own Society, has candidly stated his opinion of it, as compared with ours, and to his estimate we may point with pride. Referring to his own organization, he says that it has State branches on its list which have no real or healthy existence; and still others that have failed to take proper precautions to require suitable evidence of eligibility. He then adds: "That sort of work cannot win for us the respect of the proper sort of people, and exposes the whole Society to well-deserved ridicule." Then speaking of the different State organizations of our Society, the Sons of the Revolution, he says: "I have been thoroughly impressed with the care which the officers and managers of these Societies have taken to maintain a high standard of membership qualifications and to collect records which cannot fail to be an honor to the Society and a great aid to historical and genealogical students both now and in the future." Such is an estimate of our Society by one of the principal officers of the "Sons of the American Revolution." He further goes on to say that one of the gentlemen invited to aid in forming that Society was a *Scotchman* by birth and ancestry. Mark the fact that this was in

an organization which must needs add the word "American" in its title to distinguish it from the Society from which it separated.

For the *personnel* of the new Society we have a high regard. It is composed of many excellent gentlemen, most of whom are probably of Revolutionary descent, but there are many others included in its membership of whose eligibility there are grave doubts; and coming of well-known Revolutionary ancestry, as you do, I leave it for you to say whether or not it is desirable for us to unite with the other Society as a body without first requiring of it the same proof which we are willing to give concerning eligibility of our members.

When it was proposed to unite the two, the principal condition we demanded was this: "That a committee

should be appointed consisting of two members of our Society and two of the other. These four were to select a fifth, who should be a disinterested party, belonging to neither. This committee of five was to pass on the credentials of every member of the two organizations, and strike from the rolls of *both Societies alike* the names of those members who failed to furnish proper proof. To this demand the "Sons of the American Revolution" would not accede. Comment on their refusal is needless.

I have gone into this explanation in some detail, having looked up the facts for the benefit of others, as well as yourself, as inquiries similar to yours may arise in the future.

(Signed) Very truly yours,

MARSHALL DELANCEY HAYWOOD,

Secretary.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

The engraved plate for the new large **Certificate of Membership** in the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution is almost completed. The subscriptions are registered according to the date of their reception.

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CAROLINE M. GERRISH, Principal,

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ENGLEWOOD, N. J.



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